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WERNER'S
READINGS AND RECITATIONS
No. 1.

ENGLISH CLASSICS.

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

SARA SIGOURNEY RICE.

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PREFACE.

THE purpose of this collection is to offer readings that can be approved by refined taste and cultivated judgment. The opinion has, to a certain extent, obtained that highly-wrought, sensational elocutionary selections are alone likely to insure attention.

WERNER'S READINGS AND RECITATIONS No. 1 is designed to elevate the student's thought and inspire him with admiration for the purer forms of English literature; also to awaken careful, analytic study. In order to do this the observance of a few direct principles is necessary, even if the intention be to do nothing more than acquire the utterance, in an unembellished manner, of an author's productions in prose or verse.

The subject should first be clearly defined in the reader's mind by silent, thoughtful conning of the selection, determining it as narrative, descriptive, didactic, heroic, pathetic, or humorous. Then should follow a clear understanding of the manner in which to deliver the style decided upon; this involves a ready perception of types drawn from daily observation of character. Tones, action, facial expression, and a subordinating of personality to the requirements of the moment are aids by which are to be communicated to an audience the inner significance of what is read, recited, or declaimed.

As poet or sculptor appeals first to nature for his inspiration, so should the orator or elocutionist study humanity in its kaleidoscopic showings of the various phases of mind and spirit.

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SPEAK the speech, I pray you, trippingly on the tongue: do not mouth it, nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve.

Oh, there be players that I have seen play—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably. Oh, reform it altogether!

—*SHAKESPEARE.*

WERNER'S
Readings and Recitations.

PHEIDIPPIDES.

ROBERT BROWNING.

[Athens is attacked by Persia, and sends Pheidippides, the great Athenian runner, to Sparta to declare the fact, and solicit aid. This, Sparta cruelly refuses, and Pheidippides returns. On his way back, he is met by the god Pan, who kindly offers to assist Athens, and says he will also reward the brave runner according to his deserts.]

ARCHONS of Athens, topped by the tettix, see, I return!
See, 'tis myself here standing alive, no spectre, that speaks!
Crowned with the myrtle, did you command me, Athens and you,
"Run, Pheidippides, run and race, reach Sparta for aid!
Persia has come, we are here, where is she?" Your command I obeyed,
Ran and raced; like stubble, some field which a fire runs through,
Was the space between city and city; two days, two nights did I burn
Over the hills, under the dales, down pits and up peaks.

Into their midst I broke; breath served but for "Persia has come!
Persia bids Athens proffer slaves'-tribute, water and earth;
Razed to the ground is Eretria—but Athens, shall Athens sink,
Drop into dust and die,—the flower of Hellas utterly die,
The wide world gazing at Sparta, the stupid, the stander-by?

Answer me quick, what help, what hand do you stretch o'er destruction's brink?
How—when? No care for my limbs! there is lightning in all and some,
Fresh and fit your message to bear, once lips give it birth!"

O my Athens—Sparta love thee? Did Sparta respond?
Every face of her leered in a furrow of envy, mistrust,
Malice,—each eye of her gave me its glitter of gratified hate!
Gravely they turned to take counsel, to cast for excuses. I stood
Quivering,—the limbs of me fretting as fire frets, an inch from dry wood:
Persia has come, Athens asks aid, and still they debate?
Thunder, thou Zeus! Athene, are Spartans a quarry beyond
Swing of thy spear? Phoibos and Artemis, clang them, "Ye must!"

Friends, look you here! Lo, their answer at last!
"Has Persia come,—does Athens ask aid,—may Sparta befriend?
Nowise precipitate judgment—too weighty the issue at stake!
Count we no time lost which lags through respect to the gods!
Ponder that precept of old, 'No warfare, whatever the odds
In your favor, so long as the moon, half-orbed, is unable to take
Full circle her state in the sky!' Already she rounds to it fast.
Athens must wait, patient as we—who judgment suspend."

Athens,—except for that sparkle,—thy name, I had mouldered to ash!
That sent a blaze through my blood; off, off and away was I back,
Not one word to waste, one look to lose on the false and the vile!
Yet "O gods of my land!" I cried, as each hillock and plain,
Wood and stream, I knew, I named, rushing past them again,
"Have you kept faith, proved mindful of honors we paid you erewhile?
Vain was the filleted victim, the fulsome libation! Too rash.
Love in its choice, paid you so largely service so slack!"

Such my cry as, rapid I ran o'er Parnes' ridge;
Gulley and gap, I clambered and cleared till, sudden, a bar
Jutted, a stoppage of stone against me, blocking the way.
Right! for I minded the hollow to traverse, the fissure across:
" Where I could enter, there I depart by! Night in the fosse?
Out of the day dive, into the day as bravely arise! No bridge
Better!"—when—ha! What was it I came on, of wonders that
are?

There in the cool of a cleft, sat he—majestical Pan!
Ivy-drooped wanton, kissed his head, moss-cushioned his hoof;
All the great god was good in the eyes grave-kindly—the curl
Carved on the bearded cheek, amused at a mortal's awe,
As under the human trunk, the goat-thighs I saw.
" Halt, Pheidippides!" halt I did, my brain of a whirl:
" Hither to me! Why pale in my presence?" he gracious began:
" How is it,—Athens, only in Hellas, holds me aloof?

"Athens, she only, rears me no fane, makes me no feast!
Wherefore? Than I what godship to Athens more helpful of old?
Ay, and still and forever her friend! Put Pan to the test!
Go, bid Athens take heart, laugh Persia to scorn, have faith
In the temples and tombs! Go, say to Athens, 'The goat-god saith:
When Persia—so much as strews not the soil,—is cast in the sea,
Then praise Pan who fought in the ranks with your most and least,
And with oak and olive and bay, made one cause with the free and
the bold.'

" Say Pan saith: 'Let this, foreshowing the place, be the pledge'!"
(Gay, the liberal hand held out this herbage I bear—
Fennel,—whatever it bode—I grasped it a-tremble with dew)
" While as for thee, . . ." But enough! He was gone. If I ran
hitherto—
Be sure that, the rest of my journey, I ran no longer but flew.
Here am I back. Praise Pan, we stand no more on the razor's
edge!
Pan for Athens! Pan for me! myself have a guerdon too!

Then Miltiades spoke: "And thee, best runner of Greece,
Whose limbs did duty indeed,—what gift is promised thyself?
Tell it us straightway,—Athens the mother demands of her son!"
Rosily blushed the youth; he paused; but, lifting at length
His eyes from the ground, it seemed as he gathered the rest of his strength
Into the utterance—"Pan spoke thus: 'For what thou hast done
Count on a worthy reward! Henceforth be allowed thee release
From the racer's toil, no vulgar reward in praise or in pelf!'

"I am bold to believe, Pan means reward the most to my mind!
Fight I shall, with the foremost, wherever this fennel may grow,—
Pound—Pan helping us—Persia to dust, and, under the deep,
Whelm her away forever; and then,—no Athens to save,—
Marry a certain maid, I know keeps faith to the brave,—
Hie to my house and home; and, when my children shall creep
Close to my knees,—recount how the god was awful yet kind,
Promised their sire reward to the full—rewarding him—so!"

Unforeseeing one! Yes he fought on the Marathon day;
So when Persia was dust, all cried "To Akropolis!
Run, Pheidippides, one race more! the meed is thy due!
'Athens is saved, thank Pan,' go shout!" He flung down his shield,
Ran like fire once more; and the space 'twixt the Fennel-field
And Athens was stubble again, a field which a fire runs through,
Till in he broke: "Rejoice, we conquer!" Like wine through clay;
Joy in his blood bursting his heart, he died—the bliss!

So, to this day, when friend meets friend, the word of salute
Is still "Rejoice"!—his word which brought rejoicing indeed.
So is Pheidippides happy forever,—the noble strong man
Who could race like a god, bear the face of a god, whom a god loved so well;
He saw the land saved he had helped to save, and was suffered to tell
Such tidings, yet never decline, but, gloriously as he began,
So to end gloriously—once to shout, thereafter be mute:
"Athens is saved!"—Pheidippides dies in the shout for his meed.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

ON Monday, 14th of October, 1793, a cause is pending in the Palais de Justice, in the new revolutionary court, such as these old stone walls never witnessed, the trial of Marie Antoinette. The once brightest of queens, now tarnished, defaced, forsaken, stands here at the judgment bar, answering for her life. The indictment was delivered here last night. To such changes of human fortune, what words are adequate? Silence alone is adequate.

Marie Antoinette, in this her utter abandonment, and hour of trial, and extreme need, is not wanting to herself, the imperial woman. Her looks, they say, as that hideous indictment was read, continued calm. She was sometimes observed moving her fingers as when one plays on the harpsichord. You discerned, not without interest, across that dim revolutionary bulletin itself, how she bears herself—queen-like. Her answerings are prompt, clear, often of laconic brevity; resolution, which has grown contemptuous without ceasing to be dignified, veils itself in calm words.

"You persist, then, in denial?"

"My plan is not denial; it is the truth I have said; and I persist in that."

At four o'clock on Wednesday morning, after two days and nights of interrogating, jury charging, and other darkening of counsel, the result comes out: *Sentence of death.*

"Have you anything to say?"

The accused shook her head without speech. Night's candles are burning out; and with her, too, time is finishing, and it will be eternity and day. The hall is dark, ill-lighted, except where she stands. Silently she withdraws from it to die.

Two processions or royal progresses, three and twenty years apart, have often struck us with a strange feeling of contrast. The first is of a beautiful archduchess or dauphiness quitting her

mother-country, at the age of fifteen, toward hopes such as no other daughter of Eve then had.

On the morrow—says Weber, an eye witness,—the dauphiness left Vienna with a sorrow that was silent. She appeared; you saw her sink back in her carriage; her face bathed in tears, hiding her eyes, now with her handkerchief, now with her hands; several times putting out her head to see yet again the palace of her fathers, whither she was to return no more. She motioned her regret, her gratitude to the good nation, which was crowding here to bid her farewell. Then arose not only tears but piercing cries, on all sides. Men and women alike abandoned themselves to such expressions of their sorrow. It was an audible sound of wail, in the streets and avenues of Vienna. The last courier that followed her, disappeared, and the crowd melted away.

The young, imperial maiden of fifteen has now become a worn, discrowned widow of thirty-eight, gray before her time. This is the last procession:—

A few minutes after the trial ended, the drums were beating to arms in all sections; at sunrise the armed force was on foot; cannons getting placed at the extremities of the bridges, in the squares, crossways, all along from the Palais de Justice to the Place de la Révolution. By ten o'clock numerous patrols were circulating in the streets. Thirty thousand foot and horse were drawn up under arms.

At eleven o'clock, Marie Antoinette was brought out. She had on an undress of piqué blanc. She was led to the place of execution, in the same manner as some ordinary criminal, bound on a cart, accompanied by a constitutional priest in lay dress, escorted by numerous detachments of infantry and cavalry. These and the double row of troops all along her road she regarded with indifference.

On her countenance there was visible neither abasement nor pride. To the cries of "Vive la République!" and "Down with tyranny!" which attended her all the way, she seemed to pay no heed. She spoke little to her confessor. The tricolor streamers on the house-tops occupied her attention; in the streets du Roule

and St. Honoré she also noticed the inscriptions on the house-fronts. On reaching the Place de la Révolution, her looks turned toward the Jardin National, whilom Tuileries; her face at that moment gave signs of lively emotion.

She mounted the scaffold with courage enough. At a quarter past twelve her head fell. The executioner showed it to the people, amid universal, long-continued cries of "Vive la République!"

DUCHESS MAY.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BROAD the forest spread on the sloping hills of Linteged—
And three hundred years had stood mute adown each hoary wood,
With the castle there in shade.

And five hundred archers tall did besiege the castle wall,
As adown the sun dropped large and red on the towers of Linteged,
That to-night were near their fall.

Yet thereunto, blind to doom, three months since, a bride did come
One who proudly trod the floors, and softly whispered in the doors,
"May good angels bless our home."

'Twas a duke's fair orphan-girl, and her uncle's ward, the earl;
Who betrothed her twelve years old, for the sake of dowry gold,
To his son, Lord Leigh, the churl.

But what time she had made good all her years of womanhood,
Unto both those lords of Leigh, spake she out right sovranly,
"My will runneth as my blood.

"And while this same blood makes red this same right hand's veins," she said,
"'Tis my will, as lady free, not to wed a lord of Leigh,
But Sir Guy of Linteged."

The old earl he smiled smooth; then he sighed for wilful youth,
"Good my niece, that hand withal looketh somewhat soft and small,
For so large a will, in sooth."

She, too, smiled by that same sign, but her smile was cold and fine:
"Little hand clasps muckle gold, or it were not worth the hold
Of thy son, good uncle mine!"

Then the young lord jerked his breath, and sware thickly in his teeth,
"He would wed his own betrothed, an' she loved him an' she loathed,
Let the life come or the death."

But a woman's will dies hard in the hall or on the sward.
"By that grave, my lords, which made me orphaned girl and dower'd lady,
I deny you wife and ward."

Unto each she bowed her head, and swept past with lofty tread.
Ere the midnight bell had ceased, in the chapel had the priest
Blessed her bride of Linteged.

Fast and fain the bridal train along the night-storm rode amain,
Steed on steed-track, dashing off—thickening, doubling, hoof on hoof,
In the pauses of the rain,

Up the mountain wheeled the steed, girth to ground and fetlocks spread—
Headlong bounds and rocking flanks—down he staggered, down the banks,
To the towers of Linteged.

High and low the serfs looked out, red the flambeaus tossed about.
In the courtyard rose the cry, "Live the duchess and Sir Guy!"
But she never heard them shout.

On the steed she dropped her cheek, kissed his mane and kissed his neck—
"I had happier died by thee than lived on a Lady Leigh,"
Were the first words she did speak.

But a three months' joyaunce lay 'twixt that moment and to-day,
When five hundred archers tall stand beside the castle wall,
To recapture Duchess May.

In her chamber did she sit, laughing low to think of it—
"Tower is strong and will is free—thou canst boast, my lord of Leigh,
But thou boastest little wit."

Straight she called her maidens in. "Since ye gave me blame herein,
That a bridal such as mine should lack gauds to make it fine,
Come and shrive me from that sin.

"It is three months gone to-day, since I gave mine hand away.
Bring the gold and bring the gem, we will keep bride-state in them,
While we keep the foe at bay.

With a spirit-laden weight the lord leaned down passionate,
They have almost sapped the wall; they will enter therewithal,
With no knocking at the gate.

"One last boon, young Ralph and Clare—faithful hearts to do and dare—
Bring that steed up from his stall, which she kissed before you all;
Guide him up the turret-stair.

"Ye shall harness him aright, and lead upward to this height.
Once in love and twice in war hath he borne me strong and far;
He shall bear me far to-night."

They have fetched the steed with care, in the harness he did wear,
Past the court and through the doors, across the rushes of the floors,
But they goad him up the stair.

Then from out her bower chambère did the Duchess May repair.
Calm she stood, unbodkined through, fell her dark hair to her shoe,
Sweet she smiled as she stood there.

Quoth he, "Get thee from this strife, and the sweet saints bless thy life!
In this hour I stand in need of my noble red-roan steed,
But no more of my noble wife."

"By this golden ring," saith she, "on this lifted hand pardie,
If, this hour, on castle-wall, can be room for steed from stall,
Shall be also room for *me*."

Twice he rung her hands in twain, but the small hands closed again.
Back he reined the steed—back, back! but she trailed along his track
With a frantic clasp and strain!

Low she dropped her head, and lower, till her hair coiled on the floor,
And the shouts of "Leigh and Leigh," and the shrieks of "kill" and "flee!"
Strike up clear amid the roar.

Back he reined his steed back-thrown on the slippery coping stone—
Back the iron hoofs did grind on the battlements behind,
Whence a hundred feet went down.

And his heel did press and goad, on the quivering flank bestrode.
"Friends and brothers, save my wife! Pardon, sweet, in change for life—
But I ride alone to God."

Straight, as if the holy name had upbreathed her like a flame,
She upsprang, she rose upright—in his selle she sate in sight,
By her love she overcame.

They have caught out at the rein, which Sir Guy threw loose—in vain,
For the horse, in stark despair, with his front hoofs poised in air,
On the last verge rears amain.

Now he hangs, he rocks between—and his nostrils curdle in—
Now he shivers head and hoof—and the flakes of foam fall off,
And his face grows fierce and thin!

And a look of human woe from his staring eyes did go,
And a sharp cry uttered he, in a foretold agony,
Of the headlong death below,—

And wildly rang the passing bell, hung high in the old chapelle,
Then back-toppling, crashing back—a dead weight flung out to wrack,
Horse and riders overfell.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty
The city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep,
In his first splendor, valley, rock or hill;
Never saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will.
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still.

—*Wordsworth.*

GUINEVERE.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

[Guinevere, queen to King Arthur, celebrated for her love of Lancelot du Lac, forms one of the "Idyls of the King." She enters by way of reference the other Arthurian poems. She contrasts with the purity of Enid, as well as with the upright purposes of the king himself.]

QUEEN GUINEVERE had fled the court, and sat
There in the holy house at Almesbury
Weeping, none with her save a little maid.
For hither had she fled, her cause of flight
Sir Modred; he the nearest, to the king,
His nephew, all whose traitrous ends and aims
Were sharpened by strong hate for Lancelot.

For thus it chanced one morn when all the court
Had been, their wont, a-maying and returned,
Modred climbed to the top of the garden-wall,
And saw the queen who sat betwixt her best
Enid and lissome Vivien of her court.
. . . More than this he saw not,
For Lancelot, passing, plucked him by the heel,
And cast him as a worm upon the way.
The queen at first laughed lightly, to think
Of Modred's dusty fall, then shuddering said,
"O Lancelot, if thou love me, get thee hence."
And they agreed upon the night to meet
And part forever. It was their last hour,
A madness of farewells.

And Modred brought
His creatures to the basement of the tower
For testimony; and crying with full voice,
"Traitor, come out, ye are trapped at last," aroused

Lancelot, who hurled him headlong, and he fell
Stunned. Then said the queen: "The end is come;
Now I will draw me into sanctuary,
And bide my doom." So Lancelot got her horse,
Set her thereon, and mounted on his own;
And then they rode to the divided way,
There parted weeping; he back to his land.

And when she came to Almesbury she spake
Unto the nuns, and said: "O peaceful sisterhood,
Receive, and yield me sanctuary, nor ask
Her name to whom ye yield it, till her time
To tell you."

So the stately queen abode
For many a week, unknown, among the nuns;
Nor with them mixed, nor told her name; but now,
This night, a rumor, wildly blown about,
Came, that Sir Modred had usurped the realm,
And leagued him with the heathen, while the king
Was waging war on Lancelot. Then she thought,
"With what a hate the people and the king
Must hate me," and bowed down upon her hands
Silent; then looked up, and said to the little maid,
Who pleased her with a babbling heedlessness,
"O maiden, sing, and unbind my heart that I may weep!"
Whereat full willingly sang the little maid:
"Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill!
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet?
Oh, let us in, though late, to kiss his feet!
No, no, too late! ye cannot enter now."

So sang the voice, while full passionately,
Her head upon her hands, wept the sad queen.
Then said the little voice prattling to her:

"Oh, pray you, noble lady, weep no more;
But weigh your sorrows with our lord, the king's.
They must be thrice as great as any of ours."
Then to her own sad heart muttered the queen,
"Will the child kill me with her innocent talk?"
But openly she answered, "Must not I
Grieve with the common grief of all the realm?"
"Yea," said the maid, "this is all woman's grief,
That she is woman, whose disloyal life
Hath wrought confusion in the Table Round,
Which good King Arthur founded, years ago,
With signs and miracles and wonders, there
At Camelot, ere the coming of the queen.

"So said my father, and himself was knight
Of the great table." Then spake the queen:
"Could none of them foresee, not even thy father,
What has fallen on the realm?" To whom the voice
Garrulously again, "Yea, one, a bard,
Sang Arthur's glorious wars, and the king
As well nigh more than man; and could he find
A woman in her womanhood as great,
The twain together well might change the world.
But even in the middle of his song
He faltered, turned pale, and reeled; nor would he tell
His vision; but what doubt that he foresaw,
The evil work of this most sinful queen?"

So she, like many another babbler, hurt
Whom she would soothe. A flush of wrathful heat
Fired all the pale face of the queen, who cried:
"Such as thou art be never maiden more
Forever! thou, their tool, set on to plague
And play upon, and harry me, petty spy
And traitoress." Aghast the maiden rose,
Fled frighted. Then that other left alone

Sighed and muttered: "The simple, fearful child
Meant nothing; but my own too fearful guilt,
Simpler than any child, betrays itself."

While she brooded thus
There rode an armèd warrior to the doors.
Then on a sudden a cry, "The king!" She sat
Stiff-stricken. Then a voice, though changed, the king's:
"Fear not, thou shalt be guarded till my death;
If prophecy err not, I march to meet my doom.
Thou hast not made my life so sweet to me,
That I, the king, should greatly care to live;
For thou hast spoiled the purpose of my life.
How sad it were for Arthur, should he live,
To sit once more within his lonely hall.
Better the king's waste hearth and aching heart
Than thou reseated in thy place of light,
The mockery of my people, and their bane.
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
But hither shall I never come again.
Farewell!"

Then listening till those armed steps were gone,
Rose the queen, stretched out her arms, and cried aloud:
"Gone—gone to be slain! I could not speak.
Now I see thee what thou art. Is there none
Will tell the king I love him though so late?"
The novice, and the holy nuns stood
Round her weeping; and her heart was loosed
Within her, and she wept with these and said:

"Ye know me, then, that wicked one, who broke
The vast design and purpose of the king,
Oh, shut me round with narrowing nunnery-walls.
So let me, if you do not shudder at me
Nor shun to call me sister, dwell with you;
Wear black and white, and be a nun like you;

Mingle with your rites; pray and be prayed for;
Do each low office of your holy house;
And so wear out in alms-deed and in prayer
The sombre close of that voluptuous day,
Which wrought the ruin of my lord, the king."
They took her to themselves, and she
Dwelt with them till, in time, their abbess died.
Then she was chosen abbess. There an abbess lived
For three brief years, and there an abbess passed
To where beyond these voices there is peace.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN AMY AND LORD LEICESTER AT KENILWORTH.

WALTER SCOTT.

[Amy Robsart was confined in a room in one of the towers, while Queen Elizabeth, attended by court-ladies and gentlemen, went on a hunting expedition. When they returned, Lord Leicester determined to see Amy. Disguised as a servant of Varney, who had free access to Amy's room under the character of her husband, Lord Leicester passed the sentinel in safety and entered the room.]

THE Countess Amy, with her hair and her garments dishevelled, was seated upon a sort of couch in an attitude of the deepest affliction, out of which she was startled by the opening of the door. She turned hastily round, and fixing her eye on Varney, exclaimed: "Wretch, art thou come to frame some new plan of villainy?"

Leicester cut short her reproaches by stepping forward and dropping his cloak, while he said in a voice rather of authority than of affection: "It is with me, madam, you have to commune, not with Sir Richard Varney."

The change effected on the countess's look and manner was like magic. "Dudley!" she exclaimed, "Dudley! and art thou come

at last?" And with the speed of lightning she flew to her husband, hung round his neck, and, unheeding the presence of Varney, overwhelmed him with caresses, while she bathed his face in a flood of tears; muttering, at the same time, but in broken and disjointed monosyllables, the fondest expressions which Love teaches his votaries.

Leicester, as it seemed to him, had reason to be angry with his lady for transgressing his commands, and thus placing him in the perilous situation in which he had that morning stood. But what displeasure could keep its ground before these testimonies of affection from a being so lovely, that even the negligence of dress, and the withering effects of fear, grief, and fatigue, which would have impaired the beauty of others, rendered hers but the more interesting! He received and repaid her caresses with fondness mingled with melancholy, the last of which she seemed scarcely to observe, until the first transport of her own joy was over; when, looking anxiously in his face, she asked if he was ill.

"Not in my body, Amy," was his answer.

"Then I will be well, too.—O Dudley! I have been ill!—very ill, since we last met! I have been in sickness, in grief, and in danger. But thou art come, and all is joy and health, and safety!"

"Alas! Amy," said Leicester, "thou hast undone me!"

"I, my lord?" said Amy, her cheek at once losing its transient flush of joy—"how could I injure that which I love better than myself?"

"I would not upbraid you, Amy," replied the earl; "but are you not here contrary to my express commands—and does not your presence here endanger both yourself and me?"

"Does it, does it, indeed!" she exclaimed eagerly: "then why am I here a moment longer? Oh, if you knew by what fears I was urged to quit Cumnor Place!—but I will say nothing of myself—only that if it might be otherwise, I would not willingly return thither;—yet if it concern your safety——"

"We will think, Amy, of some other retreat," said Leicester; "you shall go to one of my northern castles, under the personage—it will be but needful, I trust, for a very few days—of Varney's wife."

"How, my lord of Leicester!" said the lady disengaging herself from his embraces; "is it to your wife you give the dishonorable counsel to acknowledge herself the bride of another—and of all men, the bride of that Varney?"

"Madam, I speak it in earnest; Varney is my true and faithful servant, trusted in my deepest secrets. I had better lose my right hand than his service at this moment. You have no cause to scorn him as you do."

"I could assign one, my lord," replied the countess; "and I see he shakes even under that assured look of his. But he that is necessary as your right hand to your safety, is free from any accusation of mine. May he be true to you; and that he may be true, trust him not too far. But it is enough to say, that I will not go with him unless by violence, nor would I acknowledge him as my husband, were all——"

"It is a temporary deception, madam," said Leicester, irritated by her opposition, "necessary for both our safeties, endangered by you through female caprice, or the premature desire to seize on a rank to which I gave you title, only under condition that our marriage, for a time, should continue secret. If my proposal disgust you, it is yourself has brought it on both of us. There is no other remedy—you must do what your own impatient folly hath rendered necessary—I command you."

"I cannot put your commands, my lord," said Amy, "in balance with those of honor and conscience. I will *not*, in this instance, obey you. You may achieve your own dishonor, to which these crooked policies naturally tend, but I will do naught that can blemish mine."

"My lord," said Varney interposing, "my lady is too much prejudiced against me, unhappily, to listen to what I can offer, yet it may please her better than what she proposes. She has good interest with Master Edmund Tressilian, and could doubtless prevail on him to consent to be her companion to Lidcote Hall, and there she might remain in safety until time permitted the development of this mystery."

Leicester was silent, but stood looking eagerly on Amy, with eyes which seemed to glow as much with suspicion as displeasure.

The countess only said, "Would to God I were in my father's house! When I left it, I little thought I was leaving peace of mind and honor behind me."

Varney proceeded with a tone of deliberation, "Doubtless this will make it necessary to take strangers into my lord's counsels; but surely the countess will be warrant for the honor of Master Tressilian, and such of her father's family——"

"Peace, Varney," said Leicester; "by Heaven, I will strike my dagger into thee, if again thou namest Tressilian as a partner of my counsels!"

"And wherefore not?" said the countess; "unless they be counsels fitter for such as Varney, than for a man of stainless honor and integrity. My lord, my lord, bend no angry brows on me—it is the truth, and it is I who speak it. I once did Tressilian wrong for your sake. I will not do him the further injustice of being silent when his honor is brought into question. I can forbear," she said, looking at Varney, "to pull the mask off hypocrisy, but I will not permit virtue to be slandered in my hearing."

There was a dead pause. Leicester stood displeased, yet undetermined, and too conscious of the weakness of his cause; while Varney, with a deep and hypocritical affectation of sorrow, mingled with humility, bent his eyes on the ground.

It was then that the Countess Amy displayed, in the midst of distress and difficulty, the natural energy of character, which would have rendered her, had fate allowed, a distinguished ornament of the rank which she held.

She walked up to Leicester with a composed step, a dignified air, and looks in which strong affection essayed in vain to shake the firmness of conscious truth and rectitude of principle. "You have spoken your mind, my lord," she said, "in these difficulties with which, unhappily, I have found myself unable to comply. This gentleman—this person I should say—has hinted at another scheme, to which I object not, but as it displeases you. Will your lordship be pleased to hear what a young and timid woman, but your most affectionate wife, can suggest in the present extremity?"

Leicester was silent, but bent his head toward the countess, as an intimation that she was at liberty to proceed.

"There hath been but one cause for all these evils, my lord," she proceeded; "and it resolves itself into the mysterious duplicity with which you have been induced to surround yourself. Extricate yourself at once, my lord, from the tyranny of these disgraceful trammels. Take your ill-fated wife by the hand, lead her to the footstool of Elizabeth's throne; say, that 'in a moment of infatuation moved by supposed beauty, of which none perhaps can now trace even the remains, I gave my hand to this Amy Robsart.' You will then have done justice to me, my lord, and to your own honor; and should law or power require you to part from me, I will oppose no objection, since then I may with honor hide a grieved and broken heart in those shades from which your love withdrew me. Then—have but a little patience,—and Amy's life will not long darken your brighter prospects."

There was so much of dignity, so much of tenderness in the countess's remonstrance, that it moved all that was noble and generous in the soul of her husband. The scales seemed to fall from his eyes, and the duplicity of which he had been guilty, stung him at once with remorse and shame.

"I am not worthy of you, Amy," he said, "that could weigh aught which ambition has to give against such a heart as thine! I have a bitter penance to perform, in disentangling, before sneering foes and astounded friends, all the meshes of my own deceitful policy. And the queen—but let her take my head, as she has threatened!"

"Your head, my lord!" said the countess; "because you use the freedom and liberty of an English subject in choosing a wife? For shame; it is this distrust of the queen's justice, this misapprehension of danger, which cannot but be imaginary, that, like scarecrows, have induced you to forsake the straightforward path, which, as it is the best, is also the safest."

"Ah, Amy, thou little knowest!" said Dudley; but instantly checking himself, he added, "yet she shall not find in me a safe or easy victim of arbitrary vengeance—I have friends—I have

allies—I will not, like Norfolk, be dragged to the block, as a victim to sacrifice. Fear not, Amy; thou shalt see Dudley bear himself worthy of his name. I must instantly communicate with some of those friends on whom I can best rely; for, as things stand, I may be made prisoner in my own castle."

"O my good lord," said Amy, "make no faction in a peaceful state! There is no friend can help us so well as our own candid truth and honor. Bring but these to our assistance, and you are safe amidst a whole army of the envious and malignant. Leave these behind you, and all other defence will be fruitless. Truth, my noble lord, is well painted unarmed."

"But Wisdom, Amy," answered Leicester, "is arrayed in panoply of proof. Argue not with me on the means I shall use to render my confession as safe as may be; it will be fraught with enough of danger, do what we will.—Varney, we must hence.—Farewell, Amy, whom I am to vindicate as mine own, at an expense and risk of which thou alone couldst be worthy! You shall soon hear further from me."

He embraced her fervently, muffled himself as before, and accompanied Varney from the apartment.

THE STREETS OF LONDON.

OWEN MEREDITH.

THE woman still was young and should be fair. The lamps
Of London flaring through the foggy damps,
Glare up and down the gray streets ghostily,
And the long roaring of loud wheels rolls by.
The bridge is reached at last. She stops,
The shadowy stream beneath it slides and drops;
Some tempter whispered, "There's an end of long distress,
Leap down! leap in! 'tis but one anguish more or less."
"Ah no! ah no! for Willie waits for me at home,
And will not sleep all night till I am come;

And he is sick, poor man! No work to-day,
No work to-morrow. And the rent to pay.
But winter's worst is o'er in March. Who knows?
The times might mend." Then through her thoughts uprose
The menacing image of this night's need,
"No work; two little mouths to feed,
And Willie sick! And how to pay
To-morrow's rent?" She plucked herself away
From the bewildering river, and again
Strayed onward through the endless rain.

Gray and grisly gleamed the long, blind wall
Of that grim institute, the work-house.
. . . She shuddered, 'twas a thought
Only that made her shudder, till she caught
Her foot against a heap of something strange,
Wet and soft, which made that shudder change
To one of physical terror. 'Twas as though
The multitudinous mud, to scare her so,
Had heaped itself into a hideous heap,
Not human sure, but living. With a creep
The thing, whate'er it was her chance foot spurned,
Began to move, like humid earth upturned.

At last she timidly drew near,
And whispered faintly, in the creature's ear,
"Have you no home?" No look even made reply,
Much less a word. But on the stolid sky
The stolid face stared ever. "Are you cold?"
A sort of inward creepy movement rolled
The rustled rags. "Are you hungry?" There at once
Finding intensest utterance for the nonce,
With such a howl 'twould chill your blood to hear,
The wolf-jaws wailed out: "Hungry? ha!"

She, whose faint question such shrill response awoke,
Stood stupefied, stunned, sick. Just then there broke

Down the dim street a loud shout, "Stop thief! stop thief!"
Bringing to her sick senses instant relief.
A man rushed by those women,—as he passed,
Dropped something on the pavement, and was fast
Wrapped in the thick vapors of the night
That in a moment smeared him out of sight,
And, in a moment after, let emerge
The trampling crowd; which all in haste to urge
Its honest chase, swept o'er those women twain,
Regardless, and rushed on into the rain,
Leaving them both upon the slippery flags,
Bruised, trampled; rags in colloquy with rags,
And so, alone. Meanwhile the woeful face
Resettled to its customary place,
Was staring as before, into the sky,
Stolid. The other woman heavily
Gathered herself together, bruised, in pain,
Half rose up, slipped on something, and again
Sank feebly back upon her hand. But now
What new emotion shakes her? Doth she know
What this is, that her fingers on the stone
Have felt, and, feeling, close so fiercely on?
This pocket-book, with gold enough within
To feed. Alas! and must it be a sin
To keep it? . . . Were it possible to pay
With what its very robber flings away
For bread! bread! bread! and not starve, yet still
Be honest! . . . Were one doing very ill?

She bent o'er her grim companion, in whose ear
She muttered, hoarse and quick, "Make haste! see here
There's bread enough for all of us! Get up!
Quick! quick and come away! To-night we'll sup,
To-morrow we'll not starve; another day,
Another, and then let come what may!
Off! off!" No answer. In the dark look

No gleam of light. Vehemently the woman shook
That miserable mass of rags. It let
Itself be shaken. It did not strive to get
Up or away; said naught. "It is late, late! come!"
No answer. Those lean jaws were locked and dumb.
Then o'er the living woman's face there spread
Death's hue reflected. "Late! too late!" she said,
"O heaven, to die thus!" With a broken wail,
She turned and fled fast, fast. Fled whither? Pale
Through the thick vagueness of the vaporous night,
From the dark alley, with a clouded light,
Two rheumy, melancholy lampions flare;
They are the eyes of the police. In there she fled,
Down the dark archway, through the greasy door,
Passionately pushing past some three or four
Complacent constables. At a dingy table sat
Rapidly writing, spectacled, severe, the magistrate.

In fear of seeing it again, she shut her eyes
And flung it down there. With sedate surprise,
The man looked up. "Because I do not know
The owner, sir," she said. "A while ago
I found it. And there's money in it,—much,
Oh, so much money, sir!" A hungry touch
Of the defeated tempter made her wince
To see him count it. Such a short time since
She, too, had done the same. "Your name? Address?"
From the last one could easy tell her wretchedness.
"Honest and poor. Deserves a large reward;
No doubt, there'll be one." "Ah, the times are hard,
So hard, God help us all! and, sir, indeed
We are so poor. Two little mouths to feed.
If one could only get some work to do!"
"Ah, married? out of work? and children? two?
Mem. Let the owner know, if found. Good-night."
But still she stood there. He had turned to write,

She stood, and eyed him with a dreary eye,
And did not move. He looked up presently.
"Not gone, yet? eh? what more?" "And, sir," she said,
"There's by the work-house wall a woman dead.
There was no room within, sir, I suppose.
There are so many of them. Heaven knows
'Tis hard for such as we to understand
How such things happen in a Christian land."

Her face twitched, and her cough grew fierce again,
As she passed out into the night and rain.

THE ORIGIN OF ROAST PIG.

CHARLES LAMB.

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius, in the second chapter of his "Mundane Mutations," where he designates a kind of golden age by the term "Chofang," literally the "Cook's Holiday." The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling, was accidentally discovered in the manner following.

The swineherd Hoti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bobo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage, what was of much more importance, a fine litter of pigs, no less than nine in number, perished.

Bobo was in the utmost consternation, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build

up again with a few dry branches and the labor of an hour or two, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? Not from the burned cottage. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. He knew not what to think.

He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burned his fingers, and to cool them he applied them to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—crackling! Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelled so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel; and, finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, which Bobo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burned down three houses, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what? What have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burned pig eats."

The ears of Hoti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burned pig.

Bobo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig; and, fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Hoti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burned pig, father, only taste—O Lord!" with such like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Hoti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion, both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bobo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which the Creator had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Hoti's cottage was burned down more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as there were pigs, so sure was the house of Hoti to be in a blaze; and Hoti himself, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever.

At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burned pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and, burning their fingers, as Bobo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present,—without leaving the box, or any manner of consulta-

tion whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of "not guilty!"

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and, when the court was dismissed, went privately, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices, one and all, shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. This custom of firing houses continued till, in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burned*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty.

By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful and seemingly the most obvious arts make their way among mankind.

ON THE BORDERS OF CANNOCK CHASE.

A COTTAGER leaned whispering by her hives,
Telling the bees some news, as they lit down,
And entered one by one their waxen town.
Larks, passioning, hung o'er their brooding wives,
And all the sunny hills where heather thrives,
Lay satisfied with peace. A stately crown
Of trees enringed the upper head-land brown,
And reedy pools, wherein the moor-hen dives,
Glittered and gleamed, a resting-place for light.
They that were bred here love it; but they say
We shall not have it long. In three years time
A hundred pits will cast out fires by night.
Down yon still glen their smoke shall trail its way
And the white ash lie thick in lieu of rime.

—*Ingelow.*

ELAINE.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

[A mythic lady connected with the romances of King Arthur's court. Her story is told by Tennyson in the "Idyls of the King, and is associated with the romance of Sir Lancelot and Guinevere."]

BEFORE the people crowned Prince Arthur king,
He found a crown of diamonds, nine in all.
Thereafter, when a king, he had the gems
Plucked from the crown, and showed them to his knights
Saying: "These are the kingdom's, not the king's;
Let there be once a year a joust for one."
And eight years Lancelot won the diamonds.
Now for the largest diamond and the last,
Arthur proclaimed a joust at Camelot;
And when the time drew nigh, Queen Guinevere
Languidly raised her eyes to Lancelot,
Who, thinking that she wished him, stayed.
The king glanced first at him, then her, and went his way.

No sooner gone than suddenly she began,
"To blame, my lord Sir Lancelot, I am yours,
Not Arthur's, as you know, save by the bond;
And, therefore, hear my words, go to the jousts,
Since 'tis your name that conquers. Go unknown;
Win! by this kiss, you will; win, and return."

Then got Sir Lancelot suddenly to horse;
Choosing the lonely path, he lost his way.
At last he saw the castle of Astolat.
Thither he rode and wound the gateway horn;
Then came an old, dumb, myriad-wrinkled man,
Who let him into the lodge and disappeared.
Then came to him the lord of Astolat
With two strong sons, Sir Torre and Sir Lavaine;
And close behind them stepped the lily maid,
Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat.

"Whence comest thou, my guest, and by what name?"
Then answered Lancelot, the chief of knights:
"Known am I and of Arthur's hall, and known
What I, by mere mischance have brought, my shield;
But since I go to joust as one unknown
At Camelot, for the diamond, ask me not.
Hereafter you shall know me, and the shield;
I pray you lend me one if such you have,
Blank, or at least with some device, not mine."
Then said the lord of Astolat: "Here is Torre's."

"O father," said young Lavaine, "give me leave
To ride to Camelot with this noble knight?"
"So you will grace me," answered Lancelot.
Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable,
Lifted her eyes and read his lineaments
And loved him with that love which was her doom.
And all night long his face before her lived,
Dark, splendid, speaking in the silence, full
Of noble things, and held her from her sleep,
Till rather she rose and stole adown the stairs,
Then Lancelot, turning, looked and was amazed.

He had not dreamed she was so beautiful.
Lavaine, returning, brought the jet-unblazoned shield,
And so the new companions passed away.
At last they reached the lists by Camelot,
And Lancelot hurled into the joust, and now,
His party cried, "Advance and take your prize,
The diamond!" But he said, "My prize is death!"
Then vanished from the field with young Lavaine.
But Arthur sent Gawain to find the knight;
He came at last, though late, to Astolat,
To whom the lord replied, "Abide with us;
Here was the knight, and here he left a shield."
And when Gawain had seen the shield he cried,
"Right was the king! our Lancelot, that true man,

And, damsel, let me leave my quest with you;
The diamond also." Then he rode away.

The maid then crept unto her sire and said:
"Sweet father, let me (for I needs must) hence,
And find the great knight whereso'er he be,
And with my own hand give the diamond."
Lightly, her request allowed, she slipped away
To Camelot; and, before the city gates,
Came on her brother with a happy face.
And Lavaine led her to Sir Lancelot's cave;
She laid the diamond in his open hand,
And, staying, every day she tended him.
But when Sir Lancelot's deadly hurt was whole,
He pressed the maid to ask some gift of him.
Then suddenly and passionately she spoke:
"I have gone mad, I love you; let me die!"
"Ah! sister," answered Lancelot, "what is this?
In all your quarrels will I be your knight
But more than this, I cannot." While he spoke,
She neither blushed nor spoke, but downward fell,
And thus they bore her swooning to the tower.
And in the evening Lancelot rode away.
So in her tower alone the maiden sang:
"Sweet is true love, though given in vain, in vain;
I needs must follow death, who calls for me.
Call, and I follow, I follow, let me die."

At last the maid besought Lavaine to write,
As she devised a letter. Then she said,
"O father, lay this letter in my hand
A little ere I die and close the hand;
Then take the little bed on which I died
For Lancelot's love, and deck it like the queen's;
And let a barge be ready, clothed in black.
I go in state to court to meet the queen
And, therefore, let our dumb old man alone

Go with me to the palace, to the doors."
She died, and her two brothers, with bent brow,
Fulfilled her wish, and parted all in tears.
Then rose the dumb old servitor and the dead,
Steered by the dumb, went upward with the flood,
In her right hand the lily, in her left
The letter; and she did not seem as dead
But fast asleep, and lay as though she smiled.
That day Sir Lancelot at the palace craved
Audience of Guinevere, to give at last
The nine-years'-fought-for diamonds. Said the queen,
"Diamonds for me! Oh, not for me—for her!
She shall not have them." Saying which, she seized
And through the casement flung them in the stream.

Then slowly past the window sailed the barge.
But the wild queen sought to burst away
To weep and wail in secret; and the barge,
On to the palace door-way gliding, came;
And reverently they bore her into the hall.
But Arthur spied the letter in her hand,
Stooped, took it, brake seal and read it; this was all:
"Most noble lord, Sir Lancelot of the lake,
I come to take my last farewell of you.
I loved you, and my love had no return,
And, therefore, my true love has been my death;
Pray for my soul and yield me burial."
And when the knights had laid her comely head
Low in the dust of half-forgotten kings,
The queen drew near, and sighed to Lancelot,
"Forgive me my jealousy in love."
To whom the knight: "Pass on, my queen, forgiven.'
Then went and by the river in a cove prayed God
To send a sudden angel down
To fling him deep in some forgotten mere.

So groaned Sir Lancelot in sad, remorseful pain,
Not knowing he should die a holy man.

DONALD AND THE STAG.

ROBERT BROWNING.

[The story of Donald was told by one of a party of students from Oxford, who were camping during vacation. Gathered in a tent, one after another had told a tale, when the last related the following as he had heard it from the lips of the hero:]

YOU may recognize Ben by description;
  Behind him a moor's immenseness;
  Up goes the middle mount of a range,
Fringed with its firs in denseness.

Rimming the edge, its fir-fringe, mind!
  For an edge there is, though narrow;
From end to end of the range, a strip
  Of path runs straight as an arrow.

And the mountaineer who takes that path
  Saves himself miles of journey;
He has to plod if he crosses the moor,
  Through heather, peat, and burnie.

But a mountaineer he needs must be,
  For, look you, right in the middle
Projects bluff Ben, sky-reaching and fiercely jagged;
  Why planted there, is a riddle.

It seems, in the gully, as if Ben's breast,
  To a sudden spike diminished,
Would signify to the boldest foot,
  "All further passage finished!"

Yet the mountaineer who sidles on
  And on to the very bending,
Discovers, if heart and brain be proof,
  No necessary ending.

Foot up, foot down, to the turn abrupt
  Having trod, he, there arriving,
Finds—what he took for a point was breadth,
  A mercy of nature's contriving.

So he rounds what, when 'tis reached, proves straight,
  From one side gains the other;
The wee path widens,—resume the march,
  And he foils you, Ben, my brother!

But Donald had dared the danger from boyhood,
  And now, when perchance was waiting
A lass at the brig below, 'twixt mount
  And moor would he stand debating?

Moreover, this Donald was twenty-five,
  A glory of bone and muscle;
Did a fiend dispute the right of way,
  Donald would try a tussle.

Lightsomely marched he out of the broad
  On to the narrow and narrow;
A step more, rounding the angular rock,
  Reached the front straight as an arrow.

He stepped it, safe on the ledge he stood,
  When—whom found he full facing?
What fellow in courage and wariness, too,
  Had scouted ignoble pacing?

Twas a gold-red stag that stood and stared,
  Gigantic and magnific!
By the wonder—ay, and the peril—struck
  Intelligent and pacific:

Yet Donald must turn, would pride permit,
  Though pride ill brooks retiring;
Each eyed each—mute man, motionless beast—
  Less fearing than admiring.

These are the moments when a quite new sense,
  To meet some need as novel,
Springs up in the brain; it inspired resource:
  "Nor advance, nor retreat but—grovel!"

And slowly, surely, never a whit
  Relaxing the steady tension
Of eye-stare which binds man to beast,—
  By an inch and inch declension,

Sank Donald sidewise down and down:
  Till flat, breast upward, lying
At his six-foot length, no corpse more still,—
  "If he cross me! The trick's worth trying."

Minutes were an eternity;
  But a new sense was created
In the stag's brain, too; he resolves! Slow, sure,
  With eye-stare unabated,

Feelingly he extends a foot
  Which tastes the way ere it touches
Earth's solid, and just escapes him,
  Nor hold of the same unclutches,

Till its fellow foot, light as a feather whisk,
  Lands itself no less finely:
So a mother removes a fly from the face
  Of her babe asleep supinely.

Just one more lift! but Donald, you see,
  Was sportsman first, man after:
A fancy lightened his caution through,
  He well-nigh broke into laughter:

"It were nothing short of a miracle!
  Unrivalled, unexampled—
All sporting feats with this feat matched
  Were down and dead and trampled!"

The last of the legs as tenderly
  Follows the rest: or never
Or now is the time! His knife in reach,
  And his right hand loose—how clever!

His face was thrown up in appeal to God;
  Up the stag sprang, back he staggered,
Over he fell, and with him our friend,—
  At following game no laggard.

Yet he was not dead when they picked next day
  From the gully's depth the wreck of him;
His fall had been stayed by the stag beneath,
  Who cushioned and saved the neck of him.

But the rest of his body—why the doctors said:
  "That your life is left you, thank the stag!
Whatever could break was broken."
  Said they, the slow cure ended, "Without bluster or brag,

"You must ask an alms from house to house:
  Sell the stag's head for a bracket,
With its grand twelve tines—I'd buy it myself—
  And use the skin for a jacket!"

He was wiser, made both head and hide
  His win-penny: hands and knees on,
Would manage to crawl—poor crab—by the roads
  In the misty stalking-season.

And if he discovered a bothy like this,
  Why, harvest was sure; folks listened.
He told his tale to the lovers of sport:
  Lips twitched, cheeks glowed, eyes glistened.

And when he had come to the close, he spread
  His spoil for the gazer's wonder,
With: "Gentlemen, here's the skull of the stag
  I was over, thank God, not under!"

KING SHEDDÂD'S PARADISE.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

SHEDDÂD, the son of Ad, of Hadramant,
Idolater, lord of the land and sea,
Hath it come to ye how he mocked at heaven,
Saying he would build a better paradise
Than Allah's, and be lord and god therein?
Wherefore he gave command that there be built
In Akhaf, on the hills, beyond the sand—
Within a hollow vale walled by wild peaks—
A pleasure-house.
Round about this pleasure-house he bade
A lovely garden bloom, terraced by lanes
Bosky with blossoming trees and rose-thickets,
Where hidden streamlets murmured, and golden fruit
Loaded the boughs, and all the air was balm.
He gave command, moreover, that there rise
Hard by, with streets and markets, a fair town
Peopled by ministers of pleasure, and walled
With ramparts of the rose and pomegranate,
Wherethrough there led a double folding-gate.
Fashioned of fragrant woods, and set with stars
Of silver, opening downward to the vale,
Inscribed, "The paradise of King Sheddâd."
And when all the house was made, and all the courts
Were girded with the carven shafts and cooled
With leaping fountains, Sheddâd set forth.

A shining line of spears,
League-long, wound first upon the mountain-path;
And after them the camel-litters, decked
With silk and gold and poles of silver, came,
Bearing the houris of his paradise.
At the head of all rode one who held a flag of yellow silk

Which had for its device: "Amid his gods,
Sheddâd, the son of Ad, of Hadramant,
Unasked of Allah, wends to paradise."
That night they entered at the silver gate,
Making bold cheer, and sweet the garden was,
And green the groves, and bright the pleasure-house
Lit with a thousand scented lamps, and loud
With dance and cymbal and the beat of drum.

But when the golden horseshoe of the moon
Waned in the west, there came into the sky
Three clouds; and one was white and had the shape
Of a winged angel; one was red and burned
Across the planets like a blazing sword;
And one, thick black, gathered round the head
Of a bare, hollow mountain, seamed with gaps
And caverns, wherefrom—full upon their feast—
Brake, of a sudden, flame and cataracts
Of blood-red molten rock, with pitchy smoke
Veiling the heavens, and rain of blinding dust,
All pierced by livid lightning-spears, and driven
By fierce winds which sucked the streams and dried
Life from the body, as a furnace draws
The moisture from the potter's clay; while earth
Rocked, quaking, and the thunder's vengeful voice
Rolled horrible from crag to crag, and mocked
The death-cry of those choked idolaters;
Whereof, when the sun rose, there breathed not one;
Nor any green thing lingered in the vale;
Nor road, nor gate appeared; nor might a man
Say where the garden of King Sheddâd stood,
So were the ways uptorn, and that fair sin
Blotted from vision by the wrath of God.

Yet to this day there lurketh the remnant of the garden of Iram.
Behind wild peaks, and fenced with burning sands,
The perished relics of that pleasance lie,

Which Sheddâd made, mocking the power of God.
And one who tended camels in the land
Followed a beast estrayed into a gorge.
Therethrough he pushed and spied a hollow, shut
In the gaunt, barren peaks, with black dust strewn
And piled with cindery crags. In the midst lay the bones
Of Sheddâd's city and his pleasure-house;
All with their withered gardens, and the gate
Rusted and ruined; and the cloistered courts
Swathed in the death-drift, and the marble tanks
Choked to their brims; the carven columns fallen
Or thrust away; the bright pavilions foul
With ashes and with remnants of the dead.
In the midst sate, all agape, King Sheddâd, for a throne
Propped his dead form, and round the waist of it
A sword hung in a belt of gold and silk,
Hilted with pearls and rubies. This took the camel-driver
And glided, terrified, back from that city of the dead.
But no foot since hath found that road again,
Nor shall, till Israfel sets to his lips
The trumpet, and Az-zarr will bid him blow.

SILENCE.

THERE is a silence where hath been no sound,
There is a silence where no sound may be,
In the cold grave—under the deep, deep sea,
Or in wild desert where no life is found
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound.
No voice is hushed, no life treads silently,
But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
That never spoke, over the idle ground;
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
Of antique palaces, where man hath been,
Though the dun fox, or wild hyena calls,
And owls, that flit continually between,
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,—
There the true silence is, self-conscious and alone.

—*Hood.*

THE REVELS OF THE CÆSARS.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

IMAGINE, O learned Apelles, that it is now the tenth hour of the Roman day. There has this morning been a chariot race, followed by a show of gladiators, and the victors have just gone down through the valley crowned with palm leaves and ribbons. Now we hear a sound of flutes and clarions. A company of the Pretorian guard advances, followed by musicians and fire-bearers, after whom comes the emperor, clothed in a long white robe and crowned with roses. He is followed by some two dozen Roman nobles, all in festive dress; and another company of guards brings up the rear. They are going to sup in the imperial banqueting hall.

Believe, O Apelles, I, the sibyl, tell thee those ruined arches once echoed to the sounds of feasting. See the stuccoed flutes and garlands, the amphoræ, the groups of revellers yet fresh upon the hollow of the vault. Let us follow the emperor. Let us pass, invisible, through the guards at the portal, and the crowd of Sicilian pantomimists, slaves, and dependents in the outer hall. Guided by the sound of music, let us penetrate to the cœnaculum itself. Here, on semicircular couches, recline the emperor and his guests, their hair redolent of fragrant ointments, their fingers covered with rings, and their jewelled slippers lying beside them on the floor. Each man holds in his left hand a napkin with a gold and purple fringe. On the tables stand small images of the gods. At the lower end of the room is an elevated stage, on which a party of buffoons are performing a comic interlude. The visitors play at dice between the courses. Now and then, through revolving compartments in the ceiling, flowers and perfumes are showered down upon the feasters; while slaves stand by, whose duty it is to fan away the flies, and bring fresh towels and scented waters to the guests, after each dish.

The feast begins to the sound of trumpets, and slaves carry round cups of Falernian wine, flavored with honey. Then come cray-fish from Misenum, mullets from the Baiæ, lampreys, and perhaps a sturgeon, which is weighed alive at table, allowed to expire before the eyes of the guests, and then carried off to the kitchen, presently to appear again, cooked with a rich sauce of wine. Then come dishes of nightingales, thrushes, roasted shrimps, African cockles, Melian cranes, Ambracian kid, and a boar from the Umbrian forests, roasted whole, and stuffed with beef and veal. This is carved by the *carptor*, with pantomimic gestures, to the sound of music.

Next some jars of rare Massic and Chian wines are opened, a libation is poured out to the gods; and the emperor pledges his guests. Then enter four musicians playing on double flutes, followed by as many servants crowned with flowers. They bring the royal dish of the entertainment—a peacock with all its plumage displayed, on a salver garlanded with roses. At this sight, the guests burst into murmurs of applause, and salute the emperor. The buffoons now retire, and a couple of gladiators make their appearance on the stage, armed with helmets, bucklers, greaves, and short swords.

Supper being now over, and the dessert about to be brought on, the feasters have leisure to enjoy this more exciting amusement. Additional cushions are brought; spiced wines are handed round; the tables are cleared; fresh cloths are laid; the guests lean back; the emperor gives the signal, and the gladiators begin their combat.

Now pistachio nuts, dates, Venafran olives, Matian apples, pears, grapes, dried figs, mushrooms, sweet cakes, preserves, and all kinds of delicate confectionery molded into curious and graceful devices, are placed upon the tables. Conversation becomes animated. A gladiator falls, mortally wounded; the spectators cry *habet!* A fresh combatant replaces him, and the emperor himself deigns to bet upon the victor.

Thus amid bloodshed, dicing, wine, and feasting, the hours pass by, and the entertainment draws to a close. Valuable presents are

then distributed to the guests. One gets a precious ring, one a robe of Tyrian dye, another a sketch by Parrhasius, another a bust of Hadrian in colored marbles; and thus each takes his leave, enriched and feasted, and pours a last libation to the health of the emperor and the honor of the gods.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BEDNALL-GREENE.

ITT was a blind beggar, had long lost his sighte,
Hee had a faire daughter of bewty most brighte,
And many a gallant brave suitor had shee,
For none was soe comelye as prettye Bessee.

And though shee was of favour most faire,
Yett seeing shee was but a poor beggar's heyre,
Of ancyent housekeepers despisèd was shee,
Whose sons came as suitors to prettye Bessee.

Wherefore, in great sorrow faire Bessee did say,
"Good father and mother, let mee goe away,
To seeke out my fortune, whatever itt bee."
This suite then they granted to prettye Bessee.

She went on her journey untill it was day,
And came unto Rumford along the hye-way;
Where at the Queen's Arms, entertainèd was shee,
Soe faire and wel-favoured was prettye Bessee.

Shee had not been there a month to an end,
But master and mistress and all was her friend;
And every brave gallant that once did her see,
Was straitway enamoured of prettye Bessee.

The young men of Rumford in her had their joye;
Shee showed herself curteous and modestlye coye;
And at her commandment, still wold they bee,
Soe faire and soe comelye was prettye Bessee.

Four suitors att once unto her did goe;
They cravèd her favor, but still shee sayd "Noe;
I wold not wish gentles to marry with mee."
Yett ever they honourèd prettye Bessee.

The first of them was a gallant young knighte,
And hee came unto her disguised in the nighte.
The second, a gentleman of good degree,
Who wooed and sued for prettye Bessee.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,
Hee was the third suitor, and proper withall.
Her master's own sonne the fourth man must bee,
Who swore hee would dye for prettye Bessee.

"And if thou wilt marry with mee," quoth the knighte,
"Ile make thee a ladye with joy and delighte;
My heart's soe inthrallèd by thy bewty,
That soone I shall dye for prettye Bessee."

The gentleman sayd: "Come marry with mee,
As fine as a ladye my Bessee shall bee;
My life is distressed; oh, heare mee," quoth hee,
"And grant mee thy love, my prettye Bessee."

"Let mee bee thy husband," the merchant did say;
"Thou shalt live in London both gallant and gay;
My shippes shall bring home rych jewells for thee,
And I will forever love prettye Bessee."

Then Bessee shee sighed, and thus shee did say:
"My father and mother I meane to obey;
First gett their good will, and be faithfull to mee,
And you shall marry your prettye Bessee."

To every one this answer shee made,
Wherefore unto her they joyfully sayd:
"This thing to fulfill wee all doe agree;
But where dwells thy father, my prettye Bessee?"

"My father," shee sayd, "is soone to bee seene:
The seely blind beggar of Bednall-Greene,
That daylye sits begging for charitie,
Hee is the good father of prettye Bessee."

"Nay then," quoth the merchant, "thou art not for mee."
"Nor," quoth the innholder, "my wiffe thou shalt bee."
"I lothe," sayd the gentle, "a beggar's degree,
And, therefore, adewe, my prettye Bessee!"

"Why, then," quoth the knighte, "hap better or worse,
I waighe not true love by the waight of the purse;
And bewty is bewty in every degree;
Then welcome unto mee, my prettye Bessee."

And soone after this, by breake of the day,
The knighte had from Rumford stole Bessee away;
The young men of Rumford, as thicke as might bee,
Rode after to fetch againe prettye Bessee.

But rescew came speedilye over the plaine,
Or else the young knighte for his love had been slaine.
This fray being ended, then straitway wee see
His kinsmen come rayling at prettye Bessee.

Then spake the blind beggar: "Although I bee poore,
Yett rayle not against my child at my own doore;
Though shee bee not decked in velvett and pearle,
Yett will I dropp angells with you for my girle.

"But first you shall promise, and have itt well known,
The gold that you dropp shall all bee your owne."
With that they replyed, "Contented bee wee;"
"Then here's," quoth the beggar, "for prettye Bessee."

With that, an angell hee cast on the ground,
And droppèd in angells full three thousand pound;
And oftentimes itt was provèd most plaine,
For the gentlemen's one the beggar droppt twayne;

Soe that the place wherein they did sitt,
With gold itt was coverèd every whitt.
The gentlemen then having droppt all their store,
Sayd, "Now, beggar, hold, for wee have noe more."

"Thou hast fulfilled thy promise arrighte;
Then marry," quoth hee, "my girle to this knighte;
And heere," added hee, "I will now throwe you downe
A hundred pounds more to buy her a gowne."

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had seene,
Admired the beggar of Bednall-Greene;
And all those that were her suitors before,
Their fleshe for very anger they tore.

Thus was faire Bessee matched to the knighte,
And then made a ladye in others despite;
A fairer ladye there never was seene,
Than the blind beggar's daughter of Bednall-Greene.

Within a gorgeous palace most brave,
Adorned with all the cost they cold have.
This wedding was kept most sumptuouslie,
And all for the creditt of prettye Bessee.

Now, after the sumptuous dinner was done,
To talke and to reason a number begunn.
They talkt of the blind beggar's daughter most brighte,
And what with his daughter hee gave to the knighte.

Then spake the nobles: "Much marvell have wee,
This jolly blind beggar wee cannot here see."
"My lords," quoth the bride, "my father's soe base
He is loth with his presence these states to disgrace."

"The prayse of a woman in questyon to bringe
Before her own face, were a flattering thinge;
But wee thinke thy father's baseness," quoth they,
"Might by thy bewty be cleane put awaye."

They had noe sooner these pleasant words spoke,
But in comes the beggar cladd in a silke cloke;
A faire velvet capp and a fether had hee,
And now a musicyan forsooth hee wold bee.

Then his lute hee twangèd straitway,
And thereon begann most sweetlye to play;
And after that lessons were played two or three,
Hee strayned out this song most delicatelley:

"A poore beggar's daughter did dwell on a greene,
Who for her fairness might well bee a queene;
A blithe bonny lasse, and a daintye was shee,
And everye one callèd her prettye Bessee.

"Her father hee had noe goods, nor noe land,
But begged for a penny all day with his hand;
And yett to her marriage hee gave thousands three
And still hee hath somewhat for prettye Bessee.

"And if any one here her birth doe disdaine,
Her father is ready, with might and with maine,
To proove shee is come of noble degree;
Therefore never flout att prettye Bessee.

"When the barons in armes did King Henrye oppose
Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose;
A leader of courage undaunted was hee,
And oft times hee made their enemyes flee.

"At length in the battle of Evashame plaine
The barons were routed, and Montfort was slaine;
Most fatall that battle did prove unto thee,
Thoughe thou wast not born then, my prettye Bessee!

"Along with the nobles that fell at that tyde,
His eldest son Henrye, who fought by his side,
Was felde by a blowe, hee received in the fighte
A blowe that deprived him forever of sighte.

"Among the dead bodyes all lifelesse hee laye,
Till evening drewe on of the following daye;
When by a yong ladye discovered was hee;
And this was thy mother, my prettye Bessee!

"A baron's faire daughter stept forth in the nighte
To search for her father, who fell in the fighte,
And seeing young Montfort, where gasping hee laye,
Was movèd with pitye, and brought him awaye.

"In secrette shee nurst him, and swagèd his paine,
While hee throughe the realme was beleeved to be slaine.
At length his faire bride shee consented to bee,
And Henrye de Montfort is father of prettye Bessee!

"And now lest oure foes our lives shold betraye,
Wee clothèd ourselves in beggars' arraye;
Her jewelles shee solde, and hither came wee;
All our comfort and care was our prettye Bessee."

Now, when the faire companye everye one,
Had heard the strange tale in the song hee had sung,
They all were amazed, as well they might bee,
Both at the blind beggar, and prettye Bessee.

With that the faire bride they all did embrace,
Saying, "Sure thou art come of an honourable race;
Thy father likewise is of noble degree,
And thou art well worthy a ladye to bee."

Thus was the feast ended with joye and delighte,
A bridegroome most happy then was the young knighte,
In joy and felicitie long livèd hee,
All with his faire ladye, the prettye Bessee.

SAINT ELIZABETH.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

SCENE I.

[*The doorway of a closed chapel in the Wartburg. Elizabeth sitting on the steps.*]

ELIZ. All without is harsh and shrill;
All within is hushed and still.
Jesus, let me enter in,
Wrap me safe from noise and sin.
At thy door-step low I bend
Who have neither kin nor friend;
Let me here a shelter find;
Shield the shorn lamb from the wind.

[*Enter Isentrude, Elizabeth's attendant.*]

ISEN. Aha! I had missed my little bird from the nest,
And judged that she was here. What's this? fie, tears?
ELIZ. I am most friendless. The landgravine and Agnes
Call me friend of knaves and serving-maids.
The burly knights freeze me with cold, blue eyes;
No saucy page but points and whispers,
"There goes our pet nun. Would but her saintship
Leave her gold behind."
Oh, that they would but leave me all alone
To teach poor girls, and work within my chamber
With mine own thoughts, and all the gentle angels
Which glance about my dreams at morning-tide.
Once, I longed to be beloved,
Now, would they but forget me.
Most vile I must be, or they could not hate me.
ISEN. They are of this world. Thou art not,
Poor child; therefore they hate thee.

ELIZ. But Lewis, nurse?
ISEN. He, child? He is thy knight,
Espoused from childhood; thou hast a claim
Upon him. At least, he's thine, if thou love him.
ELIZ. If I love him? Till these weary wars,
The one of us without the other never
Did weep or laugh. What is't should change us now?

[*Enter Sophia, mother of the Landgrave Lewis, also Agnes, his sister. The former extends a coronet to Elizabeth, who rejects it.*]

SOPH. What? you will not. You hear, Dame
Isentrude. She will not wear her coronet in the church,
Because, forsooth, the crucifix within
Is crowned with thorns. You hear her.
ELIZ. Noble mother, how could I flaunt this bauble
In His face, who hung there bleeding, all for me?
SOPH. Go to. I hate this humble-minded pride,
Self-willed submission to your own pert fancies.
Here's sanctity to shame your cousin and me.
If God has made you noble, use your rank,
If you but know how. You, landgravine?
You mated with gentle Lewis? Why, belike
You'll cowl him! My son shall die no monk.
ISEN. Beseech you, madam. Weep not, my darling.
SOPH. Come, Agnes, leave the gypsy ladies
To say their prayers, and set the saints the fashion.

[*Exeunt Sophia and Agnes. Enter a page.*]

PAGE. The count of Varila, madam, begs permission to speak with you.
ELIZ. What's this new terror? Tell him I wait him.

[*Count Walter of Varila enters.*]

WAL. Most learned, fair, and sanctimonious princess—
Plague, what comes next? I had something
Orthodox ready. 'Tis dropped out by the way.

Madam, I come a-wooing; and for one
Who is as only worthy of your love, as you of his.
He bids me claim the spousals
Made long ago between you, and yet
Leaves your fancy free, to grant or pass that claim.
ELIZ. Espousals? pledges? by our childish love,—
Pretty words for folks to think of at the wars!
Send for him; bring him to me.

SCENE II.

[*Bridal feast. Elizabeth, Lewis, Sophia and company sitting at the dais table. Court Minstrel and Court Fool sitting on the dais step.*]

MIN. How gayly smile the heavens,
The light winds whisper gay,
For royal birth and knightly worth
Are knit together to-day.
Hark! from the bridal bower
Rings out the bridesmaid's song:
"'Tis the mystic hour of an untried power,
The bride, she tarries long."
FOOL. She's schooling herself and she's steeling herself
Against the dreary day,
When she'll pine and sigh from her lattice high
For the knight that's far away.
MONKS [*chanting without*]. *A fastu et superbiâ Domine libera nos.*
MIN. Blest maid! Fresh roses o'er thee
The careless years shall fling.
FOOL. Satins and silk, and feathers and lace
Will gild life's pill.
In jewels and gold folks cannot grow old;
Fine ladies will never fall ill.
MONKS. *A luxu et avaritiâ Domine libera nos.*

[*Sophia descends from the dais.*]

SOPH. [*to Fool*]. Silence, you screech-owl.
Come, strew flowers, fair ladies,
And lead unto her bower our fairest bride.
ELIZ. I come. [*Aside*] Here, Guta, take those monks a fee;
Tell them I thank them—bid them pray for me.
[*Aloud*] Lead on. I'll follow. [*Exeunt.*]
FOOL. There, now. No fee for the fool.
But in law, physic, and divinity, folks
Would sooner be poisoned in Latin,
Than saved in the mother-tongue.

SCENE III.

[*Enter Elizabeth and Lewis, the latter with a crusader's cross in his hand.*]

ELIZ. What's here? A new crusader's cross? Whose?
Nay, nay, turn not from me. I guess all.
You need not tell me. It is very well; yes, very well.
LEW. Ah, love, look not so calm.
ELIZ. Fear not; I shall weep soon.
How long is't since you vowed?
LEW. A week or more.
ELIZ. Brave heart! and all that time your tenderness
Kept silence, knowing my weak, foolish soul.
Oh, love! Oh, life! Late found, and soon, soon lost!
Oh, break not, heart!
LEW. Alas! the time is near; I must be gone.
How you'll welcome us, returned in triumph
Beneath the victor's cross, to part no more.
ELIZ. Yes, we shall part no more, where next we meet.
LEW. The bugle calls! Farewell, my love, my lady,
Queen, sister, saint! Farewell.
ELIZ. Oh, God, take him since thou dost need him.
Oh, go, yes, go. Thou'lt not forget to pray

With me at our old hour. [*Lewis goes.*]
Alas, he's gone, and lost (thank God he hears me not) forever.

SCENE IV.

[*A chamber in the Wartburg. Enter Elizabeth, Sophia and Agnes.*]

SOPH. Daughter, we know of old thy strength; of metal
Beyond us worldlings; shrink not if the time
Be come which needs its use.

ELIZ. What means this preface? Ah, your looks are big
With sudden woes. Speak out.

SOPH. Be calm, and hear the will of God
Toward my son, thy husband.

ELIZ. What? is he captive? Speak! Has he fled? or worse?

SOPH. Child, he is dead.

ELIZ. [*clasping her hands on her knees*]. The world is dead
To me, and all its woes.

[*Elizabeth springs up and rushes out.*]

SOPH. I had expected some such passionate outbreak
At the first news. Now, e'er she returns,
Thy brother, lady Agnes, is dead.

AGNES. I know it too well. So young, so brave, so blest,
And she—she loved him. Oh, I repent of all the foolish scoffs
With which I crossed her.

SOPH. Yes, the landgrave's dead. Alas, my son, my son!
He was my first born, but he has a brother!
Agnes! we must not let this foreign gypsy
Flaunt sovereign over us, and our broad lands.
There are barons, child, who will obey a knight
But not a saint. I must at once to them.

[*Exit Sophia. Enter Isentrude and Guta.*]

ISEN. As after wolf, wolf presses, leaping through the snow glades,
So woe on woe throngs surging up.

GUTA. What? treason?

ISEN. Treason, and of the foulest. From her state
She's rudely thrust. Her keys are seized.

AGNES. Alas! who dared to do this wrong?

ISEN. Your mother and your mother's son.
Judge you, if it was knightly done.

GUTA. See! see! she comes, with heaving breast,
With bursting eyes and purpled brow.
Oh, that the traitors saw her now!
They know not, sightless fools, the heart they break.

[*Elizabeth enters slowly.*]

ELIZ. Angels, be pitiful! Deal gently with him!
His sins were gentle! What's this foul dream?
Dead at Otranto—parched by Italian suns—
Nought but rude men to nurse? If I had been there
I should have watched by him, guessed every fancy—
God, I might have saved him!

[*A servant man bursts in.*]

SER. [*to Eliz.*]. Madam, the landgrave gave me strict command—

ELIZ. Who spoke there of the landgrave?

SER. The landgrave, Henry, bade me see you out
Safe through his gates, and that at once, my lady. Come!

ELIZ. Why, that's hasty; I must pack up my jewels.

SER. You'll not need them; his lordship has the keys.

ELIZ. He has, indeed. I'll not be shamed. Lead on.
Farewell, my ladies, follow not;
There's want to spare on earth already,
And mine own woe is weight enough for me.
Go back and say, Elizabeth has yet
Eternal homes, built deep in poor men's hearts,
Which now she claims. Lead on. A people's love shall right me.

[*Exeunt all.*]

MOHAMMED.

OWEN MEREDITH.

[It is needless to mention the incident of the poem has no foundation in fact; it is used as an illustration of the truth that every form of religious authority founded on the supernatural, whereof Mohammed here is the representative, is in itself fanaticism.]

MOHAMMED, the divine, ere yet his name
Blazed in the front of everlasting fame,
Withdrew into the desert, and abode
Hard by Mount Hara long alone, and thought.

Amru, his friend,
Who, through those solitudes to watch and tend
Upon him, stole from Mecca, when the light
Was fading out, and, footing the deep night,
At daybreak found him in the wilderness.
He looked, and saw Mohammed's face o'ercast,
And murmured, "What is thy thought,
Mohammed?"

And Mohammed answered:
"Friend, a sad thought; which I think you will not mend,
For if, I thought, I tell this people what
God, who speaks to me in the solitude,
Hath bid me tell them, the loud rabble rude
Will mock me, crying, 'Who made thee to be
A teacher of us?' But men are ever eager, when they view
Some seeming strange disorder, to exclaim,
'A God! a God!' Sure am I, if anon
Some mighty-mouthed prodigy—yon stone,
Say,—dumb as Pharaoh in his pyramid,
Should suddenly find tongue, and, speaking, bid
The hearers worship me, proclaiming me
The appointed one,—they all
Would straightway grovel at my feet, and call

Heaven to attest how they believed,—each thief
And liar vigorous in his word belief!
But 'twill not be." "Why not?" said Amru.

"Why not, friend? Because,"
Mohammed answered, "Allah will not bring
His heaven and earth together, just to wring
Credence from creatures incapacious, slight,
And void, as these." Amru turned
His forehead, bright with sudden bravery, up:
"Oh, wherefore need God send
A miracle more mighty than a friend,
Who loves?" "A friend!"
"I say, what miracle diviner than the heart that loveth well?"
"So well!" Mohammed faltered.

"Even so,"
Said Amru, drooping faint his head, as though
The effort to uplift that heavy weight
Of his devoted passion proved too great,
And dragged him down to earth. Mohammed sat
Gasping against the silence; staring at
The man before him, with a smould'ring eye,
Whilst his hand shut and opened silently,
As though the fiend's black forelock, slipping through
His feverish clutch, just foiled him; and the hue
Waned into whiteness on his swarthy cheek.
And Amru said:

"Mohammed, let thy slave
Find favor in thy sight! albeit, I have
No wit in counsel. Leave this night to me.
To-morrow, stand up in the market-place
And plead against the people, face to face,
And call them hither; prophesying they
By sign and miracle along the way

Shall know the man appointed. I, meanwhile,
Will creep into yon crevice. Ha! dost smile,
Mohammed! Dost approve the thing I mean?
Will creep into yon crevice, and, unseen,
Await the multitude which must come by,
Thou guiding. Unto whom a voice shall cry,
'*This is Mohammed! I, the Lord of Heaven,*
Make known to all this people, I have given
To him to preach My law, that he may be
My prophet to all nations under Me.'
Smile! smile again, Mohammed! Only smile
Less terribly upon me! Then, anon,
When all the place is silent, the crowd far,
Far out of sight, and nothing but yon star
To witness, I will steal out of the cave
And follow the silly people. Who will scoff?
Who will misdoubt thee, then? Mohammed speak!"
"Be it, my son,
As thou hast spoken. This is God's command."
He wearily sighed, and laid a heavy hand
On Amru's shoulder. "I to Mecca go
This night. At dawn, as thou hast said, so do."

That day he stood up in the market-place,
And pleaded with the people face to face;
Pouring from urns of solitary thought
A piercing eloquence upon them, brought,
Word after word, by wondrous spirits from far,
Shrill with the music of the morning-star,
Weighty with thunder. They followed him by flocks
Far through the desert to the rifted rocks.
And still the people followed; and beside
The mountain halting, heard a voice which cried:

"*This is Mohammed! I, the Lord of Heaven,*
Proclaim to all this people, I have given

To him to preach My law, that he may be
My prophet to all nations under Me."
And, as the voice ceased, suddenly a streak
Of forkèd fire flickered from a river creek
In a spent cloud, which splitting overhead
Bellowed. And all the people cried and said,
"The voice of God!" And then did each man fall
Flat at the prophet's feet, and, grovelling, call
On Heaven's appointed, "Speak, Mohammed, speak!"

"Ay! the voice of God
Hath spoken, not to be misunderstood,
This day unto us. Wherefore, it seems good
To build, Oh, friends, an altar to the Lord
Here on the spot from whence the wondrous word
Hath issued. Never from this day
Be it averred that any beast of prey
Or reptile base hath been allowed to dwell
Where God first housed his Holy Oracle!
Cram every crevice of this mountain flaw;
Leave not a loophole for the leopard's paw,
A cranny that a mouse might wriggle through!
Begin the work. Pile strong with ponderous stone
The altar. Bear ye each his burden. Nay,
None but myself the first firm stone shall lay
Unto this sacred fabric!"

Then himself,
Fiercely dislodging from its sandy shelf
A mighty mountain fragment, rolled, with might
And main, the rock-surrendered offering right
Against the cave. And turned himself about
And hid his face in prayer, as who shall doubt?

And when the people heard this, they were glad
Exceedingly; not only to have had

No heavier task enjoined them, but because
If any man profane had dared to pause
And doubt till then, he, certes, had no choice
But to believe henceforth. For, if the *voice*
Were nothing more than human, the *command*
Was something less. Could mere ambition stand
Thus calmly contemplating, stone by stone,
The immurement of some creature of its own?
And so they heartened to the work, until
The rocky altar rose against the hill;
And then Mohammed blest it.

And that day,
Upon that altar, Providence, they say,
Founded a new religion. But, from that day,
Mohammed went no more alone to pray
On Hara, as his wont had been before.
For him the sweet of solitude was o'er.

THE POETRY OF EARTH.

THE poetry of earth is never dead.
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury; he has never done
With his delights; for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never.
On a long winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

—*Keats.*

ENID.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

[Enid is a mythical lady mentioned in a Welsh triad as one of the three celebrated ladies of Arthur's court; a beautiful picture of conjugal patience and affection. Her story, which is not included in the general cycle of romances, has been rescued from obscurity by Tennyson, in his "Idyls of the King." Enid is the Celtic form of animus, the soul.]

GOOD King Arthur gave orders for hunting,
And when the queen petitioned for his leave
To see the hunt, allowed it easily.
So with the morning all the court were gone.
Guinevere dreaming of Lancelot lay late into the morn,
But rose at last, and a single maiden with her,
Took horse and there on a little knoll stayed,
Waiting to hear the hounds, but heard, instead,
A sudden sound of hoofs; for Prince Geraint,
Late also, wearing neither hunting-dress
Nor shield, came quickly flashing up the knoll.
"Late, late, Sir Prince," she said; "later than we."
"Yes, noble queen," he answered, "and so late,
That I but come like you to see the hunt."

There rode full slowly by a knight and dwarf,
And Guinevere desired his name and sent
Her maiden to demand it of the dwarf.
He answered, sharply, that she should not know;
And struck her with his whip, and she returned,
Indignant, to the queen. Whereat Geraint said:
"I will avenge this insult, noble queen,
Done in your maiden's person to yourself;
And I will track these vermin to their earths."
Geraint turned and followed the knight and dwarf,
By ups and downs, through many a grassy glade.
At last they issued from the world of wood,
And entered the fortress beyond the bridge.

"Ah," thought Geraint, "I have tracked him to his cave."
So down the long street riding wearily,
Till before a hoary-headed earl he stopped.
"Whither, fair son?" he asked of Geraint;
Who said, "I seek a harborage for the night."
Then Yniol: "Enter, therefore, and partake
The slender entertainment of a house
Once rich, now poor, but ever open-doored."

Then rode Geraint into the castle-court;
And while he waited, the voice of Enid,
Yniol's daughter, rang clear through the casement,
Singing; and as the voice of a bird,
So the sweet voice of Enid moved Geraint,
So stirred his heart that he thought and said:
"Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me."

On entering the dusky-raftered hall
He found an ancient dame in dim brocade;
And near her, like a blossom vermeil-white,
Moved the fair Enid, all in faded silk,
Her daughter. In a moment, thought Geraint:
"Here, by God's rood, is the one maid for me."
But after all had eaten, then Geraint
Let his eye rove in following or rest
On Enid, at her lowly handmaid-work.
Then suddenly addressed the hoary earl:
"Fair host and earl, I pray your courtesy;
Tell me of one they call the Sparrow-hawk,—
What is his name? But no, for I have sworn
From his own lips to have it. I am Geraint,
Of Devon." And then he told of the insult
Done his queen, and of his fixed intention
To avenge her the wrong done by the knight.
Then spoke Yniol: "A suitor had this maid,
Sparrow-hawk, your foe, my curse, my nephew;
When I that know him, fierce and turbulent,

Refused her to him,—then his pride awoke;
And raised my own 'gainst me in the night,
Sacked my house and from my earldom ousted me."
Then replied Geraint,—"If this nephew fight
In next day's tourney, I may break his pride."
And Yniol answered: "But no man can tilt,
Except the lady he loves best be there;
Because he always wins, the Sparrow-hawk—
My nephew has earned for himself that name."
To whom Geraint, with eyes all bright, replied:
"Let me lance for this dear child, for I ne'er saw
Any so fair, having seen all beauties."

And on the morrow there was a tourney,
Then Yniol's nephew spake to his lady:
"Advance, and take, as fairest of the fair,
The prize of beauty." Loudly spake the prince,
"Forbear, there is a worthier." And the knight,
With much disdain, saw Enid and Geraint,
And cried, "Do battle for it, then;" and thrice
They clashed together, and thrice they broke their spears;
Then each, dishorsed and, drawing, lashed at each
So often and with such blows that all the crowd gazed.
But either's force was matched till Yniol's cry,
"Remember that great insult done the queen!"
Increased Geraint's, who heaved his blade aloft,
And cracked the helmet through and bit the bone,
And felled him and set foot upon his breast,
And said, "Thy name?" To whom the fallen man
Made answer, groaning: "Edyrn, son of Nudd;
My pride is broken; men have seen my fall."
"Then Edyrn, son of Nudd," replied Geraint,
"These two things shalt thou do, or else thou diest:
First, thou and thy dwarf shalt ride to Arthur's court,
Crave pardon for that insult done the queen;
Next, shalt give back their earldom to thy kin."
And Edyrn answered, "These things will I do,"

And when the pale and bloodless east began
To quicken to the sun on the morrow,
Enid awoke and thought of her promise
To ride with Prince Geraint to the court,
And there be wedded with all ceremony.
At this, she cast her eyes upon her dress,
And thought it never yet had looked so mean.
Then they brought a mantle and wrapped her in it,
And clasped and kissed her; and they rode away.

The fair queen saw their coming and met them,
And did Enid honor as the prince's bride,
And clothed her for her bridal, like the sun.
But Enid ever kept the faded silk,
Remembering how he first loved her in it.
And Enid loved the queen, and with true heart
Thought her the loveliest of all women.
Long in their common love rejoiced Geraint.

But when a rumor rose about the queen,
Touching her guilty love for Lancelot,
A horror seized him lest his gentle wife
Should suffer any taint in her nature.
Therefore, going to the king he craved
Permission to depart to defend him elsewhere.
Allowing it, the prince and Enid rode to the shores of Severn,
Where, thinking that "if ever yet was wife
True to her lord, mine shall be so to me,"
He compassed her with sweet observance
And worship, never leaving her, and grew
Forgetful of his promise to the king, of the falcon and the hunt,
Of the tilt and tournament, of glory and his name.
And this forgetfulness was hateful to her,
And day by day, she thought to tell Geraint;
But could not out of bashful delicacy,
While he that watched her sadden, was the more
Suspicious that her nature had a taint.

At last it chanced one summer morn
Enid awoke and sat by his couch,
And lo! to her own heart piteously she said:
"Oh, most noble heart and all puissant arms,
Am I the cause, I the poor cause that men
Reproach you, saying all your force is gone?
Oh, me, I fear that I am no true wife."
True tears fell on his broad breast and brow,
And these awoke him, and by great mischance
He heard but fragments of her later words,
And that she feared she was no true wife.
And then he thought: "In spite of all my care,
She is not faithful to me, and I see her
Weeping for some gay knight in Arthur's hall."
At this he jumped from off his bed and cried,
"I will ride to the wilderness and you with me in your meanest dress."
And Enid asked, amazed, "Tell me my fault."
But he: "I charge you ask not why, but obey;
Whatever happens, do not speak to me."

She put on the faded silk she had ever kept;
Thus they rode; he, stern, forbidding; she, meek.
And they rode with a silence only broken
When she heard plots 'gainst him; e'en then he repulsed her,
But her thought was: "Needs must I speak, tho' he kill me for it,
For I must save a life dearer to me than mine own."
Each time she told him of his danger, and always he flung
A wrathful answer back. At last, having overcome many,
He was almost killed by Enid's lover.
And when she defended him so bravely,
Oft with her own life, he cried out to her:
"Enid, I have used you worse than my dead foe,
Done you more wrong; we have both undergone
That trouble which has made me thrice your own.
Henceforward, I will rather die than doubt.
And here I lay this penance on myself;

I swear I will not ask your meaning in it:
I heard you say that you were 'no true wife;'
I do believe yourself against yourself."
And Enid could not say one tender word,
She felt so stunned and stupid at her heart.
She only prayed him, "Fly, they will slay you!"
And moving out, Geraint mounted his horse,
And reached a hand; on his foot she set her own
And climbed; then he turned his face
And kissed her climbing, and she cast her arms
About him, and at once they rode away.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

AMID the dim ferment of Caen and the world, history especially notices one thing: In the lobby of the Mansion de l'Intendant, where busy deputies are coming and going, a young lady with an aged valet takes grave, graceful leave of Deputy Barbaroux. She is of stately Norman figure; in her twenty-fifth year; of beautiful, still countenance; her name is Charlotte Corday. Barbaroux has given her a note to Deputy Duperret—him who once drew his sword in the effervescence. Apparently she will to Paris on some errand.

She was a republican before the Revolution, and never wanted energy. A completeness, a decision is in this fair female figure; an energy of spirit that will prompt one to sacrifice himself for his country. What if she, this fair young Charlotte, had emerged from her secluded stillness suddenly, like a star, cruel, lovely, with half-angelic, half-demoniac splendor, to gleam for a moment, and in a moment be extinguished; to be held in memory, so bright, complete was she, through long centuries! Disregarding others,

history will look fixedly at this one fair apparition of à Charlotte Corday; will note whither Charlotte moves, how the little life burns forth so radiant, then vanishes, swallowed of the night.

On Thursday morning, she arrives at Paris. On the morrow morning, she delivers her note to Duperret. About eight on Saturday morning, she purchases a large sheath-knife in the Palais Royal; then straightway takes a hackney-coach for the residence of Marat. The citoyen Marat is ill, and cannot be seen, which seems to disappoint her much. Returning to her inn, she dispatches a short note to Marat, signifying that she is from Caen, the seat of rebellion; that she desires earnestly to see him, and "will put it in his power to do France a great service."

No answer. Charlotte writes another note, still more pressing; sets out with it by coach, about seven in the evening, herself. Tired day-laborers have again finished their week; huge Paris is circling and simmering, manifold according to its vague wont; this one fair figure has decision in it; it drives straight toward a purpose.

Surrounded by poverty, sore afflicted, ill of Revolution fever, Marat sits in his room before a stool for writing, attended only by a washerwoman. Hark, a rap again! A musical woman's voice refusing to be rejected; it is the citoyenne who would do France a service. Marat, recognizing from within, cries, "Admit her." Charlotte Corday is admitted.

"Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen, the seat of rebellion, and wish to speak to you."

"Be seated, mon enfant. Now, what are the traitors doing at Caen? What deputies are at Caen?"

Charlotte names some deputies.

"Their heads shall fall within a fortnight," croaks the eager people's friend, clutching his tablets to write: "Barbaroux, Pétion," writes he with bare, shrunk arm, "Pétion," and "Louvet," and—Charlotte has drawn her knife from the sheath; plunges it, with one sure stroke, into the writer's heart.

"A moi, chère amie!" no more could the death-choked say or shriek. The helpful washerwoman running in, there is no friend

of the people, or friend of the washerwoman left; but his life with a groan gushes out, indignant, to the shades below.

As for Charlotte Corday, her work is accomplished; the recompense of it is near and sure. On Wednesday morning, the thronged Palais de Justice and Revolutionary Tribunal can see her face, beautiful and calm; she dates it "fourth day of the Preparation of Peace."

A strange murmur ran through the hall at sight of her. Tinville has his indictments and tape-papers; the cutler of the Palais Royal will testify that he sold her the sheath-knife.

"All these details are needless," interrupted Charlotte; "it is I that killed Marat!"

"By whose instigation?"

"By no one's."

"What tempted you, then?"

"His crimes. I killed one man," added she, raising her voice extremely, as they went on with their questions, "I killed one man to save a hundred thousand; a villain to save innocents; a savage wild beast to give repose to my country!"

There is, therefore, nothing to be said. The public gazes astonished; the men of law proceed with their formalities. The doom is death as a murderess.

On this same evening, therefore, about half-past seven o'clock, from the gate of the Conciergerie, to a city all on tip-toe, the fatal cart issues; seated on it a fair, young creature, sheeted in red smock of murderess, so beautiful, serene, so full of life; journeying toward death—alone amid the world. Many take off their hats, saluting reverently; for what heart but must be touched? Others growl and howl. Adam Lux, of Mentz, declares that she is greater than Brutus; that it were beautiful to die with her.

At the Place de la Révolution, the countenance of Charlotte wears the same still smile. The executioners proceed to bind her feet; she resists, thinking it meant as an insult; on a word of explanation, she submits with cheerful apology. As the last act, all being now ready, they take the neckerchief from her neck; a blush of maidenly shame overspreads that fair face and neck; the cheeks

were still tinged with it when the executioner lifted the severed head, to show it to the people.

This is the history of Charlotte Corday; most definite, most complete, like a star!

ECHO AND THE FERRY.

JEAN INGELOW.

AY, Oliver! I was but seven, and he eleven;
He looked at me, pouting and rosy. I blushed where I stood.
They had told us to play in the orchard (and I only seven!
A small guest at the farm); but he said, "Oh, a girl was no good!"
So he whistled and went, he went over the stile to the wood.
It was sad, it was sorrowful! Only a girl—only seven!
At home, in the dark London smoke, I had not found it out.
The pear-trees looked on in their white, and blue-birds flashed about,
And they, too, were angry as Oliver. Were they eleven?
I thought so. Yes, every one else was eleven—eleven!

So Oliver went, but the cowslips were tall at my feet,
And all the white orchard with fast-falling blossoms was littered;
And under and over the branches those little birds twittered,
While hanging head downward they scolded because I was seven.
A pity, a very great pity. One should be eleven.
But soon I was happy, the smell of the world was so sweet,
And I saw a round hole in an apple-tree rosy and old.
Then I knew, for I peeped, and I thought it was right they should scold.
Eggs small and eggs many. For gladness I broke into laughter;
And then some one else—oh! how softly!—came after, came after,
With laughter—with laughter came after.

And no one was near us to utter that sweet, mocking call,
That soon, very tired, sank low with a mystical fall.

But this was the country—perhaps it was close under heaven;
Oh, nothing so likely; the voice might have come from it even.
I knew about heaven. But this was the country, of this
Light, blossom and piping, and flashing of wings not at all.
Not at all? No. But one little bird was an easy forgiver:
She peeped, she drew near as I moved from her domicile small,
Then flashed down her hole like a dart—like a dart from a quiver,
And I waded atween the long grasses, and felt it was bliss.

So this was the country; clear dazzle of azure and shiver,
And whisper of leaves, and a humming all over the tall,
White branches, a humming of bees. And I came to the wall—
A little, low wall—and looked over, and there was the river,
Clear, shining and slow, she had far, far to go, from her snow.
But each rush gleamed a sword in the sunlight to guard her long flow;
And she murmured, methought, with a speech very soft, very low:
"The ways will be long, but the days will be long," quoth the river;
"To me a long liver, long, long," quoth the river—the river.

I dreamed of the country that night, of the orchard, the sky,
The voice that had mocked, coming after and over and under;
But at last, in a day or two, namely, Eleven and I
Were very fast friends, and to him I confided the wonder.
He said that was Echo. "Was Echo a wise kind of bee
That had learned how to laugh? Could it laugh in one's ear and then fly
And laugh again yonder?" "No; Echo," he whispered it low,

"Was a woman, they said; but a woman whom no one could see,
And no one could find; and he did not believe it, not he.
But he could not get near, for the river that held us asunder;
Yet I that had money—a shilling, a whole silver shilling,—
We might cross if I thought I could spend it." "Oh, yes! I was willing."
And we ran hand in hand, we ran down to the ferry, the ferry.
And we heard how she mocked at the folk with a voice clear and merry,

When they called for the ferry. But, oh! she was very, was very
Swift-footed. She spoke and was gone; and when Oliver cried,
"Hie over! hie over! you man of the ferry—the ferry!"
By the still water's side she was heard far and wide; she replied,
And she mocked in her voice sweet and merry: "You man of the
ferry—

"You man of—you man of the ferry!"
"Hie over!" he shouted. The ferryman came at his calling.
Across the clear, reed-bordered river he ferried us fast.
Such a chase! Hand in hand, foot to foot, we ran on; it surpassed
All measure, her doubling, so close, then so far away falling,
Then gone, and no more. Oh! to see her but once, unaware,
And the mouth that had mocked; but we might not (yet sure she
was there),

Nor behold her wild eyes and her mystical countenance fair.
We sought in the wood, and we found the wood-wren in her stead;
In the fields, and we found the cuckoo that talked overhead;
By the brook, and we found the reed-sparrow, deep-nested, in brown.
Not Echo, fair Echo,—for Echo, sweet Echo, was flown.
So we came to the place where the dead people wait till God calls.

The church was among them; gray moss over roof, over wall.
Very silent, so low. And we stood on a green, grassy mound,
And looked in at the window; for Echo, perhaps, in the round,
Might have come in to hide there. But no; every oak-carven seat
Was empty. We saw the great Bible—old, old, very old,
And the parson's great prayer-book beside it; we heard the slow beat

Of the pendulum swing in the tower; we saw the clear gold
Of a sunbeam float down to the aisle, and then waver and play
On the low chancel-step and the railing; and Oliver said:
"Look, Katie! look, Katie! when Lettice came here to be wed,
She stood where that sunbeam drops down, and all white was her
gown;
And she stepped upon flowers they strewed for her."

Then quoth the small Seven:
"Shall I wear a white gown, and have flowers to walk upon, ever?"
All doubtful: "It takes a long time to grow up," quoth Eleven;
"You're so little, you know, and the church is so old; it can never
Last on till you're tall." And in whispers, because it was old,
And holy, and fraught with strange meaning, half felt, but not told,
Full of old parsons' prayers, who were dead; of old days; of old folks,

Neither heard nor beheld, but about us, in whispers we spoke.
Then we went from it softly, and ran hand in hand to the strand,
While bleating of flocks and birds' piping made sweeter the land,
And Echo came back, e'en as Oliver drew to the ferry.
"O Katie!" "O Katie!" "Come on, then!" "Come on, then!"
"For see,
The round sun, all red, lying low by the tree."
"By the tree." Ay, she mocked him again, with her voice sweet
and merry;
"Hie over!" "Hie over!" "You man of the ferry—the ferry!"
"You man of the ferry—you man of—you man of the ferry!"

. . . . . .

Ay, here—it was here that we woke her, the Echo of old;
All life of that day seems an echo, and many times told.
Shall I cross by the ferry to-morrow, and come in my white
To the little low church? And will Oliver meet me anon?
Will it seem an echo from childhood passed over, passed on?
Will the grave parson bless us? Hark, hark! in the dim, falling
light,
I hear her! As then the child-voice clear and high, sweet and merry,
Now she mocks the man's tone with "Hie over! Hie over the ferry!"
"And Katie?" "And Katie?" "Art out with the glow-worms to-
night,
My Katie?" "My Katie?" For gladness I break into laughter
And tears. Then it all comes again as from far-away years;
Again. some one else—oh, how softly, with laughter comes after,
Comes after—with laughter comes after.

CONSTANCE DE BEVERLEY.

WALTER SCOTT.

[Constance de Beverley, a nun of Fontevraud, broke her vows and, disguised as a page, fled with her lover Marmion. After three years, Marmion deserted her for the Lady Clare. Constance formed a plot to poison Clare; but the monk who had been commissioned to do the deed betrayed her, and she was again placed in the power of the convent. The abbess of St. Hilda, the prioress of Tynemouth, and the abbott of St. Cuthbert, were summoned to Lindisfarne. The following is a description of her trial and doom.]

IN secret aisle the abbey's walls beneath,
Council was held of life and death.
It was more dark and lone, that vault,
Than the worst dungeon-cell;
Old Colwulf built it, for his fault,
In penitence to dwell.
And, by the prelate Sexhelm, it was made
A place of burial for such dead
As, having died in mortal sin,
Might not be laid the church within.
'Twas now a place of punishment;
Whence if so loud a shriek were sent
It reached the upper air,
The hearers blessed themselves, and said,
The spirits of the sinful dead
Bemoaned their torments there.

There, met to doom in secrecy,
Were placed the heads of convents three;
Before them stood a guilty pair;
But, though an equal fate they share,
Yet one alone deserves our care.
Constance de Beverley, they know,
Sister professed of Fontevraud,
Whom the church numbered with the dead,
For broken vows, and convent fled.

When thus her face was given to view,
Although so pallid was her hue,
Her look composed, and steady eye,
Bespoke a matchless constancy;
And there she stood so calm, so pale,
That, but her breathing did not fail,
You might have thought a statue fair,
Wrought to the life, was there,
Waiting her doom without a tear.

Yet well the luckless wretch might shriek,
Well might her paleness terror speak!
For there was seen, in that dark wall
Two niches, narrow, deep and tall.
In each a slender meal was laid,
Of roots, of water, and of bread.
By each, in Benedictine dress,
Two haggard monks stood motionless;
Who, holding high a blazing torch,
Showed the grim entrance of the porch;
Reflecting back the smoky beam,
The dark red walls' and arches' gleam.
And now that blind old abbot rose,
To speak the Chapter's doom
On those the wall was to enclose,
Alive, within the tomb;
But stopped because that woeful maid,
Gathering her powers, to speak essayed.

Twice she essayed, and twice in vain;
Her accents might no utterance gain.
At length, an effort sent apart
The blood that curdled to her heart,
And when her silence broke at length,
Still as she spoke she gathered strength.
"I speak not to implore your grace;
Well know I, for one minute's space

Successless might I sue.
Nor do I speak your prayers to gain;
For, if a death of lingering pain,
To cleanse my sins be penance vain,
Vain are your prayers, too.

"I listened to a traitor's tale;
I left the convent and the veil;
For three long years I bowed my pride,
A horse-boy in his train to ride;
And well my folly's meed he gave,
Who forfeited, to be his slave,
All here, and all beyond the grave.
He saw young Clara's face, more fair,
He knew her of broad lands the heir;
Forgot his vows, his faith forswore,
And Constance was beloved no more.
The king approved his favorite's aim;
In vain a rival barred his claim,
Whose faith with Clare's was plight,
For he attaints that rival's fame
With treason's charge, and on they came,
In mortal lists to fight.

"Say, was heaven's justice here,
When, loyal in his love and faith,
Wilton found overthrow or death,
Beneath a traitor's spear?
Still was false Marmion's bridal staid;
To Whitby's convent fled the maid,
The hated match to shun.
'Ho! shifts she thus?' King Henry cried,
'Sir Marmion, she shall be thy bride
If she were sworn a nun.'
One way remained—the king's command
Sent Marmion to the Scottish land;

I lingered here and rescue planned
For Clara and for me.

"This caitiff monk, for gold, did swear,
He would to Whitby's shrine repair,
And, by his drugs, my rival fair
A saint in heaven should be.
But ill the dastard kept his oath,
Whose cowardice hath undone us both.
And now my tongue the secret tells,
Not that remorse my bosom swells,
But to assure my soul, that none
Shall ever wed with Marmion.
Now, men of death, work forth your will,
For I can suffer, and be still;
And come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but Death who comes at last.
If Marmion's late remorse should wake,
Full soon such vengeance will he take,
That ye shall wish the fiery Dane
Had rather been your guest again."

Fixed was her look, and stern her air;
Back from her shoulders streamed her hair;
Her figure seemed to rise more high;
Her voice, despair's wild energy
Had given a tone of prophecy.
Appalled the astonished conclave sate;
With stupid eyes, the men of fate
Gazed on the light, inspired form,
And listened for the avenging storm.
The judges felt the victim's dread;
No hand was moved, no word was said,
Till thus the abbot's doom was given,
Raising his sightless balls to heaven:
"Sister, let thy sorrows cease;
Sinful brother, part in peace!"

From that dire dungeon, place of doom,
Of execution, too, and tomb.
Paced forth the judges three;
Sorrow it were and shame, to tell
The butcher-work that there befell,
When they had glided from the cell
Of sin and misery.
An hundred winding steps convey
That conclave to the upper day;
But, ere they breathed the fresher air,
They hear the shriekings of despair,
And many a stifled groan.
With speed their upward way they take,
Such speed as age and fear can make,
And crossed themselves for terror's sake,
As hurrying, tottering on,
Even in the vesper's heavenly tone,
They seemed to hear a dying groan,
And bade the passing knell to toll
For welfare of a parting soul.

THE VISION OF THE FAWN.

BENEATH a laurel, two fair streams between,
At early sunrise of the opening year,
A milk-white fawn upon the meadow green,
Of gold its either horn, I saw appear.
So mild, yet so majestic, was its mien,
I left, to follow, all my labors here,
As miners after treasure, in the keen
Desire of new, forget the old to fear.
"Let none impede," so round its fair neck run
The words in diamond and topaz writ,
"My lord to give me liberty saw fit."
And now the sun his noontide height had won
When I, with weary though unsated view,
Fell in the stream—and so my vision flew.

—*Petrarch.*

THE LITTLE GRAND LAMA.

THOMAS MOORE.

IN Thibet once there reigned, I'm told,
A little lama, one year old,
Raised to the throne that realm to bless,
Just when his little Holiness
Had cut—as near as can be reckoned—
Some say his first tooth, some his second.
Chronologers and nurses vary,
Which proves historians should be wary.
We only know the important truth,
His majesty had cut a tooth!
And much his subjects were enchanted,
As well all lamas' subjects may be,
And would have given their heads, if wanted,
To make teetotums for the baby.

Throned as he was by right divine—
What lawyers call *Jure Divino,*
Meaning a right to yours, and mine,
And everybody's goods and rhino,—
Of course, his faithful subjects' purses
Were ready with their aids and succors;
Nothing was seen but pensioned nurses,
And the land groaned with bibs and tuckers.
Oh! had there been a Hume or Bennett
Then sitting in the Thibet senate,
Ye gods! what room for long debates
Upon the nursery estimates!
But no; if Thibet had M. P.'s,
They were far better bred than these;
Nor gave the slightest opposition,
During the monarch's whole dentition.

But short this calm; for, just when he
Had reached th' alarming age of three,
When royal natures, and no doubt
Those of all noble breasts break out,
The lama, who till then was quiet,
Showed symptoms of a taste for riot;
And, ripe for mischief, early, late,
Without regard for church or state,
Made free with whosoe'er came nigh:
Tweaked the lord chancellors by the nose,
Turned all the judges' wigs awry,
And trod on the old generals' toes;
Pelted the bishops with hot buns,
Rode cock-horse on the city maces
And shot from little terrible guns
Hard peas into his subjects' faces.

In short, such wicked pranks he played
And grew so mischievous—now, bless him!—
That his chief nurse, with even the aid
Of an archbishop, was afraid,
When in these moods to comb or dress him!
Nay, even the persons most inclined
Through thick and thin for kings to stickle,
Thought him (if they'd but speak their mind,
Which they did not) an odious pickle.

Well, some patriot lords, who saw the length
To which things went, combined their strength
And penned a manly, plain and free
Remonstrance to the nursery;
Protesting it made them almost sick to think of;
That they and theirs stood by the king
Throughout his measles and his chincough,
When others, thinking him consumptive.
Had ratted to the heir presumptive!
But still, though kings much admiring,

They saw, with shame and grief of soul,
There was no longer now the wise
And constitutional control
Of birch before their ruler's eyes.
But that, of late, such pranks and tricks
And freaks occurred the whole day long,
As all, but men with bishoprics,
Allowed, in even a king, were wrong.
Wherefore it was they humbly prayed
That honorable nursery,
That such reforms be henceforth made,
As all good men desired to see.

In other words (lest they might seem
Too tedious), as the gentlest scheme
For putting all such pranks to rest,
And in its bud the mischief nipping,
They ventured humbly to suggest
His majesty should have a whipping!
When this was read no Congreve rocket,
Discharged into the Gallic trenches,
E'er equaled the tremendous shock it
Produced upon the nursery benches.
The bishops, who, of course, had votes
By right of age and petticoats,
Were first and foremost in the fuss.

"What, whip a lama! suffer birch
To touch his famous person? Infamous!
Deistical! assailing thus
The fundamentals of the church!
No, no; such patriot plans as these
(So help them heaven—and their sees)
They held to be rank blasphemics."
The alarm thus given by these and other
Grave ladies of the nursery side,
Spread through the land till such a pother,

Such party squabbles, far and wide,
Never in history's page had been
Recorded, as were then between the
Whippers and Non-whippers seen;
Till, things arriving at a state
Which gave some fears of revolution,
The patriot lords' advice, though late,
Was put at last in execution.

The parliament of Thibet met;
The little lama, called before it,
Did then and there his whipping get;
And (as the nursery gazette
Assures us) like a hero bore it.
And though, 'mong Thibet tories, some
Lament that royal martyrdom,
Yet to the example of that prince,
So much is Thibet's land a debtor,
That her long line of lamas, since,
Have all behaved themselves much better.

FRIENDSHIP.

AS when with downcast eyes we muse and brood,
And ebb into a former life, or seem
To lapse far back in a confusèd dream
To states of mystical similitude;
If one but speaks or hems or stirs his chair,
Ever the wonder waxeth more and more
So that we say, "All this has been before,
All this hath been, I know not when or where."
So, friend, when first I looked upon your face,
Our thought gave answer, each to each, so true,
Opposèd mirrors each reflecting each—
Although I knew not in what time or place,
Methought that I had often met with you,
And each had lived in the other's mind and speech.

—*Tennyson.*

At night an

HUGH SUTHERLAND'S PANSIES.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

PANSIES? You praise the ones that grow to-day
Here in the garden. Had you seen the place
When Sutherland was living! Here they grew
From blue to deeper blue; in midst of each
A golden dazzle like a glimmering star,
Each broader, bigger than a silver crown;
While here the weaver sat, his labor done,
Watching his azure pets and rearing them,
Until they seemed to know his step and touch,
And stir beneath his smile like living things.
The very sunshine loved them, and would lie
Here happy, coming early, lingering late,
Because they were so fair.

Hugh Sutherland
Was country-bred. I knew him from the time
When on a bed of pain he lost a limb,
And rose, at last, a lame and sickly lad.
I sought him out,
And gently as I could, I won his heart;
And then, though he was young and I was old,
We soon grew friends.

He told his griefs to me,
His joys, his troubles, and I helped him on;
Yet sought in vain to drive away the cloud
Deep pain had left upon his sickly cheek.
Then heaven took the task upon itself,
And sent an angel down among the flowers!
Almost before I knew the work was done,
ther,

I found him settled in this but and ben,
Where, with an eye that brightened, he had found
The sunshine loved his garden, and begun
To rear his pansies.

Thus the summers passed, and Sutherland
Grew gentler, happier; his heart was glad,
More for the pansies' sakes than for his own.
His eye was like a father's, moist and bright,
When they were praised; and they seemed
To make themselves as beauteous as they could,
Smiling to please him. Father never loved
His little darlings more, or for their sakes
Fretted so dumbly. Father never bent
More tenderly above his little ones,
In the still watches of the night, when sleep
Breathes balm upon their eyelids!

Hugh and I
Were still fast friends, and still I helped him on.
But all at once
It came upon me that the gardener's hand
Had grown less diligent; for though 'twas June,
The garden that had been the village pride
Looked but the shadow of its former self.
And ere the week was out, I saw in church
Two samples, fairer far than any blown
In Hugh's garden, blooming brighter far
In sweeter soil. What wonder that a man
Loving the pansies as the weaver did, should admire
Sweet Mary Woffat's sparkling pansy eyes?
The truth was out. The weaver plays the game
Of "Love among the pansies."
Soon Sutherland and she he loved were one,
And bonnily a moon of honey gleamed
At night among the flowers!

Amid the spring
That followed, blossomed with the other buds
A tiny maiden, with her mother's eyes.
The little garden was itself again,
The sunshine sparkled on the azure beds;
The angel heaven had sent to save a soul
Stole from the blooms, and took an infant shape;
And, wild with pleasures, seeing how the flowers
Had given her their choicest lights and shades,
The father bore the baby to the font, and there
He had her christened Pansy.

After that
Poor Hugh was happy as the days were long.
But moons of honey wane, and summer suns
Of wedlock set to bring the autumn in!
Came poverty,
With haggard eyes, to dwell within the home.
Times grew harder, bread was scarce as gold;
A shadow fell on Pansy and the flowers.
And when the strife was sorest, Hugh received
An office, lighter work and higher pay—
To take a foreman's place in Edinglass.
'Twas hard to leave the little place
He loved so dearly; but the weaver looked
At Mary, saw the sorrow in her face,
And gave consent. To Edinglass they went;
The cottage here remained untenanted.
The angel of the flowers forsook the place;
The sunshine faded and the pansies died.

Two summers passed, and still in Edinglass
The weaver toiled, though spending
His nights with those who waste their substance
In the public house. But it was long
Ere any one knew poor Hugh's plight. And ere
He saw his danger, on the mother's breast

Lay Pansy withering. Then the tiny flower
Folded its leaves in silence, and the sleep
That dwells in winter on the pansy-beds
Fell on the weaver's house. At that sad hour
I entered, scarcely welcomed with a word of greeting.

Hugh did not speak.
I saw full plainly that he blamed himself,
And ere the day was over, he bent above
His little sleeping flower, and wept and said:
"Ay, sir! she withered, withered like the rest,
Neglected!" After that his ways grew strange,
Peevish and sullen, and then suddenly he cried:
"O sir, I cannot rest;
Something I long for, and I know not what,
Torments me night and day!" I saw it all,
Looked in his eyes, and caught his hand and cried:
"Hugh, it's the pansies! Spring has come again,
The sunshine breathes its gold upon the air,
And threads it through the petals of the flowers;
Yet here you linger in the dark!"
He smiled like one ashamed,
Adding, in a low voice, "I long to see
The pansies ere I die!"

What heart of stone
Could throb on coldly at words like those?
Within a week, poor Hugh had left
The smoke of Edinglass behind,
And returned to the cottage where the pansies grew.
"Oh, Hugh, life is easy!" I exclaimed;
"Easier, better than we know ourselves.
'Tis pansy-growing on a mighty scale,
And God above us is the gardener.
But, Hugh, if God, the gardener,
Neglected those He rears as you have done
Your pansies and your Pansy, it were ill

For us who blossom in His garden. Night
And morning He is busy at His work.
He smiles to give us sunshine, and we live;
He stoops to pluck us softly, and our hearts
Tremble to see the darkness, knowing not
It is the shadow He in stooping casts;
He plucked your Pansy, and it was well."
The darkness gathered round him as I said:
"The Gardener is standing at your side;
His shade is on you, and you cannot see:
O Lord, that lovest both the weak and strong,
Pluck him and wear him as Thou didst
His darling—Pansy."

THE BUILDING OF THE HOUSE.

CHARLES MACKAY.

I HAVE a wondrous house to build,
A dwelling, humble yet divine;
A lowly cottage to be filled
With all the jewels of the mine.
How shall I build it strong and fair?
This noble house, this lodging rare,
So small and modest, yet so great?
How shall I fill its chambers bare
With use, with ornament, with state?

My God hath given the stone and clay:
'Tis I must fashion them aright;
'Tis I must mold them day by day,
And make my labor my delight.
This cot, this palace, this fair home,
This pleasure-house, this holy dome,

Must be in all proportions fit,
That heavenly messengers may come
To lodge with him who tenants it.

No fairy bower this house must be,
To totter at each gale that starts,
But of substantial masonry,
Symmetrical in all its parts:
Fit in its strength to stand sublime,
For seventy years of mortal time;
Defiant of the storm and rain,
And well attempered to the clime
In every cranny, nook, and pane.

I'll build it so that if the blast
Around it whistle loud and long,
The tempest when its rage has passed,
Shall leave its rafters doubly strong.
I'll build it so that travellers by
Shall view it with admiring eye,
For its commodiousness and grace;
Firm on the ground—straight to the sky—
A meek, but goodly dwelling-place.

Thus noble in its outward form,
Within, I'll build it clean and white;
Not cheerless cold, but happy warm,
And ever open to the light.
No tortuous passages or stair,
No chambers foul, or dungeon lair,
No gloomy attic shall there be,
But wide apartments ordered fair
And redolent of purity.

With three compartments furnished well,
The house shall be a home complete;
Wherein should circumstance rebel,
The humble tenant may retreat,

The first, a room wherein to deal
With men for human nature's weal;
  A room where he may work or play,
And all his social life reveal
  In its pure texture day by day.

The second, for his wisdom sought,
  Where, with his chosen book or friend,
He may employ his active thought
  To virtuous and exalted end.
A chamber lofty and serene,
With a door-window to the green,
  Smooth-shaven sward and arching bowers
Where lore or talk or song between,
  May gild his intellectual hours.

The third, an oratory dim,
  But beautiful, where he may raise,
Unheard of men, his daily hymn
  Of love and gratitude and praise.
Where he may revel in the light
Of things unseen and infinite,
  And learn how little he may be,
And yet how awful in thy sight,
  Ineffable Eternity!

Such is the house that I must build:
  This is the cottage, this the dome,
And this the palace, treasure-filled
  For an immortal's earthly home.
Oh, noble work of toil and care!
Oh, task most difficult and rare!
  Oh, simple, but most arduous plan!
To raise a dwelling-place so fair,—
  The sanctuary of man.

ADOLPHUS, DUKE OF GUELDERS.

OWEN MEREDITH.

ONCE on a winter's night—these things were written
Four centuries ago, when men, frost-bitten,
Blew on their nails, and cursed to warm their blood,
The times, the taxes, and what else they could,—
Adolphus, the last duke of Egmont's race
Who reigned in Guelders, after whom the place
Lapsed into Burgundian line, put on
His surcoat, buckled fast his habergeon,
Went clinking up the turret-stairway, came
To the turret-chamber, whose dim taper-flame
The gust that entered with him soon smote dead,
And found his father sleeping in his bed.

A moment after that,
The old duke, wide awake and shuddering, sat
Stark upright in the moonlight; his thin, gray hair
Plucked out by handfuls; and that stony stare,
The seal which terror fixes on surprise,
Widening within the white and filmy eyes,
With which the ghastly father gazed upon
Strange meanings in the grim face of the son.
The young duke hauled the old duke by the hair,
Thus, in his night-gear, down the turret-stair;
And made him trot, barefooted, on before
Himself, who rode a horseback, through the frore.

The young duke hunted through the hollow night
The old duke, like a phantom, flitting white
Through darkness into darkness, and the den
Where great men falling are forgot by men.
There in a dungeon, where newts dwell, beneath
The tower of Buren Castle, until death

Took him, he lingered very miserably;
Some say for months; some years. Though Burgundy
Summoned both son and father to appear
Before him, ere the end of that same year,
And sought to settle, after mild rebuke,
Some sort of compromise between the duke
And the duke's father; but it failed. This way
The duke had gained his dukedom. At Tournay,
Afterward, in the foray on the town,
He fell; and being a man of much renown,
And very noble, with befitting state,
Was royally interred within the great
Cathedral. There with works of costly stones
And curious craft, above his ducal bones
They builded a fair tomb. And over him
A hundred priests chanted the holy hymn,
Which being ended, "Our archbishop" (says
A chronicler, writing about those days)
"Held a most sweet discourse." And so the psalm
And silver organ ceasing, in his calm,
And costly tomb they left him; with his face
Turned ever upward to the altar-place.

Times change; and with the times, too, change the men.
A hundred years have rolled away since then.
I mean, since "our archbishop" sweetly preached
His sermon on the dead duke, of flatt'ry unimpeached.
Meanwhile, I say, a hundred years have rolled
O'er the duke's memory. Now, again behold!
Late gleams of daylight, glad to go;
A sullen autumn evening scowling low.
The town-council has put a guard of terror round about
The great cathedral. Suddenly a shout,
As though hell's brood had broken loose, rocked all
Heaven's black roof, dismal and funereal.
As when a spark is dropped into a train
Of nitre, swiftly ran from brain to brain

A single fiery purpose, and at last
Exploded, roaring down the vague and vast
Heart of the shaken city. Then a swell
Of wrathful faces, irresistible,
Sweeps to the great cathedral doors; disarms
The guard; roars up the hollow nave, and swarms
Through aisle and chancel, fast as locusts sent
Through Egypt's chambers, thick and pestilent.
While amid tremendous glare or gloom,
They climb, they cling, from altar-piece and tomb;
Whilst pick-ax, crowbar, pitch-fork, billet, each
Chance weapon caught within the reckless reach,
Go crashing; basalt, lapis, syenite,
Porphyry and pediment, in splinters bright,
Roll down the dark. Wild shouts arise as down goes some
Three-hundred-year-old treasure. Crowded, come
To glut the greatening bonfire, chalices
Of gold and silver, copes and cibories,
Stained altar-cloths, spoiled pictures, ornaments,
Statues and broken organ-tubes, and vents.
When (suddenly inspired with some new hate
To yells, the hollow roofs reverberate,
As though the judgment-angel passed among
Their rafters, and the great beams clanged and rung
Against his griding wing), he shrieks: "Come forth
Adolphus, duke of Guelders! for thy worth
Should not be hidden." Forthwith, all men shout:
"Strike, split, crash, dig, and drag the tyrant out:
Let him be judged." And from the drowsy, dark,
Enormous aisles, a hundred echoes bark
And hollow,—"judged!"

Then those dread lictors all,
Marching before the magisterial
Curule of tardy time with rod and axe
Fall to their work. The cream-white marble cracks,

The lucid alabaster flies in flakes,
The iron bindings burst, the brickwork quakes
Beneath their strokes, and the great stone lid shivers
With thunder on the pavement. A torch quivers
Over the yawning vault. The vast crowd draws
Its breath back hissing. In that sultry pause
A man o'erstrides the tomb, and drops beneath.
Another; then another. Still its breath
The crowd holds, hushful. At the last appears,
Unravished by a hundred wicked years,
Borne on broad shoulders from the tomb to which
Broad shoulders bore him, coming in his rich
Robes of magnificence, the duke in that strange judgment-hall.
Then gathering round their royal criminal,
Trooped the wild jury; the dead duke was found
To be as fresh in face, in flesh as sound,
As though he had been buried yesterday,
So well the embalmer's work from all decay
Had kept his royal person. With his great
Grim truncheon propped on hip, his robe of state
Heaped in vast folds his large built limbs around,
The duke lay, looking as in life; and frowned
A frown that seemed as of a living man.

Meanwhile those judges their assize began,
And having, in incredibly brief time,
Decided that in nothing save his crime
The duke exceeded mere humanity,
Free, for the first time, its own cause to try,
So long ignored,—they peeled him, limb by limb,
Bare of the mingled pomps that mantled him;
Stripped, singed him, stabbed him, stamped upon him, smote
His cheek, and spat upon it, slit his throat,
Crushed his big brow, and clove his crown, and left
Adolphus, Guelder's last own duke, bereft
Of sepulture and naked, on the floor

Of the cathedral; where, six days or more,
He rested, rotting. What remained, indeed,
After the rats had had their daily feed,
Of the great duke, some unknown hand, 'tis said,
In the town cess-pool last deposited.

THE GOLDEN CITY.

FREDERICK TENNYSON.

TWO agèd men, that had been foes for life,
Met by a grave and wept, and in those tears
They washed away the memory of their strife;
They wept again the loss of all those years.

Two youths discoursing amid tears and laughter
Poured out their trustful hearts unto each other;
They never met before, and never after,
Yet each remembered he had found a brother.

A boy and girl amid the dawning light,
Glanced at each other at a palace door;
That look was hope by day, and dreams by night,
And yet they never saw each other more.

Should gentle spirits born for one another
Meet only in sad death, the death of all?
Should hearts that spring, like rivers, near each other,
As far apart into the ocean fall?

Should heavenly beauty be a snare to stay
Love, and, ere she hear his tongue complain,
Forsake him, as a lily turns away
From the air that cannot turn to it again?

Ah! hapless zephyr, thou canst never part
  From the rare odor of the breathing bloom;
Ah! flower, thou canst not tell how fair thou art,
  Or see thyself, or quaff thine own perfume.

Ah! lover unbeloved, or loving not
  The doomèd heart that only turns to thee;
In this wide world, how cureless is thy lot;
  Who shall unwind the old perplexity?

* * * * * *

Fond hearts, not unrequited shall ye be
  Forever. I beheld a happy sight:
Heaven opened, and a starry company
  Far off, like gods, and crownèd sons of light.

On beacon towers and citadels sublime
  They stood, and watched with their unsleeping eyes
Where two or three, across the sea of time,
  Held on unto the shores of paradise.

All day they rocked upon the stormy deep,
  Till night beset them; and they could not tell
The signal-lights; and they began to weep;
  And the dark waters smote them, and they fell.

But oh! they woke in wonder, and, behold,
  A mighty city! 'Twas a summer morn,
And dazzling sunshine smote on walls of gold,
  And blessèd voices on their ears forlorn.

Soon as the gray prow touched upon the sands,
  Wild birds from fadeless woods and inland streams
Showered o'er them those same notes of fairy-lands,
  Which they had heard in far, forgotten dreams.

Odors from silent fields of asphodel
  Breathed o'er them, steeping them in sudden bliss,
That once had touched their sense, as with a spell,
  And made them yearn for parted lives in this.

From forth broad portals into daylight poured,
  While songs were pealed, and trumpets streamed above;
And by those shores in triumph took their way,
  While he stood rapt in ecstasy and love.

And men of sorrows, whose dejected eyes
  Had sought the earth, and looked for death in vain,
Lifted their heads unto the glorious skies,
  And sighed with perfect bliss, unthralled of pain.

And they were borne into a vale of bowers,
  And heard infantine voices, and those tones
Linked in their hearts with the rejoicing hours,
  Ere mortal anguish smote their weary bones.

Amid the tumult, who are they that call,
  In well-known tongues, sweet welcomes? Who are they
Amid the multitudes that throng the wall
  With well-known faces, now so young and gay?

Who are the foremost on the shore to find,
  And clasp those weary mariners, pale with woes?
Friends, lovers, tender children, parents kind,
  Lost soon as loved, or loved too long to lose.

They took those storm-beat mariners by the hand,
  And through their worn and weary senses poured
Sweet snatches of old songs, and to the land
  They led them, whispering many a tender word.

Up to the golden citadel they fare,
  And as they go their limbs grow full of might,
And one awaits them on the topmost stair—
  One whom they had not seen, but knew at sight.

Hark! there is music such as never flowed
  Through all the ages—for the lost are found,
Sorrow is sitting by the throne of God;
  Justice and mercy meet, and love is crowned!

VERONICA.

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

HER eyes are depths of dark delight,
Her lips twin roses closely prest
In rapture of contented rest,
From night till morn, from morn till night;
Her hair that fell in dusky clouds,
The soft black veil forever shrouds.

The convent walls are high and strong,
But fair the convent garden flowers,
And swiftly pass the busy hours
From matins until even-song;
And last to mourn and first to pray
Is the young nun Veronica.

Within her cell she keeps alway
That lovely marble saint who lies
As in the tomb for centuries
The sweet, pure, martyred body lay.
With heart-warm love oft murmurs she,
"Santa Cecilia, pray for me!"

And when at vespers, heavenly clear
Her voice rings out above the rest,
"Santa Cecilia sure has blest,"
Say the proud nuns, "our sister dear.
What joy, did listening angel come,
As to the noble lady of Rome!"

But youthful blood runs hot and fast,
And narrow are the convent walls,
And wild ambition leaps and falls,
And leaps again, "at last! at last!"
Loathing the pale life that can tend
To no beginning and no end.

She walks beneath the ilex-trees
  Watching the dull suns rise and set.
  Her days are filled with vague regret;
In the long nights strange dreams she sees,
And wakes in terror. "Must this be?
Santa Cecilia, pity me!

"Dear saint, who hadst all that I lack—
  Wealth, love, hope, joy,—O martyr sweet!
  By thy dead hands and straight dead feet
Now walking safe the heavenly track,
And woman's soul from flesh set free—
Santa Cecilia, come to me!"

Was it a vision? Close beside
  There stands a Presence in the cell;
  The white shroud around her limbs that fell
Shines like the garment of a bride.
The blood-marks on her neck yet stay
It is the saint, Cecilia.

Few are her words, but soft as rain
  Down falling on long thirsty soil:
"Sister, go forth. Live, love, and toil.
I in thy stead will here remain;
Farewell." And broken are all bands;
Outside the gate the young nun stands.

O fame, how grand thy empty sound!
  O love, how sweet thy treacherous breath!
  Youth, strong in life thinks not of death.
She climbs the hill-top, looks around.
Her eager feet have reached their goal;
Earth-satisfied is her full soul.

"Santa Cecilia" oft they call
  The heavenly singer, human yet.
  Midst home and babes does she forget
The narrow cell, the convent wall;

Or through applauding crowds can hear
The nuns' meek voices chanting clear?

Who knows? She lived her life, they say,
Serene, contented, proudly pure,
Of earth and heaven alike secure,
Till out of her blue sky one day
The bolt fell. Childless, widowed, lone,
Earth faded; is heaven, also, gone?

"O Christ," she prayed, "of martyrs, Lord,
Whose service only cannot tire,
Who only fill'st the heart's desire,
I will arise and hear Thy word,
Who am as truly slain as she,
Thy dead Cecilia. Comfort me!"

One May morn, at the convent gate
A pale, gaunt woman knocked, and cried:
"Open! oh, let me here abide;
I am so very desolate."
"Who art thou?" "That young sister gay,
The singer called Veronica."

Laughed the good nun: "Our sister dear
Has never left these peaceful walls;
Each morn and eve her sweet voice calls
To prayer, and saints and angels hear.
Her face is lovely as of yore.
But thine? Begone!" She shut the door

In her old cell that even-tide
Veronica awoke, and saw,
With a strange quiet mixed with awe,
Her old self sitting by her side;
But sweeter, holier, calmer made,
As pure souls grow whose bodies fade.

Slowly it changed; upright and fair,
  In her celestial youth, there stands
  The statue with the linkèd hands,
And straight, dead feet, and folded hair,
And virginal, soft raiment, white
And shining in the Lamb's own light.

"Welcome!" those silver accents fall;
  "God proved thee as strong souls are proved.
  Thou in the world hast lived, worked, loved,
And suffered. Sister, is it well?
The path desired thy feet have trod;
Is aught enduring, except God?"

A low sob thrilled the convent cell;
  The gray hair swept the convent floor;
  Veronica arose once more.
"Ay, all was best as it befell;
But all is past. I trust His word.
Deal with me as Thou wilt, O Lord!"

Next morning, on the pallet-bed,
  They found a woman wan and gray.
  "Can this be our Veronica,
Who was so fair last night?" they said;
And will she rise once more, and sing
God's praises, like the birds in spring?"

[*Soft musical accompaniment.*]

She rose; she sang. Her step was slow;
  Feeble her voice, like songs in dreams.
  The same, yet not the same, she seems
As when some face we used to know,
We sudden meet and on it see
The shadow of eternity.

Yet still she went her daily round
  Of humble duties, dear as joys;
  And still the music of her voice

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Rejoiced the convent's narrow bound.
Outside, the world went on its way—
Forgotten was Veronica.
[*Music ceases.*]

Her cell the silent secret kept
  Years long. At last they found her there,
  The sainted nun with silver hair,
Soft smiling, like a child that slept,
Only the dream of life was o'er;
They knew that she would wake no more.

[*Song or soft musical accompaniment.*]
And as they mourned above her bier,
  They felt a sudden sweet perfume,
  And through the stillness of the room
They heard two voices singing clear,
Then, fading, pass far, far away.
So lived, so died, Veronica.

IVÀN IVÀNOVITCH.

ROBERT BROWNING.

[The scene of the following story is laid in Russia. Ivàn Ivànovitch, the village carpenter, a strong, powerful man, is employed on a huge ship-mast trunk. About him watched the boys, his neighbors. They are interrupted by a sledge which dashed up to the door. They draw from it the wife of Dmitri. She is frozen almost to death, but at last revives and tells her story.]

MAYBE a month ago, was it not? news came here
  They wanted, deeper down, good workmen fit to rear
A church and roof it in. "We'll go," my husband said:
"None understand like me to melt and mold their lead."
So friends here helped us off—Ivàn, dear, you the first!
How gay we jingled forth, all five—our hearts with joy aburst,
While Dmitri shook the reins, urged Droug upon his track.

Well, soon the month ran out. We were just coming back,
When yesterday, behold, the village was on fire!
Fire ran from house to house. What help, as nigh and nigher,
The flames came furious? "Haste," cried Dmitri; "men must do
The little good men may. To sledge and in with you,
You and our three! We check the fire by laying flat
Each building in its path. I needs must stay for that,—
But you . . . no time for talk! Wrap round you every rug,
Cover the two close, and hold tight the babe. No care to guide old Droug.
Hold up this lighted twist of pitch, tho' he knows the way by guess,
Once start him on the road; but chirrup none the less!

"Once with our friend Ivàn Ivànovitch, all's right with me,
So I but find as safe you and our precious three!
Off, Droug," because the flames had reached us and the men
Shouted, "But lend a hand, Dmitri—as good as ten!"
So in we bundled. Old Droug, stiff at first, galloped straight ahead.
Out came the moon and my twist of pitch soon dwindled feebly red.

Was that the wind? Droug starts, stops, back go his ears, he snuffs,
Snorts, never such a snort! then plunges, knows the sough's
Only the wind. Yet, no—our breath goes up too straight!
Still the low sound.—less low, loud, louder, at a rate
There's no mistaking more! Shall I lean out, look, learn
The truth whatever it be? Pad, pad! At last, I turn.

'Tis the regular pad of the wolves in pursuit of the sledge!
An army they are: close packed, they press like the thrust of a wedge:
The four-footed steady advance. The foremost, none may pass:
They are elders and lead the line, eye and eye, green glowing brass!
But a long way distant still. Droug, save us! He does his best;
Yet they gain on us, gain, till one reaches. . . . How utter the rest?

Oh, that first of the band! How he lolls out the length of his tongue,
And lets gleam his white teeth! He is on me, his paws pry among

The wraps and the rugs! "Oh, my pair, my twin-pigeons, lie still
and seem dead!
Foolish boy! lie still or the villain will snatch you from over my
head!"
No use! He cries, screams,—a boy in a frenzy of fear, who can hold?
The Satan-face snatched. I tugged, I tore! It followed as I foretold!
And then his brother, too, needs must shriek! My hands, perhaps,
Relaxed their grasp, got tangled in the wraps;
And he was gone! I looked. There tumbled the cursèd crew,
Each fighting for a share, too busy to pursue!

That's so far gain at least; Droug gallops another verst,
Or two, or three—we may beat them, arrive the first!
O misery! for while I settle to what near seems
Content, I am 'ware again of the tramp and again there gleams
Point and point—the line, eyes, levelled green brassy fire!
So soon is resumed your chase? Will nothing appease, naught tire
The furies? And yet I think—I am certain the race is slack!
Feasters and those full fed are behind. Not one fourth the pack!

Now, gallop, reach home and die! Teriòscha, in my lap!
Nor ever again leave house to trust our life in such trap.
Yes, I'll lie down upon you, tight tie you with the strings
Here, of my heart! No fear, this time, your mother flings . . .
Flings? I flung? Never! But think!—a woman, after all,
Contending with a wolf! Savé you I must and shall,
Terentii! How now? What, you still head the race,
Your eyes and tongue and teeth crave fresh food, Satan-face?

There and there! Plain I struck green fire out! Flash again?
My fist, crunch that! All a poor fist can do to damage eyès proves
vain!
Spurned! through my crossed arms, muzzling now with snout,
Now ripping, tooth and claw,—plucked, pulled Terentii out,
A prize, indeed! I saw—how could I else but see?—
My precious one. I bit to hold back—pulled from me!

Up came the others, fell to dancing, did the imps!
Skipped as they scampered round. There's one is gray, and limps.
Well, I escaped with one! And see, the dawn—'tis day—'tis safe at
home!
We have outwitted you! Ay, monsters, snarl and foam!

Dead I lay till Droug stopped here. I came to life, how all ends,
I know not; I find me propped thus. Was't a dream? Tell me,
friends?
Soon shall I find my house. 'Tis over there; in proof,
Save for that chimney heaped with snow, you'd see the roof.
Which holds my three, my two, my one—not one?
Ivàn Ivànovitch, 'tis you unharden me, disperse the thing!
Only keep looking kind, the horror will not cling.

AYLMER'S FIELD.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

HERE is a story which, in rougher shape,
Came from a grizzled cripple, who had been
Long since himself a part of what he told.
Sir Aylmer Aylmer, that almighty man,
Whose eyes saw from his windows nothing save his own—
What lovelier of his own had he than her,
His only child, his Edith, whom he loved!
But, "he that marries her marries her name."
This fiat somewhat soothed himself and wife.
A sleepy land
Where almost all the village had one name;
Where Aylmer followed Aylmer at the Hall,
And Averill Averill at the rectory.

Leolin Averill
Would often, in his walks with Edith, claim
A distant kinship to the blood.

Sanguine he was; with eager eyes, that beamed
Their best and brightest, when they dwelt on hers.
Edith, whose pensive beauty, perfect else,
But subject to the season or the mood,
Shone like a mystic star bounteously made,
And yet so finely, that a troublous touch
Thinned or would seem to thin her in a day,
A joyous to dilate.

And these had been together from the first,
Not knowing that they loved; not she, at least.
A whisper half revealed her to herself;
For out beyond her lodges, arose the laborers' homes
A frequent haunt of Edith, each a nest in bloom.
Her art, her hand, her counsel all had wrought
About them. Here was one that
Broke from a bower of vine and honeysuckle;
One looked all rose-tree, and another wore
A close-set robe of jasmine, sown with stars;
Each its own charm, and Edith's everywhere.
And Edith ever visitant with him,
He but less loved than Edith, of her poor.
For she—so lowly, lovely and so loving,
Not sowing hedgerow texts and passing by,
Nor dealing goodly counsel from a height
That makes the lowest hate it; but a voice
Of comfort and an open hand of help
To ailing wife or wailing infancy,—was adored.
And once, with Leolin at her side, the girl
Heard a good mother softly whisper: "Bless,
God bless 'em; marriages are made in heaven."

A flash of semi-jealousy cleared it to her.
My lady's Indian kinsman, unannounced came,
But Edith's eager fancy hurried with him,
Snatched through the perilous passes of his life,
Till Leolin, ever watchful of her eye,

Hated him with a momentary hate.
Wife-hunting, as the rumor ran, was he.
I know not, for he spoke not, only showered
His Oriental gifts on everyone,
And most on Edith. There was one,
A dagger, in rich sheath with jewels on it.
This dagger with him, which, when now admired
By Edith, whom his pleasure was to please,
At once the costly Sahib yielded to her.
And Leolin, coming after he was gone,
Tossed over all her presents petulantly;
And when she showed the wealthy scabbard, saying,
"Look, what a lovely piece of workmanship!"
Slight was his answer, "Well, I care not for it."
Then playing with the blade he pricked his hand,
"A gracious gift to give a lady this!"
"But would it be more gracious," asked the girl,
"Were I to give this gift of his to one
That is no lady?" "Gracious? No," said he.
"Me? But I cared not for it. Oh, pardon me;
I seem to be ungraciousness itself."
"Take it," she added sweetly, "though his gift;
For I am more ungracious e'en than you;
I care not for it, either." And he said:
"Why, then, I love it!" But Sir Aylmer passed,
And neither loved nor liked the thing he heard.

Next day came a neighbor;
And did Sir Aylmer think that it was wholly wise
To let that handsome fellow Averill walk
So freely with his daughter? "Sir! I can guard my own."
"Good," said his friend; "but watch!" "Enough."
They parted, and Sir Aylmer Aylmer watched.

Pale, for on her the thunders of the house
Had fallen first, was Edith that same night.
Withdrawing by the counter door to that

Which Leolin opened, she cast back upon him
A piteous glance, and vanished. He, as one
Caught in a burst of unexpected storm,
Turning beheld the powers of the house
On either side the hearth, indignant; her,
Cooling her false cheek with feather-fan,
Him, glaring, by his own stale demon spurred,
And, like a beast hard-ridden, breathing hard.
"Ungenerous, dishonorable, base,
Presumptuous! trusted as he was with her,
The sole succeeder to their wealth, their lands,
The last remaining pillar of their house,
The one transmitter of their ancient name,
Their child." "Our child." "Our heiress." "Ours."
For still, like echoes from beyond a hollow, came
Her sicklier iteration. Last he said:
"Boy, mark me! for your fortunes are to make.
I swear you shall not make them out of mine.
Now, as you have made her half forget herself,
Swerve from her duty to herself and us,
Else I withdraw favor and countenance
From you and yours forever, this shall you do:
Sir, when you see her—but you shall not see her—
No, you shall write, and not to her, but me;
And you shall say that having spoken with me,
And after looked into yourself, you find
That you meant nothing—such a match as this!
Impossible!" There were words,
And Leolin's horror-stricken answer: "I
So foul a traitor to myself and her? Never, oh, never!"
Sir Aylmer, reddening from the storm within,
Then broke all bonds of courtesy, and crying,
"Boy, should I find you by my doors again,
My men shall lash you from them like a dog;
Hence!" with a sudden execration drove
The footstool from before him, and arose;

So, stammering "scoundrel" out of teeth that ground
As in a dreadful dream, while Leolin still
Retreated, half-aghast, the fierce old man followed.
Slowly, and conscious of the rageful eye
That watched him, went Leolin.

Yet once, by night, again the lovers met.
She promised that no force,
Persuasion, no, nor death could alter her.
He would go, labor for his Edith, and return
In such a sunlight of prosperity,
He should not be rejected. So Leolin went and toiled,
Mastering the lawless science of our law.

But they that cast her spirit into flesh,
Plagued themselves to sell her for her good.
Whatever eldest born of rank or wealth
Might lie within their compass, him they lured
Into their net made pleasant by the baits
Of gold and beauty, wooing him to woo.
All in vain.
Sullen, defiant, pitying, wroth, returned
Leolin's rejected rivals from their suit.
But those at home,
As hunters round a hunted creature draw
The cordon close and closer toward the death,
They narrowed her goings out and comings in;
Forbade her first the house of Averill,
Then closed her access to the wealthier farms.
Last, from her own home-circle of the poor
They barred her. Yet she bore it; yet her cheek
Kept color. Wondrous! but, oh, mystery;
What amulet drew her down to that old oak,
* * * * * with a letter for which
Came at the moment Leolin's emissary, a crippled lad;
Seized it, took it home, and to my lady who read,

Then tore the missive, as if the passion symboled there
Were living nerves to feel the rent.
Then, though Averill wrote
And bade him with good heart sustain himself,
All would be well, the lover heeded not,
But came and went. Nor was it well for her,
Kept to the garden now, and grove of pines,
Watched even there; and one was set to watch
The watcher, and Sir Aylmer watched them all.
He seldom now crossed his child without a sneer;
The mother flowed in shallower acrimonies;
Never one kindly smile, one kindly word;
So that the gentle creature shut from all
Her charitable use, and face to face
With twenty months of silence, slowly lost,
Nor greatly cared to lose, her hold on life.
Last, some low fever ranging round found the girl
And flung her down upon a couch of fire,
Where, crying upon the name of Leolin,
She, and with her the race of Aylmer, passed away.

May soul to soul
Strike through a finer element of her own? or why
That night, that moment, when she named his name,
Did the keen shriek, "Yes, love, yes, Edith, yes,"
Shrill, till the comrade of his chambers woke,
And came upon him, half-arisen from sleep?
Nor knew he wherefore he had made the cry.

The second day,
My lady's Indian kinsman rushing in,
A breaker of the bitter news from home,
Found a dead man, a letter edged with death
Beside him, and the dagger which himself
Gave Edith, reddened with no bandit's blood.
"From Edith" was engraven on the blade.

THE FLOOD ON THE FLOSS.

GEORGE ELIOT.

MAGGIE TULLIVER was kneeling on the floor in the little house by the riverside, when the prayer rose to her lips: "O God, if my life is to be long, let me live to bless and comfort."

At that moment Maggie felt a startling sensation of sudden cold about her knees and feet: it was water. She started up; the stream was flowing under the door. She was not bewildered for an instant—she knew it was the flood! She hurried with the candle upstairs to Bob Jakin's bedroom. The door was ajar; she went in and shook him by the shoulders.

"Bob, the flood is come! it is in the house! let us see if we can make the boats safe."

She lighted his candle, while the wife, snatching up her baby, burst into screams; then she hurried down again to see if the waters were rising fast. There was a step down into the room at the door leading from the staircase; she saw that the water was already on a level with the step. While she was looking, something came with a tremendous crash against the window, and sent the leaded panes and the old wooden framework inward in shivers, the water pouring in after it.

"It is the boat!" cried Maggie. "Bob, come down to get the boats!" And, without a shudder of fear, she plunged through the water, which was rising fast to her knees, and, by the glimmering light of the candle she had left on the stairs, she mounted on the window-sill and crept into the boat, which was left with the prow protruding through the window. Bob was not long after her, with the lantern in his hand.

"Why, they're both here, both the boats," said Bob, as he got into the one where Maggie was. "It's wonderful this fastening isn't broke, too, as well as the mooring."

In the excitement of getting into the other boat, unfastening it, and mastering an oar, Bob was not struck with the danger

Maggie incurred. She, too, had got possession of an oar, and had pushed off, so as to release the boat from the overhanging window-frame.

"The water's rising so fast," said Bob, "I doubt it'll be in at the chambers before long—th' house is so low. I've more mind to get Prissy and the child and the mother into the boat, if I could, and trusten to the water—for th' old house is none so safe. And if I let go the boat—but you—" he exclaimed, suddenly lifting the light of his lantern on Maggie, as she stood in the rain with the oar in her hand and her black hair streaming.

Maggie had no time to answer, for a new current swept along, and drove both boats out on to the wide water, with a force that carried them far past the meeting current of the river.

In the first moments, Maggie felt nothing, but that she was alone in the darkness with God. The whole thing had been so rapid, so dream-like, that the threads of ordinary association were broken. She sank down on the seat clutching the oar mechanically, and, for a long while, had no distinct conception of her position. The first thing that waked her to fuller consciousness was the cessation of the rain, and a perception that the darkness was divided by the faintest light. She was driven out upon the flood, that awful visitation of God, which her father used to talk of, which had made the nightmare of her childish dreams. And with that thought there rushed in the vision of the old home, and Tom, and her mother.

"O God, where am I? Which is the way home?" she cried out in the dim loneliness. What was happening to them at the mill? The flood had once nearly destroyed it. They might be in danger, in distress, her mother and her brother, alone there, beyond reach of help! Her whole soul was strained now on that thought; and she saw the long-loved faces looking into the darkness for help, and finding none. She was floating in smooth water now, perhaps far on the overflooded fields, and she strained her eyes against the curtain of gloom that she might seize the first sight of her whereabouts, that she might catch some suggestion of the spot toward which all her anxieties tended.

Oh, how welcome, the widening of that dismal watery level, the gradual uplifting of the cloudy firmament, the slowly defining blackness of objects above the glassy dark! Yes, she must be out on the fields—those were the tops of hedgerow trees. Which way did the river lie? Looking behind her, she saw the lines of black trees; looking before her, there were none; then the river lay before her. She seized an oar and began to paddle forward with the energy of wakening hope. The dawning seemed to advance more swiftly, now she was in action; and she could soon see the poor dumb beasts crowding piteously on a mound where they had taken refuge. Her wet clothes clung around her, and her streaming hair was dashed about by the wind; but she was hardly conscious of any bodily sensation, except a sensation of strength inspired by mighty emotions.

But now there was a large mass in the distance, and near to her Maggie could discern the current of the river. The dark mass must be—yes, it was—St. Ogg's. Ah, now she knew which way to look for the first glimpse of the well-known trees—the gray willows, the now yellowing chestnuts, and, above them, the old roof! But there was no color, no shape, yet; all was faint and dim. She must get her boat into the current of the Floss, else she would never be able to pass the Ripple and approach the house. This was the thought that occurred to her, as she imagined, with more and more vividness, the state of things around the old home. For the first time distinct ideas of danger began to press upon her; but there was no choice of courses, no room for hesitation, and she floated into the current. Swiftly she went now, without effort; more and more clearly in the lessening distance and the growing light she began to discern the objects that she knew must be the well-known trees and roofs; nay, she was not far off a rushing muddy current that must be the strangely altered Ripple. Great God! there were floating masses in it! What were those masses?

For the first time Maggie's heart began to beat in an agony of dread. She sat helpless, dimly conscious that she was being floated along—more intensely conscious of the anticipated clash. But the horror was transient. She had passed the mouth of the Ripple,

then; now, she must use all her skill and power to manage the boat and get it out of the current.

With new resolution, Maggie seized her oar and stood up to paddle; but the ebbing tide added to the swiftness of the river, and she was carried along beyond the bridge. She could hear shouts from the windows overlooking the river, as if the people there were calling to her. Then she took to both oars and rowed with all her might toward the mill. Color was beginning to awake now, and she could discern the tints of the trees; could see the old Scotch firs and the horse-chestnuts—oh, how deep they lay in the water! And the roof of the mill, where was it? Those heavy fragments hurrying down the Ripple—what had they meant? But it was not the house; the house stood firm; drowned up to the first story, but still firm.

With panting joy that she was there at last, Maggie neared the front of the house. At first she heard no sound; saw no object moving. Her boat was on a level with the upstairs window. She called out:

"Tom, where are you? Mother, where are you? Here is Maggie!"

Soon from the window of the attic in the central gable, she heard Tom's voice:

"Who is it? Have you brought a boat?"

"It is I, Tom—Maggie. Where is mother?"

"She is not here; she went to Gorum, the day before yesterday. I'll come down to the lower window. Alone, Maggie?" said Tom, in astonishment, as he opened the window on a level with the boat. "Yes, Tom. God has taken care of me, to bring me to you. Get in quickly. Is there no one else?"

"No," said Tom, stepping into the boat. "I fear the man is drowned; he was carried down the Ripple, I think, when part of the mill fell. I've shouted again and again, and there has been no answer. Give me the oars, Maggie."

It was not till Tom had pushed off and they were on the wide water that the full meaning of what had happened rushed upon him. It came with so overpowering a force that he was unable to

ask a question. They sat mutely gazing at each other: Maggie with eyes of intense life looking out from a weary, beaten face, Tom pale with a certain awe and humiliation. Thought was busy though the lips were silent; and though he could ask no question, he guessed a story of almost miraculous, divinely-protected effort. But at last a mist gathered over the blue-gray eyes, and the lips found a word they could utter: the old, childish "Magsie!"

Maggie could make no answer but a long, deep sob of that mysterious, wondrous happiness that is one with pain. As soon as she could speak, she said: "We will go to Lucy, Tom; we'll go and see if she is safe, and then we can help the rest."

Tom rowed with untired vigor, and with a different speed from poor Maggie's. The boat was soon in the current of the river again.

"Park House stands high up out of the flood," said Maggie. "Perhaps they have got Lucy there."

Nothing else was said; a new danger was being carried toward them by the river. Some machinery had given way on one of the wharves, and huge fragments were being floated along. The sun was rising now, and the wide area of watery desolation was spread out in dreadful clearness around them. A company in a boat that was working its way along observed their danger and shouted, "Get out of the current!"

But that could not be done at once; and Tom, looking before him, saw death rushing on them. Huge fragments, clinging together in fatal fellowship, made one wide mass across the stream.

"It is coming, Maggie!" Tom said, in a deep, hoarse voice, loosing the oars and clasping her.

The next instant the boat was no longer seen upon the water, and the huge mass was hurrying on in hideous triumph.

Soon the boat reappeared; but brother and sister had gone down in an embrace never to be parted; living through again, in one supreme moment, the days when they had clasped their little hands in love, and roamed the daisied fields together.

THE PEACOCK ON THE WALL.

SIR EASY LOVEWELL chanced to fall in love—
(His heart by nature formed to catch like tinder)
With a fair maiden, named Miss Dolly Dove,
And stole her from a boarding-school back window.
Stole her—heyday!
Well, madam, where's the wonder?

He bought a little country-seat—
A most delightful rural box,
'Midst woods, and vales, and rocks,
On which were grazing pretty little flocks,
In short, a paradise complete.
And here, some time, they lived in clover;
But, ere the honeymoon was quite, quite over,
The sweet diversity of hill and dale,
My lady thought, grew rather stale!
She didn't like the hills and rocks,
She found, how strange, that they were steepish;
She couldn't bear the pretty little flocks,
Because she thought the little flocks looked sheepish!

Sir Easy, you must know, was fond of farming;
He had been planning new canals and drains,
And ta'en a monstrous deal of pains.
One day, when he had been explaining
His fine improvements, he the question put
Of, "How d'ye like 'em?" "Very well, love, but"—
"But!" cries the knight, "but what! why, aren't they charming?"
For this exception put him in a fright;
There was an end of all his cuts,
His new canals and draining.

In that one word he saw his project's ruin;
  And well enough he might,
    For when a man hears talk of butts,
He naturally thinks there's something brewing!

"My dear," exclaims his spouse,
  "The house is much too small,
'Tis scarce an habitation for a mouse;
And, though the country's very well,
Yet I'm sure I could not dwell
  In it for good and all."

Now good Sir Easy, at the best,
  Was never very fond of ranging,
And nothing did he more detest
  Than habitation-changing;
However, to oblige his spouse,
  As she, alas! had weary grown,
He sold his pretty little house,
And took a spacious mansion up in town.

She came, she saw, but still it was not right.
Such suites of rooms; of stairs, too, such a train;
"My dear Sir Easy, we must move again!'
He moved again. House after house he tried,
But still my lady was not satisfied;
One was too light, another was too dark,
This had no grounds, that too large a park!
At length our knight, quite weary of his life,
Began to argue with his wife.

He once was fat, but now so thin was grown,
  His waist, a lady might have spanned it;
(So wonderful was the disparity).
He lit'rally was naught but skin and bone,
  He told her that his spirits could not stand it;
Quite to a skeleton this roving wore him,
  And certainly for one who loved hilarity,

Events like these were quite too moving for him.
"'Besides," says he,
" What other husband in the world would be
Sent like a card of compliments about
From house to house? I say, 'tis plaguey hard!
And if you mean to keep up this vagary,
Drat me, ma'am, but I'd rather be a card!
And then, ma'am, if I were sent out,
At least, I should be stationary!"

Thus, having given his passion vent,
He soon grew cool;
And two hours after, forth he went
Like a good-natured fool,
And bought another house,
To make a final trial of his spouse.
He pitched on one i' the outskirts of the city;
You couldn't point out one more neat and pretty.
'Twas not too large, 'twas not too small;
'Twas not too low, 'twas not too tall;
Neither in country, nor in town,
But set in happy medium down.

My lady viewed it round and round,
And not a fault was to be found.
The knight exults, his cares are past,
And he shall happy live at last.
Alas! how blind is man,
Of disappointments how unwitting!

One morn, at breakfast sitting,
The conversation on contentment ran:
" My dear," exclaims the knight, in pleasant strain,
" You've nothing now of which you can complain."

" No, nothing, love, but—" " But again!
Madam, I plainly see
You want to make a butt of me!"

"Dear Sir Easy, how you bawl!
Pray hear me out. I like it all;
But just upon that garden wall
A peacock comes, my ears appalling
Each morn with his continual squalling;
And all the servants do, won't scare it;
I fear my nerves will never bear it!"
Forth rushed Sir Easy in a roar,
And dashed his tea-cup on the floor.
"Confound the peacock and his squall!
Now hear me, madam, once for all;
The house I've got, the house I love,
And hang me, madam, if I move!
So take it well or take it ill.
For, let me choose what house I will,
In town or country, great or small,
You'll find a peacock on the wall!"

WOODLAND WALKS.

HOW sweet it is, when mother Fancy rocks
The wayward brain, to saunter through a wood!
An old place, full of many a lovely brood,
Tall trees, green arbors, and ground flowers in flocks;
And wild rose tiptoe upon hawthorn stocks,
Like to a bonny lass, who plays her pranks
At wakes and fairs, with wandering mountebanks,
When she stands cresting the clown's head, and mocks
The crowd beneath her. Verily, I think,
Such place to me is sometimes like a dream,
Or map of the whole world: thoughts, link by link,
Enter through ears and eyesight, with such gleam
Of all things, that, at last, in fear I think,
And leap at once from the delicious stream.

— *Wordsworth.*

THE SULTAN AND THE POTTER.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE sultan of Damascus found asleep
The potter Ebn Solûl,
And bore him to the palace, where he waked
In garments beautiful.

Consider: If a king should call thee "friend,"
And lead thee to his court,
Roofed large with lazulite, and pavemented
With flowers, on green floors wrought;

If he should bid thee sit at meat, and spread
A table served so fine
There lacked not any pleasant food or fruit
But came at call of thine;

If he hung high a glorious golden lamp
To shine where thy feet tread;
And stretched black 'broidered hangings, sown with gems,
For curtains to thy bed;

If, for thy heats, he bade soft zephyrs blow;
Sent, at thy thirst, sweet rains;
And filled the groves with minstrels, gaily garbed,
To charm thee with their strains;

If, past the confines of his palace-grounds,
He showed thee spacious seas,
Where, wafted o'er the dancing foam, might sail
Thou and thine argosies;

If, for society in that fair place,
He gave glad companies,
Kinsmen and friends and helpmates, and the bliss
Of beauty's lips and eyes;

With wisdom's scroll to study, and the ways
Of wondrous living things;
And lovely pleasure of all ornament
That nature's treasure brings,

Coral and pearl, turquoise, and agate stones,
Milk-white or rosy-veined,
Amber and ivory, jade, shawls woven with gold,
Scarfs with sea-purple stained;

If the king gave thee these, and only wrote
Upon his inner door,
"Serve me, and honor me, and keep my laws,
And thus live evermore

In better bliss, where ye shall pass hereby,
As surely pass ye must:—"
Who is there would not praise this monarch's name,
With forehead in the dust?

Lo! but He doeth this—Allah, our king;
His sky is lazulite;
His earth is paved with emerald-work, its stores
Are spread for man's delight;

His sun by day, His silver stars by night
Shine for our sakes; His breeze
Cools us and wafts our ships; His pleasant lands
Are girdled with the seas

Which send the rain and make the crystal bridge
Whereby man roams at will,
From court to court of Allah's pleasure-house,
Seeing that writing still

Upon the inner gate which all must pass:
"Love me and keep my laws
That ye may live; since there is greater life
Beyond these darkened doors,"

If Ebn Solûl, the potter, loved Him not
Whose kindness was so strong;
If Ebn Solûl kept not the palace laws,
Did he not that sultan wrong?

A VISION OF POETS.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

A POET could not sleep aright,
For his soul kept up too much light
Under his eyelids for the night.

And thus he rose disquieted
With sweet rhymes ringing through his head,
And in the forest wandered;

His aimless thoughts in metre went,
Like a babe's hand, without intent,
Drawn down a seven-stringed instrument.

An angel had not startled him,
Alighted from heaven's burning rim
To breathe from glory in the dim;

Much less a lady riding slow
Upon a palfrey white as snow,
And smooth as a snow-cloud could go.

Full upon his she turned her face:
"What, ho, sir poet! dost thou pace
Our woods at night, in ghostly chase

"Of some fair dryad of old tales,
Who chants between the nightingales,
And over sleep by song prevails?"

She looked a queen who seemeth gay
From royal grace alone. "Now, nay,"
He answered, "slumber passed away

"Compelled by instincts in my head
That I should see to-night instead
Of a fair nymph, some fairer dread."

"Come on with me, come rove the earth;
This is my kingdom. I come forth
To crown all poets to their worth."

At last they stood before an altar set
For sacrament, with vessels meet
To grace the sacred fane and mercy-seat.

Then, first, the poet was aware
Of a chief angel standing there
Before that altar, in the glare;

And of a strange company around,
And toward the altar,—pale and bound
With bay above the eye profound.

. . . . These were poets true,
God's prophets who died as martyrs do,
For truth and who for it come and go.

Here Homer, with the broad suspense
Of thunderous brows, and lips intense
Of garrulous god-innocence.

There, Shakespeare, on whose forehead climb
The crowns o' the world! Oh, eyes sublime—
With tears and laughters for all time!

Here, Æschylus,—the women found
Him awful when he frowned
As the gods did; he standeth crowned.

Euripides, with close and mild
Scholastic lips, that could be wild,
And laugh or sob out like a child.

. . . . . Sophocles,
With that king's look which down the trees
Followed the dark effigies

Of the lost Theban. Hesiod old,
Who, somewhat blind and deaf and cold,
Cared most for gods and bulls. And bold

Electric Pindar, quick as fear,
With race-dust on his cheeks, and clear
Slant-startled eyes that seemed to hear

The chariot rounding the last goal,
To hurtle past it in his soul.
And Sappho, with that gloriole

Of ebon hair on calmèd brows—
O poet-woman, none foregoes
The leap attaining the repose!

Theocritus, with glittering locks
Dropped sideway, as betwixt the rocks
He watched the visionary flocks.

And Aristophanes, who took
The world with mirth, and laughter-struck
The hollow caves of thought and woke

The infinite echoes hid in each.
And Virgil, shade of Mantuan beech,
Did help the shade of bay to reach.

Lucretius, nobler than his mood,
Who dropped his plummet down the broad,
Deep universe, and said: "No God."

And Ossian, dimly seen or guessed;
Once counted greater than the rest,
When mountain-winds blew with sternest zest.

And Spencer drooped his dreaming head
(With languid sleep-smile you had said
From his own verse engenderèd)

On Ariosto's, till they ran
Their curls in one. The Italian
Shot nimbler heat of bolder man

From his fine lids. And Dante stern
And sweet, whose spirit was an urn
For wine and milk poured out in turn.

Hard-souled Alfieri; and fancy-willed
Boiardo, who with laughter filled
The pauses of the jostled shield.

And Berni, with a hand stretched out
To sleek that storm. And, not without
The wreath he died in, and the doubt

He died by, Tasso: bard and lover,
Whose visions were too thin to cover
The face of a false woman over.

And soft Racine,—and grave Corneille,
The orator of rhymes, whose wail
Scarce shook his purple. And Petrarch, pale,

From whose brain-lighted heart were thrown
A thousand thoughts beneath the sun,
Each lucid with the name of One.

And Camoëns, with that look he had,
Compelling India's genius sad
From the wave through the "Lusiad,"

The murmurs of the storm-cape ocean
Indrawn in vibrative emotion,
Along the verse. And, while devotion

In his wild eyes fantastic shone
Under the tonsure blown upon
By airs celestial, Calderon.

And bold Da Vega, who breathed quick
Verse after verse, till death's old trick
Put pause to life and rhetoric.

And Goethe, with that reaching eye
His soul reached out from far and high,
And fell from inner entity.

And Schiller, with heroic front
Worthy of Plutarch's kiss upon't,
Too large for wreath of modern wont.

And Chaucer, with his infantine
Familiar clasp of things divine;
That mark upon his lip is wine.

Here, Milton's eyes strike piercing-dim:
The shapes of suns and stars did swim,
And God for sole vision granted him!

Drayton and Browne, with smiles they drew
From outward nature, still kept new
From their own inward nature true.

And Marlowe, Webster, Fletcher, Ben,
Whose fire-hearts sowed seeds of poesy when
The world was worthy of such men.

And Burns, with pungent passionings
Set in his eyes. Deep lyric springs
Are of the fire-mounts issuings.

And Shelley, in his white ideal,
All statue blind; and Keats, the real
Adonis, with song hymeneal.

And poor, proud Byron, sad as grave
And salt as life ; forlornly brave,
And quivering with the dart he drave.

And visionary Coleridge, who
Did sweep his thoughts as angels do
Their wings, with cadence up the blue.

* * * * *

Then said the lady, and her word
Came distant, as wide waves were stirred
Between her and the ear that heard:

"Hearken, O poet, whom I led
From the dark wood! Dismissing dread
Now hear this angel in my stead.

"Now hearken!" Then the poet gazed
Upon the angel glorious-faced,
Whose hand upon the organ-keys was placed;

[*Soft organ music.*]

A harmony that, finding vent,
Upward in grand ascension went,
Winged to a heavenly argument.

"No little flower but joys or grieves,
Full life is rustling in the sheaves ;
Full spirit sweeps the forest-leaves.

"And oh, ye gifted givers! ye
Who give your liberal hearts to me,
To make the world this harmony,

"Are ye resigned that they be spent
To such world's help?" The spirits bent
Their awful brows and said, "Content!"

The poet woke, looked round: he was alone.
He lay before the breaking sun,
As Jacob at the Bethel stone.

He journeyed homeward through the wood,
And prayed along the solitude,
"Thou, Poet-God, art great and good!

"And though we must have, and have had
Right reason to be earthly sad,—
Thou, Poet-God, art great and glad."

THE SNOW-STORM.

R. D. BLACKMORE.

IN the very night which followed old Sir Ensor's funeral, such a storm of snow began as never have I heard nor read of. At what time of night it began is more than I can say; for we went to bed soon after supper. In the bitter morning I arose, knowing the time from the force of habit, although the room was dark and gray. An odd white light was on the rafters, such as I had never seen before; while all the length of the room was grizzly. I went to the window, and at first I could not understand what it was doing outside. It faced due east with a walnut-tree partly sheltering it; and, generally, I could see the yard and even the church beyond. But now half the lattice was blocked up, as if plastered with gray lime, and little fringes like ferns came through where the joining of lead was; and in the only undarkened part, countless dots came swarming, clustering, beating with a soft, low sound, then gliding down in a slippery manner, not as drops of rain do, but each distinct from his neighbor. Inside the iron frame at least a peck of snow had entered, light as any cobweb.

With some trouble and great care I spread the lattice open, and saw at once not a moment should be lost to save our stock.

All the earth was flat with snow, all the air was thick with snow; more than this no man could see, for all the world was snowing. The sight was a fine one, so far, at least, as the weather permitted any sight at all. That great snow never ceased a moment for three days and nights; and then, when all the world was filled, and the topmost hedges were unseen, and the trees broke down with weight wherever the wind had not lightened them, a brilliant sun broke forth and showed all things draped in a glistening sheen.

All our house was quite snowed up, except where we had purged a way by constant shoveling. The kitchen was darker than the cider-cellar, and long lines of furrowed scallops ran up even to the chimney-stacks. Several windows fell inward through the weight of the snow against them, and the few that stood bulged in. We were obliged to cook by candlelight; we were forced to read by candlelight; as for baking, we could not do it because the oven was too chill. For when the sun burst forth at last upon the world of white, what he brought was neither warmth, nor cheer, nor hope of softening; only a clearer shaft of cold from the violet depths of sky. Long-drawn alleys of white haze seemed to lead toward him, yet such as he could not come down, with any warmth remaining. Broad, white curtains of the frost-fog looped around the lower sky, on the verge of hill and valley, and above the laden trees. Only round the sun himself and the spot of heaven he claimed, clustered a bright purple blue, clear and calm and deep.

That night such a frost ensued as we have never dreamed of, neither read in ancient books or histories of Frobisher. The kettle by the fire froze, and the crock upon the hearth cheeks; many men were killed, and cattle rigid in their head ropes. Then I heard that fearful sound which never I have heard before, nor since have heard—the sharp yet solemn sound of trees burst open by the frost. Our great walnut-tree lost three branches, and has been dying ever since; though growing, meanwhile, as the soul does. And the ancient oak at the cross was rent, and many scores of ash-trees. Even the horses in the stables, mustered all together for the sake of breath and steaming, had long icicles from their muzzles almost every morning.

Those three days alone of snow, tremendous as it was, could not have blocked the country so; but the sky never ceased for more than two days at a time, for full three weeks thereafter, to pour fresh piles of fleecy mantle. As a rule, it snowed all day, cleared up at night, and froze intensely, with the stars as bright as jewels, each spread out in lustrous twilight, and the sounds in the air as sharp and crackling as artillery; then in the morning snow again, before the sun could come to help. It mattered not what way the wind was. Often the vanes went round, and we hoped for change of weather; the only change was that it seemed, if possible, to grow colder.

I believe it was on Epiphany morning, or somewhere about that period, when my sister Lizzie ran into the kitchen, where I was thawing my goose-grease with the dogs among the ashes; and having caught me, by way of wonder, she positively kissed me, for the sake of warming her lips, perhaps, or because she had something proud to say.

"You great goose, John," said my lady; "what a pity you never read, John."

"Much use, I should think, in reading!" I answered; "read, I suppose, with this roof coming in, and only this chimney left sticking out of the snow!"

"The very time to read, John," said Lizzie, looking grander; "our worst troubles are the need whence knowledge can deliver us."

"Amen!" I cried out; "are you parson or clerk? Whichever you are, good-morning!"

"Now, John," she said, "this is no time to joke. I was almost frozen in bed last night, and Annie was like an icicle. Feel how cold my hands are. Now, will you listen to what I have read about climates ten times worse than this, and where none but clever men can live?"

"Impossible for me to listen now; but I will listen after breakfast to your foreign climates."

She looked a little disappointed; but when I had done my morning's work I listened to her, and it was out of my power to think that all she said was foolish.

She told me that in the arctic regions, as they call some places a long way north—where the Great Bear lies all across the heavens, and no sun is up for whole months at a time, and yet where people will go exploring out of pure contradiction, and for the sake of novelty and love of being frozen—that there they always had such winters as we were having now. It never ceased to freeze, she said, and it never ceased to snow, except when it was too cold; and then all the air was choked with glittering spikes, and a man's skin might come off of him before he could ask the reason. Nevertheless, the people there managed to get along by a little cleverness. For seeing how the snow was spread over everything, covering up the hills and valleys, and the coast-line of the sea, they contrived a way to crown it and to glide like a flake along. Through the sparkle of the whiteness and the ups and downs of cold any man might get along, with a boat on either foot to prevent his sinking. She told me how these boats were made, very strong and light, of ribs with skin across them, five feet long and one foot wide, and turned up at each end. But she did not tell me how hard it was to walk upon them without early practice.

Then she told me another thing equally useful to me, although I would not let her see how much I thought of it. This concerned the use of sledges, and their power of gliding and the lightness of their following; all of which I could see at once, through knowledge of our old farm-house sleds. I fell to at once and before very long had a pair of strong, light snow-shoes. At first, I could not walk at all; but after a while became more expert. Although there had been such violent frosts every night, the snow, having never thawed, had never coated over. In places where no drift had been, three feet was the least of depths; but where the wind had chased it round, there you might very safely say that it ran up to twenty or fifty feet, and I believe sometimes to a hundred feet.

It was the longest winter ever known in our parts, never having ceased to freeze for a single night, and scarcely for a single day, from the middle of December till the second week in March. Then the fog, which had hung about, vanished, and the shrouded hills shone forth with brightness manifold. Now the sky began to come

to its true manner, which we had not seen for months; whereas, till now, six weeks ere the great frost set in, the heavens had worn one heavy mask of ashen gray when clouded, or else one amethystine tinge with a hazy rim when cloudless. So it was pleasant to behold after that monotony the fickle sky which suits our England.

LURLINE; OR, THE KNIGHT'S VISIT TO THE MERMAIDS.

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

SIR RUPERT, unstained by dishonor, unsullied by fear,
All his neighbors pronounced him a "preux chevalier."
But at length through his tenants their rents refusing,
Declaring time was so bad they were losing,
His steward said, "O sir, it's some time ago, sir,
Since aught through my hands reached the baker or grocer;
And the tradesmen in general are grown great complainers."
Sir Rupert, the brave, thus addressed his retainers:

"My friends, I presume to suggest,
We shall all find it best
For each to shake hands with his friends ere he goes,
Mount his horse, if he has one, and follow his nose."
The knight having bowed out his friends thus politely,
Got into his skiff, the full moon shining brightly,
By the light of whose beam, he soon spied on the stream
A dame, whose complexion was fair as new cream.

Sweetly she sang as she smiled on the knight,
Who soon found his astonishment merged in delight;
But the stream rose higher till it seemed it would swallow her,
And, sinking, her voice grew fainter and hollower;
Jumping up in his boat, and discarding his coat,
"Here goes," cried Sir Rupert; "if I drown I will follow her"

Down, down, forty fathoms and more from the brink,
Sir Rupert, the fearless, continues to sink.
But, oh! what a sight met the eyes of the knight,
When he stood in the depth of the stream bolt upright.
A grand stalactite hall, like the cave of Fingal,
Rose above and about him ; great fishes and small
Came thronging around him, regardless of danger,
And seemed all agog for a peep at the stranger.

But little recked Rupert these queer-looking brutes,
Or the elfs and the newts that crawled up his boots,
For a sight beyond any of which I've made mention,
In a moment completely absorbed his attention.
From a score of young women, who were diving and swimming,
Forth stepped a dame, whom he recognized soon
As the one he'd seen by the light of the moon,
And lisped while a soft smile attended each sentence:

"Sir Rupert, I'm happy to make your acquaintance;
My name is Lurline, and the ladies you've seen,
All do me the honor to call me their queen.
I'm delighted to see you, sir, down in the Rhine here,
And hope you can make it convenient to dine here."

The knight blushed and bowed, as he ogled the crowd
Of subaqueous beauties, then answered aloud:—
"Ma'am, you do me much honor, I cannot express
The delight I shall feel, if you'll pardon my dress;
May I venture to say when for the sake of the dumps, a gentleman jumps
Into the river, he rarely puts on his knee-breeches and pumps:
If I could but have guessed, what I sensibly feel,
Your politeness—I'd not have come en deshabille."
Quoth the lady: "Dear sir, no apologies, pray,
You will take our pot-luck in a sociable way."

The knight made a bow more profound than before,
When a dory-faced page opened the dining-room door:

Rupert tendered his arm, led Lurline to her place,
And a fat little merman stood up and said grace.
When dinner was done at a sign to the lasses,
The table was cleared and they put on fresh glasses.
Then the lady addressed her redoubtable guest
Much as Dido of old, did the pious Æneas:
"Dear sir, what induced you to come down and see us?"
Rupert gave her a glance most bewitchingly tender,
Lolled back in his chair, put his toes on the fender
And told her outright, how keeping good cheer, every day in the year,
He'd exhausted his rent, and his money all spent,
And his mortgages being about to foreclose,
How he jumped in the river to finish his woes.

Lurline was affected and owned, with a tear,
That a story so mournful had ne'er met her ear.
Rupert, hearing her sigh, looked uncommonly sly,
And said with some emphasis: "Ah! miss, had I
A few pounds of these metals you waste here on kettles
Then lord once again of my spacious domain,
A free count of the empire, once more I might reign,
With Lurline at my side, my adorable bride,
(For the parson should come, and the knot should be tied,)
No couple so happy on earth should be seen
As Sir Rupert, the brave, and his charming Lurline.
Not that money's my object, no, hang it, I scorn it;
And as for my rank, but that you'd so adorn it,
I'd abandon it all to remain your true thrall,
And instead of the great, be called Rupert, the small."

Lurline hung her head, turned pale and then red,
Then averting her eye with a lover-like sigh,
"You are welcome," she murmured, in tones most bewitching,
"To every utensil I have in my kitchen."
Up started the knight, half mad with delight,
And "Oh!" he exclaimed, "let them go catch my skiff, I
Will be home in a twinkling and back in a jiffy,

Nor one moment procrastinate longer my journey
Than to put up the banns and kick out the attorney."
One kiss to her lips, and one squeeze to her hand,
And Sir Rupert already was half way to land.

When he reached his old baronial dwelling, what rejoicing was there!
When 'twas found he'd the cash and intended to pay, how the vassals did stare!
He quickly cleared off old scores and resolved to begin life anew,
Recushioned and hassock the family pew,
And, to strengthen him more in his new mode of life,
He boldly determined to take him a wife.

Now, many would think that the knight from a nice sense
Of honor, should put Lurline's name in the license;
Be this as it may, he, I am sorry to say,
Made proposals in form to Miss Una Von —— something,
Her name has escaped me, sole heiress and niece
To a highly respectable justice of peace.

"Thrice happy's the wooing that's not long adoing;"
The ring is now bought, the white favors and gloves,
And all the et cetera which crown people's loves.
'Twas a comely sight to behold the knight,
With his beautiful bride, dressed all in white,
And the bridesmaids fair with their long lace veils,
As they all walked up to the altar rails.

With a gracious air and a smiling look,
Mess John had opened his awful book
And had read so far as to ask, if to wed he meant?
And if he knew any just cause of impediment?
When from base to turret the castle shook!
The wind blew loud, and a coal-black cloud
O'ershadowed the church, and the party and crowd,
How it could happen they could not divine,
The morning had been so remarkably fine!
But harder it poured, and the thunder roared
As if heaven and earth were coming together.

None ever had witnessed such terrible weather.
Now louder it crashed and the lightning flashed.

Though all the rest trembled, as might be expected,
Sir Rupert was perfectly cool and collected,
And endeavored his bride to cheer, in her ear
Whispering tenderly, "Pray don't be frightened, my dear,
Should it even set fire to the castle, and burn it. You're
Amply insured both for buildings and furniture."
But now, from without, a trustworthy scout
Rushed hurriedly in, wet through to the skin,
Informing his master "The river was rising,
And flooding the ground in a way quite surprising!"
He'd no time to say more, for, already the roar
Of the waters was heard as they reached the church door,
While, high on the first wave that rolled in was seen,
Riding proudly, the form of the angry Lurline.

What she said to the knight, what she said to the bride,
What she said to the ladies who stood by her side,
What she said to the nice little boys in white clothes,
Oh, nobody mentions, for nobody knows;
For the roof tumbled in, and the walls tumbled out,
And the folks tumbled down, all confusion and rout,
The rain kept on pouring, the flood kept on roaring,
The billows and water-nymphs rolled more and more in;
Ere the close of the day all was clean washed away.

One only survived who could hand down the news,
A little old woman who opened the pews;
She was borne off, but stuck, by the greatest good luck,
In an oak tree, and there she hung crying and screaming,
And saw all the rest swallowed up the wild stream in.
In vain, all the week, did the fishermen seek
For the bodies, and poke in each cranny and creek; in vain was
their search,
They caught nothing but weed and perhaps a few perch.

VIVIEN.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

[Merlin, a famous magician of supernatural origin.]

THE Cornish king had heard a minstrel say
Lancelot worshipped not a maiden of the court,
But the great queen herself; then Vivien said
(Her seat was next to that of Mark, the king):
"And is the fair example followed, sir,
In Arthur's court?"
"Ay, truly, by some few, brave hearts
And pure, and yet, God guide them, young."
Mark answered: "Here are snakes within the grass;
And you, methinks, O Vivien, could make them sting."
And Vivien answered, smiling scornfully:
"Lo! I will go to Camelot, and bring thee back
The hearts of all this order in mine hand."

The wily Vivien stole to Arthur's court,
Cast herself down, knelt to the queen and cried:
"My father died in battle for thy king;
Oh, shelter me among thy maidens here!"
And Guinevere, the beautiful, replied:
"The king shall hear thy story; but this hour
We ride a-hawking with Sir Lancelot.
He hath given us a fair falcon, which he trained;
We go to prove it. Bide ye here the while."

And Vivien, half-forgotten of the queen,
Among her damsels broidering sat; heard, watched
And whispered. Then, as Arthur in the highest
Leavened the world, so Vivien in the lowest
Leavened his hall.
She set herself to gain
Him, the most famous man of all those times,

Merlin, whom people called the wizard,
With such a fixed devotion, that the old man
Would flatter his own wish in age for love,
And, spite of reason, half believe her true.

Then fell on Merlin a great melancholy.
So leaving Arthur's court he gained the beach;
And Vivien followed, but he marked her not;
For Merlin once had told her of a charm,
The which if any wrought on any one
With woven paces and with waving arms,
The man so wrought on ever lay as dead,
And lost to life and use and name and fame.
And Vivien ever sought to work the charm
Upon the great enchanter of the time,
As fancying that her glory would be great
According to his greatness whom she quenched.
A storm was coming, but the winds were still;
And in the wild woods of Broceliande,
At Merlin's feet the wily Vivien lay,
As if in deepest reverence and love.
She called herself a gilded summer fly
Caught in a great old tyrant's spider-web;
But rather seemed a lovely, baleful star
Veiled in gray vapor; till he sadly smiled.
"To what request, for what strange boon," he said,
"Are these your pretty tricks and fooleries,
O Vivien, the preamble? Yet my thanks
For these have broken up my melancholy,
And ask your boon, for boon I owe to you."

And Vivien answered, smiling mournfully:
"I ever feared you were not wholly mine,
Which makes me long still more to learn this charm
Of woven paces and of waving hands,
As proof of trust. O Merlin, teach it me!"
And Merlin loosed his hand from hers and said;

"I never was less wise, however wise,
Than when I told you first of such a charm.
But since I will not yield to give you power
Upon my life and use and name and fame,
Why will ye never ask some other boon?"
And Vivien, like a tender-hearted maid,
Made answer, either eyelid wet with tears:
"Nay, master, be not wrathful with me thus;
I feel no heart to ask another boon.
I think ye hardly know the tender rhyme
Of 'trust me not at all or all in all.'
I heard the great Sir Lancelot sing it once,
And it shall answer for me. Listen to it.

"'In love, if love be love, if love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers;
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute
That, by and by, will make the music mute,
And, ever widening, slowly silence all.

It is not worth the keeping; let it go.
But shall it? Answer, darling, answer no,
And trust me not at all or all in all.'"

And Merlin looked and half believed her true,
So tender was her voice, so fair her face;
And yet he answered, half indignantly:
"However well ye think ye love me now,
In some wild turn of anger, or a word
Of overstrained affection, you might try
This cunning charm on whom ye say ye love."

And Vivien answered, frowning as in wrath:
"Have I not sworn? I am not trusted. Good!
Well, hide it, hide it; I shall find it out;
And being found, take heed of Vivien."

Her words had issue other than she willed.
He muttered to himself: "Tell her the charm!
So, if she had it would she rail on me.
She shall not know it; I am weary of her."

He spoke in words part heard, in whispers part.
But Vivien, gathering somewhat of his mood,
Leapt from her place upon the ground in wrath.
Then her false voice made way, broken with sobs:
"Oh, cruel; there was nothing wild nor strange
Poor Vivien had not done to gain his trust,
Who thus had spoke to her; all her crime,
All, all, the wish to prove him wholly hers."
She paused, she turned away, she hung her head
In silence, while his anger slowly died
Within him, till he let his wisdom go
For ease of heart, and half believed her true.
Then he essayed, by tenderest, touching terms,
To sleek her ruffled peace of mind. She stood
Upright and flushed before him; then she said:
"Farewell, think kindly of me, for I go.
But ere I leave thee, let me swear once more
That if I schemed against thy peace in this,
May yon, just heaven, that darkens o'er me, send
One flash that, missing all things else, may make
My scheming brain cinder!"

Scarce had she spoke when, out of heaven, a bolt
Furrowed a giant oak above their heads.
And Vivien, fearing heaven had heard her oath,
And deafened with the stammering cracks and claps
That followed, flying back and crying out,
"O Merlin, though you do not love me, save,
Yet save me!" clung to him and wept aloud;
And called him dear protector in her fright.
She shook from fear, and for her fault she wept
Of petulancy. She called him lord and liege;

Till now the storm, its burst of passion spent,
Had left the ravaged woodland yet once more
To peace; for Merlin, overtalked and overworn,
Had yielded, told her all the subtle charm.
Then, in one moment, she put forth the charm
Of woven paces and of waving hands,
And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,
And lost to life and use and name and fame.

THE LADY IN COMUS.

JOHN MILTON.

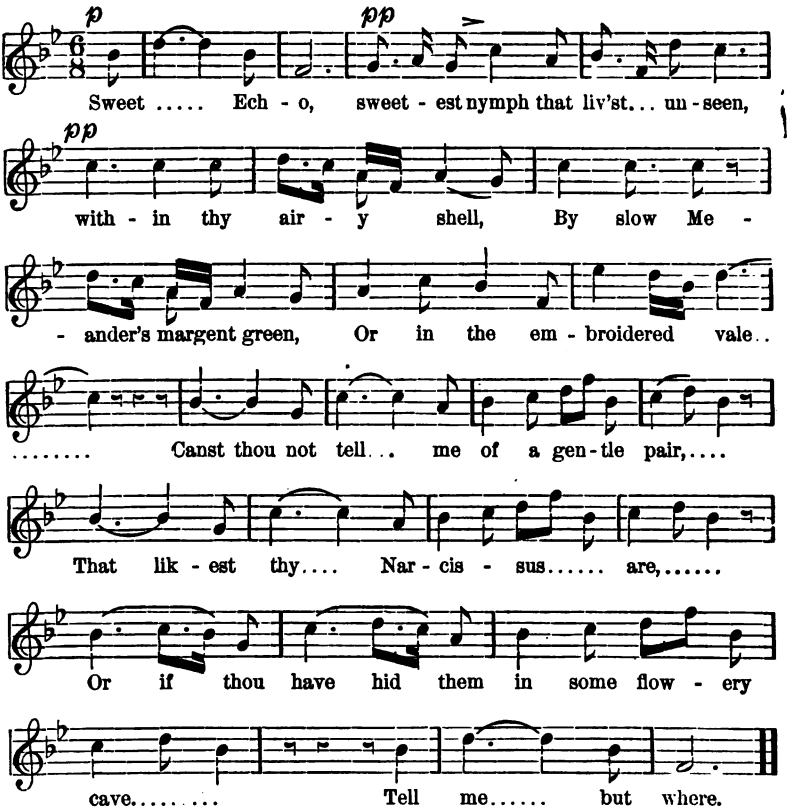
[*Scene:* A wild wood. Comus enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him, a rout of monsters headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistening. They come in, making a riotous noise, with torches in their hands. After delivering an address to his subjects and to the gods, Comus is surprised to hear a lady singing low and sweet music. His curiosity all awakened, he determines to discover the cause; and, moving a short distance from his dreadful cave, beholds a most beautiful woman, who, having become separated from her brothers, endeavored to call them back by her song. She became much alarmed by the strange sounds about her, and thus she spoke:]

LADY. This way the noise was, if my ear be true,
My best guide now; methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
Such as the jocund flute and gamesome pipe
Stir up among the loose, unlettered hinds,
When, for their teeming flocks and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth
To meet the rudeness and crude insolence
Of such late wassailers. Yet, oh! where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge

Under the spreading favor of these pines,
Stepped, as they said, to the next thicket side
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind, hospitable woods provide.
They left me, then, when the gray-hooded even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back
Is now the subject of my thoughts. Likeliest
They had engaged their wandering steps too far,
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me. Else, O thievish Night,
Why shouldst thou but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars
Which nature hung in heaven, and filled their lamps
To give light to the misled and lonely traveler?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife and perfect in my listening ear.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.
Oh, welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemished form of Chastity!
I see you visibly, and now believe that He,
The Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
To keep my life, my honor unassailed.
There, a sable cloud turns forth her silver lining
On the night, and casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
I cannot halloo to my brothers, but such noise
As I can make to be heard farthest I'll venture.

For my new-enlivened spirits prompt me,
And they, perhaps, are not far off:

[*Sings.*]



[*After her song, Comus, in the garb of a shepherd, addresses her.*]

COMUS. Hail, foreign wonder,
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan or Silvan, by blessed song
Forbidding every bleak, unkindly fog
To touch the prosp'rous growth of this tall wood.

LADY. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is addressed to unattending ears.
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my severed company,
Compelled me to awake the courteous echo
To give me answer from her mossy couch.
COMUS. What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?
LADY. Dim darkness and this leafy labyrinth.
COMUS. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?
LADY. They left me, weary, on a grassy turf.
COMUS. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?
LADY. To seek i' th' valley some cool, friendly spring.
COMUS. And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?
LADY. They were but twain, and purposed quick return.
COMUS. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.
LADY. How easy my misfortune is to hit!
COMUS. Were they of manly prime or youthful bloom?
LADY. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazored lips.
COMUS. Two such I saw.
I saw them under a green mantling vine,
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots.
If those you seek, to help you find them,
It were a journey like the path to heaven.
LADY. Gentle villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?
COMUS. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.
LADY. To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of starlight,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practiced feet.
COMUS. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourne from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighborhood;
I can conduct you, lady.

LADY. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offered courtesy. Lead on. . . .
[*Then Comus conducts her to an enchanted castle, and seats her in an enchanted chair; offers her his glass, which she puts by, and attempts to rise.*]
COMUS. Nay, lady, sit. If I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chained up in alabaster,
And you a statue.
LADY. Pr'ythee, do not boast;
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou hast immanacled, while heaven sees good.
COMUS. Why are you vexed, lady? Why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates
Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.
And, first, behold this cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm, and fragrant syrups mixed.
There is no such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst;
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tired all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted; this will restore all soon.
LADY. 'Twill not, false traitor!
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banished from thy tongue.
Hence with thy brewed enchantments, base deceiver!
Hast thou betrayed my credulous innocence
With visored falsehood and base forgery?
And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here
With liquorish baits, fit to ensnare a brute?
Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer.
COMUS. List, lady, be not coy.

Beauty is nature's boast, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship.
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languished head.
It is for homely features to keep home;
They had their name thence, they serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,
Love-darting eyes or tresses like the morn?
Think what, and be advised; you are but young yet.
* * * * Still more, one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits, and delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise and taste.

[*As Comus is thus pleading, the lady's brothers rush in, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground. The lady is finally rescued by a good spirit.*]

SPIRIT. Come, lady, while heaven lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursèd place,
Lest the sorcerer us entice,
With some other new device.
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide;
And not many furlongs thence
Is your father's residence,
Where this night are met in state,
Many a friend to gratulate
His kind presence; and, beside,
All the swains that near abide,
With jigs and rural dance resort.
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our gracious coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer.
Come, let us haste, the stars grow high;
Come, ere Night sits monarch in the sky.

[*Exeunt spirit, the two brothers and the lady.*]

THE WHITE SHIP.

DANTE G. ROSSETTI.

BY none but me can the tale be told,
The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.

'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,
Yet the tale can be told by none but me.

King Henry held it as life's whole gain,
That, after his death, his son should reign.

King Henry of England's realm was he,
And Henry, duke of Normandy.

All the chiefs of the English land
Had knelt and kissed the prince's hand.

And next, with his son, he sailed to France,
To claim the Norman allegiance;

And every baron in Normandy
Had taken the oath of fealty.

'Twas sworn and sealed, and the day had come
When the king and prince might journey home.

Stout Fitz-Stephen came to the king,
A mariner famous in sea-faring.

"The famed White Ship is mine in the bay;
From Harfleur's harbor she sails to-day,

"With masts fair pennoned as Norman spears,
And fifty well-tried mariners."

Quoth the king: "My ships are chosen, every one,
But I'll not say nay to Stephen's son,

"My son and daughter and fellowship
Shall cross the water in the White Ship."

The king set sail with the eve's south wind,
And soon he left the coast behind.

The prince and all his princely show
Remained, in the good White Ship to go.

With noble knights and ladies fair,
Courtiers, sailors, three hundred souls were there.

The prince was a lawless, shameless youth,
Without pity and without truth:

Eighteen years till then he had seen,
And full of sin they had been, I ween.

And now he cried: "Bring wine from below;
Let the sailors revel ere yet they row.

"Our speed shall take my father's flight,
Though we sail from the harbor at midnight."

The rowers made good cheer. Lords and ladies obeyed his beck;
The night was light and they danced on the deck.

And the prince cried: "Friends, 'tis the hour to sing;"
And under the winter stars their voices ring.

From brown throats, white throats, merry and strong,
The knights and ladies raised a song.

A song—nay, a shriek that sprang to the shock,
As the ship's keel felt the sunken rock.

A moment, the pilot snatched the prince 'mid the din,
Cut the boat loose, and the youth leaped in.

A few friends leaped with him, standing near.
"Row! the sea's smooth and the night is clear!"

'Twas then o'er the splitting bulwark's brim,
The prince's sister screamed to him.

He knew her face and heard her cry,
And he said: "Put back! she must not die!"

And back with the current's force they reel,
Like a leaf that's drawn to a water-wheel.

Low the poor ship leaned on the tide,
As the sister toiled to the brother's side.

But now from the ship some spied the boat,
And "Saved!" was the cry from many a throat.

Down to the boat they leaped and fell;
It turned—and nothing was there but the surge and the swell.

The prince that was, and the king to come,
There in an instant had gone to his doom.

God only knows where his soul did wake,
But I saw him die, for his sister's sake.

And who so bold that might tell the thing
Which now they knew to their lord, the king?

For still to all his court would he say:
"What keeps my son so long away?"

There he sat with a heart sore stirred;
And seldom he spoke, and seldom heard.

'Twas then through the hall the king was 'ware
Of a little boy with golden hair.

And the king wondered, and said: "Alack!
Who sends me a fair boy dressed in black?

"Why, sweetheart, do you pace through the hall
As though my court were a funeral?"

Then lowly knelt the child at the dais,
And looked up weeping in the king's face.

"Oh! wherefore black, O king, ye may say,
For white is the hue of death to-day.

"Your son and all his fellowship
Lie low in the sea with the White Ship."

King Henry fell, as a man struck dead,
And speechless still he stared from his bed.

There's many an hour must needs beguile
The king's high heart that he should smile.

Full many an hour in the pride of his reign;
But this king never smiled again.

MISS PINKERTON'S ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

WHILE the present century was in its teens, and on one sunshiny morning in June, there drove up to the great iron gate of Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies a large family coach, with two fat horses in blazing harness, driven by a fat coachman in a three-cornered hat and a wig, at the rate of four miles an hour. A black servant, who reposed on the box beside the fat coachman, uncurled his bandy legs as soon as the equipage drew up opposite Miss Pinkerton's shining brass-plate, and as he pulled the bell, at least a score of young heads were seen peering out of the narrow windows. Nay, the acute observer might have recognized the little red nose of good-natured Miss Jemima Pinkerton, rising over some geranium-pots in the window of that lady's own drawing-room.

"It is Mrs. Sedley's coach, sister," said Miss Jemima. "Sambo,

the black servant, has just rung the bell; and the coachman has a new red waistcoat."

"Have you completed all the necessary preparations incident to Miss Sedley's departure, Miss Jemima?" asked Miss Pinkerton.

"The girls were up at four this morning, packing her trunks, sister," replied Miss Jemima; "we have made her a bow-*ket*."

"Say a bouquet, sister Jemima; 'tis more genteel."

"Well, a booky as big almost as a haystack. I have put up two bottles of the gillyflower-water for Mrs. Sedley, and the receipt for making it, in Amelia's box."

"And I trust, Miss Jemima, you have made a copy of Miss Sedley's account. This is it, is it? Very good; ninety-three pounds, four shillings. Be kind enough to address it to John Sedley, Esquire, and to seal this billet which I have written to his lady."

In Miss Jemima's eyes an autograph letter of her sister's was an object of as deep veneration as would have been a letter from a sovereign. Only when her pupils quitted the establishment, or when they were about to be married, and once, when poor Miss Birch died of the scarlet fever, was Miss Pinkerton known to write personally to the parents of her pupils; and it was Jemima's opinion that if anything *could* console Mrs. Birch for her daughter's loss, it would be that pious and eloquent composition in which Miss Pinkerton announced the event. In the present instance Miss Pinkerton's billet was to the following effect:

"THE MALL, CHISWICK, June 15th, 18—.

"MADAM: After her six years' residence at the Mall, I have the honor and happiness of presenting Miss Amelia Sedley to her parents, as a young lady not unworthy to occupy a fitting position in their polished and refined circle. Those virtues which characterize the young English gentlewoman, those accomplishments which become her birth and station, will not be found wanting in the amiable Miss Sedley, whose industry and obedience have endeared her to her instructors, and whose delightful sweetness of temper has charmed her aged and youthful companions.

"In music, in dancing, in orthography, in every variety of embroidery and needle-work, she will be found to have realized her friends' fondest wishes. In geography there is still much to be

desired; and a careful and undeviating use of the backboard for four hours daily during the next three years is recommended as necessary to the acquirement of that dignified deportment and carriage so requisite for every young lady of fashion.

"In the principles of religion and morality, Miss Sedley will be found worthy of an establishment which has been honored by the presence of the great lexicographer and the patroness of the admirable Mrs. Chapone. In leaving the Mall, Miss Amelia carries with her the hearts of her companions and the affectionate regards of her mistress, who has the honor to subscribe herself,

"Madam,

"Your most obliged, humble servant,

"BARBARA PINKERTON."

"P. S.—Miss Sharp accompanies Miss Sedley. It is particularly requested that Miss Sharp's stay in Russell Square may not exceed ten days. The family of distinction with whom she is engaged desire to avail themselves of her services as soon as possible."

This letter completed, Miss Pinkerton proceeded to write her own name, and Miss Sedley's, in the fly-leaf of a Johnson's Dictionary,—the interesting work which she invariably presented to her scholars on their departure from the Mall. On the cover was inserted a copy of "Lines addressed to a young lady on quitting Miss Pinkerton's school, at the Mall; by the late revered Doctor Samuel Johnson." In fact, the lexicographer's name was always on the lips of this majestic woman, and a visit he had paid to her was the cause of her reputation and fortune.

Being commanded by her elder sister to get "the dictionary" from the cupboard, Miss Jemima had extracted two copies of the book from the receptacle in question. When Miss Pinkerton had finished the inscription in the first, Jemima, with rather a dubious and timid air, handed her the second.

"For whom is this, Miss Jemima?" said Miss Pinkerton, with awful coldness.

"For Becky Sharp," answered Jemima, trembling very much, and blushing over her withered face and neck, as she turned her back on her sister; "for Becky Sharp; she's going too."

"Miss Jemima!" exclaimed Miss Pinkerton, in the largest cap-

itals. "Are you in your senses? Replace the dictionary in the closet, and never venture to take such a liberty in future."

"Well, sister, it's only two and ninepence, and poor Becky will be miserable if she don't get one."

"Send Miss Sedley instantly to me," said Miss Pinkerton. And so, venturing not to say another word, poor Jemima trotted off, exceedingly flurried and nervous. Miss Sedley's papa was a merchant in London and a man of some wealth; whereas Miss Sharp was an articled pupil, for whom Miss Pinkerton had done, as she thought, quite enough, without conferring upon her at parting the high honor of the dictionary.

The flowers, and the presents, and the trunks and bonnet-boxes of Miss Sedley having been arranged by Mr. Sambo in the carriage, together with a very small and weather-beaten old cow-skin trunk with Miss Sharp's card neatly nailed upon it, which was delivered by Sambo with a grin and packed by the coachman with a corresponding sneer—the hour for parting came; and the grief of that moment was considerably lessened by the admirable discourse which Miss Pinkerton addressed to her pupil. Not that the parting speech caused Amelia to philosophize, or that it armed her in any way with a calmness the result of argument; but it was intolerably dull, pompous, and tedious, and having the fear of her schoolmistress greatly before her eyes, Miss Sedley did not venture, in her presence, to give way to any ebullitions of private grief. A seed cake and a bottle of wine were produced in the drawing-room, as on the solemn occasion of the visit of parents; and these refreshments being partaken of, Miss Sedley was at liberty to depart.

"You'll go in and say good-by to Miss Pinkerton, Becky!" said Miss Jemima to a young lady of whom nobody took any notice, and who was coming down-stairs with her own bandbox.

"I suppose I must," said Miss Sharp, calmly, and much to the wonder of Miss Jemima; and having knocked at the door and receiving permission to come in, Miss Sharp advanced in a very unconcerned manner, and said in French, with a perfect accent:

"*Mademoiselle, je viens vous faire mes adieux.*"

Miss Pinkerton did not understand French; she only directed

those who did. But biting her lips and throwing up her venerable and Roman-nosed head (on the top of which figured a large and solemn turban), she said, "Miss Sharp, I wish you a good-morning."

She waved one hand, both by way of adieu and to give Miss Sharp an opportunity of shaking one of the fingers of the hand, which was left out for that purpose. Miss Sharp only folded her own hands with a frigid smile and bow, and quite declined to accept the proffered honor; on which Semiramis tossed up her turban more indignantly than ever. In fact, it was a little battle between the young lady and the old one, and the latter was worsted.

"Heaven bless you, my child," said she, embracing Amelia, and scowling the while over the girl's shoulder at Miss Sharp.

"Come away, Becky," said Miss Jemima, pulling the young woman away in great alarm, and the drawing-room door closed upon them forever.

Then came the struggle and parting below. Words refuse to tell it. All the servants were there in the hall, all the dear friends, all the young ladies, and the dancing-master, who had just arrived; and there was such a scuffling, and hugging, and kissing, and crying, with the hysterical *yoops* of Miss Swartz, the parlor-boarder, from her room, as no pen can depict and as the tender heart would fain pass over. The embracing was over; they parted—that is, Miss Sedley parted from her friends. Miss Sharp had demurely entered the carriage some minutes before. Nobody cried for her leaving. Sambo of the bandy-legs slammed the carriage-door on his young weeping mistress. He sprang up behind the carriage.

"Stop!" cried Miss Jemima, rushing to the gate with a parcel. "It's some sandwiches, my dear," said she to Amelia. "You may be hungry, you know; and Becky—Becky Sharp, here's a book for you that my sister—that is I—Johnson's Dictionary, you know; you mustn't leave us without that. Good-by. Drive on, coachman. God bless you!"

And the kind creature retreated into the garden, overcome with emotion. But lo! just as the coach drove off, Miss Sharp put her face out of the window, and actually flung the book back into the garden. This almost caused Jemima to faint with terror.

"Well, I never!" said she; "what an audacious—" Emotion prevented her from completing either sentence.

The carriage rolled away; the great gates were closed; the bell rang for the dancing-lesson. The world is before the two young ladies; and so, farewell to Chiswick Mall.

THE WITCHES' FROLIC.

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

THOU may'st have read, my little boy Ned,
In Doctor Goldsmith's history book,
Of good King James, in great trunk breeches,
Who held in abhorrence tobacco and witches.

Well, then, in good King James's days there
Stood a ruin; just in the furthermost angle, where
Are still the remains of a winding-stair,
One turret especially high in air
Upreared its tall, gaunt form.
Alone it stood: though to the pitiless storm,
Its weaker brethren all around
Bowing in ruin had strewed the ground.

One night, 'twas in sixteen hundred and six,
(I like, when I can, the date to fix,)
The month was May, though I can't well say,
At this distance of time, the particular day.
But oh! that night, that horrible night!
Folks afterward said ne'er was seen such a sight.

The sun had gone down leaving lurid track
Of blood-red light upon clouds of black.
Then came a shrill and a whistling sound,
Above, beneath, beside and around;

And then a hollow, moaning blast
Came sounding more dismal still than the last;
And the lightning flashed and the thunder growled,
And louder and louder the tempest howled.

Rob Gilpin was a citizen who, though of some renown,
Was of no great credit in his own or any other town.
Now this very day Rob had made
An appointment with Miss Slade,
Their trysting-place that same gray ruin.

But Gertrude Slade became afraid,
And to keep her appointment unwilling,
When she spied the rain on her window-pane,
In drops as big as a shilling;
She put off her hat and mantle again,
Saying, "He'll ne'er expect me in all this rain!"

But little Rob recks of the fears of her sex,
Or that maiden false to her tryst could be;
He had stood there a good half-hour,
Ere yet had commenced that perilous shower,
Alone by the trysting-tree.

The storm came at last: loud roared the blast,
And the shades of evening fell thick and fast.
Rob was half dead with cold and with fright,
When he spies in the ruin a twinkling light;
A hop, two skips, and a jump, and straight
Robs stands within the postern gate.

One, two, three gossips were sitting there;
Two were an ill-favored pair,
But the third was young and passing fair,
With laughing eyes and coal-black hair.
As they sat in that old and haunted room
In each one's hand was a huge birch broom;
On each one's head was a steeple-crowned hat;
On each one's knee was a coal-black cat,

"Now riddle me, riddle me right, Madge Gray,
What foot unhallowed wends this way?
Goody Price, Goody Price, now read me right,
Who roams the old ruin this drearisome night?"
Then up she spake both loud and clear,
"Oh, be it for weal, or be it for woe,
Enter friend, or enter foe,
Rob Gilpin is welcome here!"

"Now tread we a measure," quoth she,
"Roving Rob, tread a measure with me."
Around they go, around and around,
With a hop, skip, and jump, and frolicsome bound.
"Goody Price, Goody Price, now riddle me right,
Where may we sup this frolicsome night?"

"Old Sir Thopas, the vicar, has dainty cheer,
A pastry made of the good red deer,
A huge grouse pie and a fine Florentine,
A fat roast goose, a turkey and chine."
"Then away to Sir Thopas without delay,
Where we shall best sing our roundelay.
Hey cockalorum! Away! Away!"

Old Goody Price her broomstick mounts;
Quick follows like winking old Goody Jones;
Knees and nose in a line, away go the crones,
Latest and last goes the damsel Madge Gray:
"Dost fear, Rob Gilpin, to ride with me?"
Rob seizes and mounts on a broomstick, too;
"Hey up the chimney, lass! hey after you!"

Old Sir Thopas is fast asleep, but he snores no more,
As he's aye been accustomed to snore before;
For thrice on his ear, distinct but clear,
Falls a voice as of some one whispering near,
"Hey, through the chimney-top! hey, after you!"
Oh, 'twas a jovial sight to view,

In that snug little cellar, that frolicsome crew.
"Now pledge me a health! a health!
Sweet are the pleasures obtained by stealth!
Here's to thee, Goody Price! Goody Jones to thee!
To thee! roving Rob! and again to me!"

Now Rob stands up to give a toast of his own:
"Here's a health to old Noah, who planted the vine,
And gave to us all the ruby red wine!"
But just as he spoke, the party seemed almost to choke,
And every soul in the house that instant awoke.
And hark! what accents, clear and strong,
To the listening throng seemed floating along:
"On! on to the cellar without delay!
On! on to the cellar, away, away!"

Conceive the dismay of the party so gay,
Old Goody Jones, Goody Price and Madge Gray,
When, the door bursting wide, they descried
Allied troops roll in like a tide.

Quick from the view away they all flew,
With a yell and a screech and a hullabaloo.
All are gone save one, Robin alone,
Who has now no notion of locomotion,
Save to kick right and left the party who bore him away,
With upstarting locks and tumbled array.

Next morn the squire, in his large arm-chair
Leaning back with a grave, ministerial air,
Gave a sign to bring in the culprit. The evidence is clear;
He was caught in the cellar, and, there's reason to fear,
With companions, to say but the least, very queer.
The face of his worship grows grave; Rob gazes around,
But no glance sympathetic to cheer him is found.
No glance, did I say? Yes, one; Madge Gray's near by,
And she gave him one glance from her coal-black eye;

Madge mounts on the broomstick: "Sir Justice, adieu;
Mount, mount for your life, Rob, there's room here for you!"
Through the air they ride as if in a chair,
While the party below stand, mouth open, and stare.

Of what befell Madge Gray I never heard tell;
But Robin was found that noon on the ground,
In yon old gray ruin, safe and sound.
Now, little boy Ned, remember my tale and the moral it teaches:
Beware of old ruins, banquetings and witches.
Above all, don't run after black eyes. If you do,
Old Nick some fine morning will "Hey after you!"

THE TURTLES.

THOMAS HOOD.

ONE day, it was before a civic dinner,
Two London aldermen, no matter which—
Cordwainer, girdler, pattern-maker, skinner,—
But both were florid, corpulent and rich,
And both right fond of festive demolition,
Set forth upon a secret expedition.
Not to Pudding Lane, Pie Corner, or the Street
Of Bread, or Grub, or anything to eat
Or drink, as milk, or vintry, but to that more aquatic quarter,
Where folks take water;
Or, bound on voyages, secure a berth
For Calais, Boulogne, or any port on earth!

Jostled and jostling through the mud,
Peculiar to the town of Lud,
Down narrow streets and crooked lanes they dived,
Past many a gusty avenue, through which
Came yellow fog and smell of pitch

From barge and boat and dusky wharf derived;
With darker fumes, brought eddying by the draught,
From loco-smoko-motive craft;
Tea, coffee, sugar, pickles, rosin, wax,
Hides, tallow, Russia matting, hemp and flax,
Salt cod, red herrings, sprats and kippered salmons,
Nuts, oranges and lemons.
Each pungent spice and aromatic gum,
Gas, pepper, soap-lees, brandy, gin and rum;
A-la-mode beef and greens, the London soil,
Glue, coal, tobacco, turpentine and oil,—
In short, all whiffs and sniffs and puffs and snuffs,
From metals, minerals, and dye-wood stuffs,
That, as we walk upon the river's ridge,
Assault the nose—below the bridge.

But on, and on, and on,
In spite of all unsavory shocks,
Progress the stout Sir Peter and Sir John,
Steadily steering ship-line for the docks—
And now they reach a place not fit for muse's wooing,
The famous gate of Billing, that does not lead to cooing.
At last, before a lofty brick-built pile,
Sir Peter stopped, and with mysterious smile,
Tinkled a bell that served to bring
The wire-drawn genius of the ring,
A species of commercial Samuel Weller,
To whom Sir Peter said: "Show us the cellar."

Obsequious bowed the man, and led the way
Down sundry flights into a cellar damp,
Where windows small let in a dingy ray;
Walls venerable cobwebs fringed, a cellar of that stamp
Which harbors vintages renowned; but to be veracious,
That cobwebbed cellar, damp, dark and spacious,
Held nothing crusty—but crustaceous.

Prone on the chilly floor, five splendid turtles, such a five!
Natives of some West Indian shore, were flapping all alive,
Late landed from the Jolly Planter's yawl,
A sight whereon the dignitaries fixed
Their eager eyes, with ecstasy unmixed,
Like fathers that behold their infants crawl,
Enjoying every little kick and sprawl.
Nay, far from fatherly the thoughts they bred;
The aldermen too plainly wished them dead!
"There's," cried Sir Peter, with an air
Triumphant as an ancient victor's,
And pointing to the creatures, rich and rare,
"There's picters!
Talk of Olympic games! The prize for wrestling when Jack
Can throw a lively turtle on its back!"

"Ay!" cried Sir John with no classical symposium,
"There's food for gods! There's nectar! There's ambrosium!
There's food for Roman emperors to eat;
Oh, there had been a treat
(Those ancient names will sometimes hobble us),
For Heliogobble—us!
There were a feast for Alexander's Feast!
The real sort; none of your mock or spurious!
Talk of your spring and verdure and all that;
Give *me* green fat!
As for your poets with their groves of myrtles
And billing turtles,
Give me for poetry these turtles there,
A-billing in a bill of fare.
Of all the things I ever swallow
Good well-dressed turtle beats them hollow."
His mouth was watering and he worked his jaw,
"I almost think I could eat one raw!"

And thus, as "inward love breeds outward talk,"
The portly pair continued to discourse;

And then—as Gray describes of life's divorce,
With "longing, lingering look" prepared to walk,
Having through one delighted sense at least,
Enjoyed a sort of Barmecidal feast,
And with prophetic gesture strange to see,
Forestalled the civic banquet yet to be!
A pleasant prospect—but, alack!
Scarcely each alderman had turned his back,
Ere, having learned they were so delicious to bite and sup,
The turtles fell to work and ate each other up!

MORAL.

Never from folly or urbanity
Praise people thus profusely to their faces,
Till quite in love with their own graces,
They are eaten up by vanity.

THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

MARY FLETCHER.

IN the pleasant land of Canaan, dwelt the giant Offero;
Full of prowess was this warrior, mighty with the sword and bow.
All his life had he been seeking service with a mighty king;
To the greatest earthly monarch, he would ready service bring.
Now, he knew not Christ nor Satan, for a heathen man was he,
But he saw the king, his master, sometimes pause and bend his knee;
And at the name of Satan, he would cross himself in fear,
And he told his giant bearer that he felt him very near.

Then up spake the stalwart giant: "He, my master, must not know
What it is to fear or tremble at the name of any foe;

So I leave your service straightway, and I journey till I find
If this stronger king and wiser shall be more unto my mind."
So he wandered, seeking Satan up and down the mountain steep,
Far across the trackless desert, through lone forests, still and deep;
And he rested not, nor faltered, till the arch-fiend he had found,
And he bowed himself before him, with his face upon the ground,

Crying out: "I lie before thee, prostrate in the very dust;
May my right hand fail if ever it prove recreant to its trust."
Then the subtle, wily tempter answered: "Join my ranks, I pray;
I have need of loyal servants, and I welcome you, to-day."
So they journeyed on together, striding o'er the sunny land,
Past the shining wastes of deserts, with its heaps of golden sand,
Till, a-near an ancient city, they paused to rest and drink
From a little wayside fountain, with a cross above its brink.

Just a little cross of carving, with a figure graven there,
Yet to drink at that pure fountain, even Satan did not dare.
"Ah! my master," quoth the giant, "I have loved thy service well;
Yet before that cross thou tremblest, and the reason thou must tell."
"Ay, I tremble," answered Satan. "On that cross the Saviour died;
He, the Lord of earth and heaven, greater than all kings beside,
Now is crowned with might and glory, seated on His Father's throne,
With both earth and hell beneath Him; this is Christ, whose power I own."

"Then I leave thee," said the giant, "and I seek the Holy One;
He shall be the King, my Father, and I will be His son."
Then he left the arch-deceiver, and he journeyed far and wide,
Asking where to find this Saviour who for love of sinners died.
Then an ancient hermit met him, journeying on his weary way,
And he taught the giant bearer how to Jesus he must pray;
Taught him of the great All-Father who is pitiful and kind,
And the scales dropped from his vision, and he saw, who once was blind.

Longed he then great deeds of daring, love and fealty to bring
To the feet of this new Master, Christ, the Lord, who was his King.
"Knowest thou a deep, wide river," asked the hermit, old and gray,
"Rushing down between dark chasms, cleaving through the rocks its way?
Strong and rapid is the current, and upon its dreary shore
Many pause and shrink affrighted, daring not to venture o'er.
Thou canst aid them, mighty giant, thou canst lend a helping hand,
And if Christ, the Master, will it, thou canst bring them safe to land."

So went Offero, rejoicing, crossed the rushing, swollen tide,
Built a simple hut of branches, and became the pilgrims' guide.
Many fainting souls he strengthened, many saved from death and loss,
And all the time before him rose the figure on the cross;
Rose the figure, fair and saintly, deep the wounds in hands and feet,
With a face of wondrous beauty, and a smile both pure and sweet.
"Thou art doing well, brave giant, keep thy faith in Him who died;"
These the words that sounded ever clear above the roaring tide.

Now, one night, as he was sleeping in his hut beside the stream,
Faintly calling, calling, calling, broke a voice upon his dream.
"Offero," it still kept calling, "wake at once, good Offero,
Carry me across the river; thou canst bear me safe, I know."
Now the waves were tossing wildly, and the wind was fierce and high;
Yet above the roar of tempest floated down that childish cry,—
"I am weary," it kept calling, "I am weary of the fight;
Come and bear me safely over in your giant arms, to-night."

"I am coming," called the bearer, "I am coming to your aid
With my good and trusty palm-staff; little one, be not afraid."

Then the angry cloud just parted, and a trembling moonbeam shone
Down upon the foaming waters; struggled there a child alone.
Then he caught the little stranger, laid the golden head to rest,
Wound his giant arms about him, folded him upon his breast.
"Courage," said the stalwart giant, "I will bring you safe to shore;"
But the child made never answer, only clinging as before.

And the waves rose higher, and the burden heavier grew;
Scarcely 'gainst the angry current could the giant struggle through.
But he toiled on, breasting bravely angry wind and foaming tide,
And with the aid of his good palm-staff safely reached the farther side.
"Ah, whom have I borne?" he murmured; "who is it my strength has tried?"
And the child looked up and answered: "'Tis the Lord, who for thee died.
Long hast thou deserved to see Me, long deserved thy love to prove.
Know to-night that thou hast borne Me, and I bless thee with My love.

"Plant thy palm staff, now, good bearer, here upon the solid earth,
And the tender shoots uprising shall be type of thy new birth."
And at the instant's bidding budded forth the tender green,
Clustering dates hung from its branches, stranger sight was never seen.
Then the angry wind was silenced, and a voice both sweet and low
Whispered, "He who bore the Saviour must be called Christ Offero."
But the little child had vanished, and alone, as heretofore,
Stood the giant by the river, gazing on the other shore.

Still in quaint old German cities, on the hillsides clad with vine,
In the castle and the hamlet and along the flowing Rhine,
When the quiet summer sunsets die along the glowing west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing, lean upon the mother's breast,
Is the legend oft repeated: rich and poor and high and low
Tell the children how the giant's name became Christ Offero.

THE DEATH OF ROLAND.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

[According to tradition, Roland was a nephew of Charlemagne, and was slain with the flower of the Frankish chivalry at the disastrous fight of Roncesvalles. Through all the legends of the times he figures as the great exemplar of mediæval chivalry, and reference to his great sword Adalmar is very frequently made.]

DEAD was Gerard the fair, the girl-mouthed, the gay,
Who jested with the foe he slung his sword to slay;
Dead was the giant Guy, big-hearted, small of brain;
Dead was Sanche, with his hunch-back slit in twain;
Dead was the old hawk Luz, and sleeping by his side
His twin sons, Charles, the fleet, and Pierre, the serpent-eyed;
Dead was Antoine, the same who swore to speak no word
Till five-score heathen heads fell by his single sword;
Dead was the wise Gerin, who gript both spear and pen;
Sansun was dead, Gereir was dead, dead were the mighty men!
Then Roland felt his sense return, and stirred and cried;
Felt down if Adalmar lay safe against his side.
Crawling unto his knees, shivering in the cold,
He loosed his helm, and, dimly gleaming, down it rolled,
And darkly his dim eyes distinguished things around,
The mute and moveless shapes asleep upon the ground;
A helm glittering dim, a sword-hilt twinkling red,
A white steed quivering beside a warrior, dead.
And no one stirred; behind, the hills loomed dim,
And in the west, the moon with red and wasting rim.

Then Roland cried aloud: "If living man there be
Among these heaps of slain, let that man answer me!"
And no soul spake. The wind crept chilly over all,
But no man felt it creep, or heard the leader call.
Then Roland's mighty heart was heavy with its woes,
When fitfully, across the fields, faint radiance rose;

And as the thick flame cleared, and the black smoke swam higher,
There loomed beyond a shape like one girt round with fire!
Then, like a bruisèd worm, weary he stepped and slow,
Straining his fevered eyes lest the sweet ghost should go;
But coming near, the gleam beheld the godly man,
Turpin, the archbishop, unhelmed and gaunt and wan,—
Gripping with tremulous hand the ivory cross, sat he,
Clad head to heel in snow-white mail, close by a tree.

And when on hands and knees the stricken chief came near,
The bishop raised the cross, and greeted his comrade dear;
And Roland's heart swelled high, and tears were on his cheek;
He touched the blessèd cross, and smiled but did not speak;
While, "Glory be to God!" the bishop faintly said;
"Thou livest, kinsman dear, though all the rest be dead!
For while I lingered here and listened for a sound,
And in the dim red moon beheld the dead around,
Thinking I heard a cry, I sought to cry again,
But all my force had fled, and I was spent with pain;
When, peering round, I saw this heathen at my heel,
And searched his leathern scrip for flint and steel;
Then crawled, though swooning-sick, and found his charger gray;
And searching in the bags found withered grass and hay,
And made a fire, a sign for thee, whoe'er thou wert,
But fainted when it blazed, for I am sorely hurt."
Then those brave chiefs wrung hands; and, as the crimson flare
Died out and all was dark, the bishop said a prayer.

Then Roland searched around, dipping his hands in blood,
Till, in a henchman's pack, he found a torch of wood;
And taking flint and steel, blew his breath, and lo!
The torch blazed bright, and all grew crimson in the glow.
Then into Turpin's hands he set that beacon bright
Who, glittering like fire, sat looming in the light;
And crept across the mead, into the dark again,
And felt the faces of the dead, seeking the mighty men.

And, one by one, he found each well-belovèd head,
Sought out the mighty chiefs among the drifts of dead.

And Roland stooping touched the brow of Olivier,
Smoothing the silken hair behind the small white ear,
And cried: "Ah, woe is me that we should ever part!"
And kissed him on the clay-cold lips with aching heart.
Then Turpin groped for Roland's heart, and felt it faintly beat,
And feeling on the earth, he found the wine-flask sweet;
And, fainting with the toil, slaked not his own great drouth,
But, shivering, held the flask to Roland's gentle mouth.
E'en then his soul shot up, and in its mailèd steel,
The corse sank back; the gallant spirit had to yield.

The frosty wind awakened Roland from his swound,
And gathering strength, he rose and looked around,
And saw the bishop dear lying a length close by,—
Touched him, found him cold, then uttered a great cry.
Anon peering to the east, through the thick vaporous steam,
He spied a naked wood close by a running stream.
Thirsting full sore, he rose, and thither did he hie,
Faintly, and panting hard, because his end was nigh.
But first, stooping he loosed from Turpin's finger cold,
The cross inlaid with gems and wrought with gold,
And bore the holy cross aloft in one weak hand,
And, with the other, trailed great Adalmar, his brand.
Thus wearily he came into the woody place,
And bending to the stream, therein he bathed his face;
And, in the pleasant cold, let fall his great black curls,
Then swung his head up, damp with the dewy pearls;
And, while the black blood spouted in a burning jet,
He loosed the bandage of his wound and made it wet;
Wringing the silken folds, making them free from gore,
Then placed them cool upon the wound once more.
And sweetly Roland smiled, thinking, "Since death is nigh,
In sooth, I know no gentler place where man could die!"

Whereon he heard a cry, a crash of breaking boughs,
And, from the thicket wild, leapt one with painted brows;
Half naked, glistening grim, with oily limbs, he came;
His long-nailed fingers curled, his bloodshot eyes aflame.
Shrieking in his own tongue, as on the chief he flew:
"Yield thee thy sword of fame, and thine own flesh also!"
Then Roland gazed and frowned, and, though nigh to death,
Sat still, and gathered all his strength in one great breath;
Prayed swiftly to the saints he served in former days;
With right hand clutched the sword he was too weak to raise,
And, in the left, swung up the cross, and, shrieking hoarse,
Between the eyebrows smote the foe with all his force;
Yea, smote him to the brain, crashing through skin and bone,
And prone the heathen fell, as heavy as a stone!
But Roland kissed the cross, and, smiling, backward fell,
And on the hollow air his laugh rang like a funeral knell.

And Roland thought: "I surely die; but, ere I end,
Let me be sure *thou* art ended too, oh, friend!"
Then to the marble steps, under the tall, bare trees,
Trailing the mighty sword, he crawled on hands and knees.
And, on the slimy stone he struck the blade with might,
The bright hilt sounding shook, the blade flashed sparks of light;
Ten times he struck, and threw strange echoes down the glade,
Yet still unbroken, sparkling fire, glittered the peerless blade!

Then Roland wept, and set his face against the stone:
"Ah, woe! I shall not rest, though cold be flesh and bone!"
And sickness seized his soul to die such cheerless death,
When on his naked neck he felt a touch, like breath,
And did not stir, but thought, "O God, that madest me,
And shall my sword of fame brandished by heathens be?
And shall I die accursed beneath a heathen's heel,
Too spent to slay the slave whose hated breath I feel?"
Then, clinching teeth, he turned to look upon the foe,
His bright eye growing dim with coming death, and lo!

His life shot up in fire, his heart arose again,
For no unhallowed face loomed on his dying ken,
No heathen breath he felt, though he beheld, indeed,
The white arched neck, and round brown eyes of his good steed!
And pressing his moist cheek on his who gazed beneath,
Curling the upper lip to show the large white teeth,
The white horse, quivering, looked with luminous eye,
Then waved his streaming mane, and uttered a great cry.

And Roland's bitterness was spent;—he laughed, he smiled,
He clasped his darling's neck, wept like a little child:
"Ah, never more, no, never more, shall we sweet comrades be,
And, good steed, had I the heart to die forgetting thee?
To leave thy brave, bright heart to break in slavery to the foe?
I had not rested in the grave, if it had ended so!
Ah, never shall we conquering ride, with banners bright unfurled,
A shining light 'mong lesser lights, a wonder to the world!"
And the steed neighed low, breathing on him who died;
Wild rocked his strong, sad heart beneath his silken side;
Tears rolled from his brown eyes upon his master's cheek,
While Roland, gathering strength, though worn and weak,
Held up the glittering point of Adalmar, the brand,
And, at his comrade's heart drove with his dying hand;
And the black blood sprang forth, while, heavily as lead,
With shivering silken side, the mighty steed fell—dead.

Then Roland, for his eyes with frosty film were dim,
Groped for his friend, crept close, and smiled, embracing him;
And, pillowed on his neck, kissing the pure white hair,
Clasped Adalmar, the brand, and tried to say a prayer.
And that he conquering died, wishing all men to know,
Set firm his lips and turned his face toward the foe,
Then closed his eyes and slept, and never woke again.
Roland is dead, the gentle knight! dead is the crown of men!

DEATH OF MARY STUART.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

HER last night was a busy one. As she said herself, there was much to be done, and the time was short. A few lines to the king of France were dated two hours after midnight. They were to insist for the last time that she was innocent of conspiracy; and to beg that out of the sum which he owed her, her servants' wages might be paid, and masses provided for her soul. After this she slept for three or four hours, then rose and with the most elaborate care prepared to encounter the end.

At eight o'clock in the morning, the provost-marshal knocked at the outer door which communicated with her suite of apartments. It was locked and no one answered, and he went back in some trepidation lest the fears which had been entertained might prove true. On returning with the sheriff, a few minutes later, the door was open, and they were confronted with the tall, majestic figure of Mary Stuart, standing before them in splendor. The plain gray dress had been exchanged for a robe of black satin; her jacket was of black satin also, looped and slashed and trimmed with velvet. Her hair was arranged with a coif, and over her head and falling down over her back was a white veil of delicate lawn. Led by two gentlemen, the sheriff walking before her, she passed to the chamber in which she had been tried, where Shrewsbury, Kent, Paulet, and others were waiting to receive her. Andrew Melville, Sir Robert's brother, who had been master of her household, was kneeling in tears.

"Melville," she said, "you should rather rejoice than weep that the end of my troubles is come. Commend me to my son. Tell him I have done nothing to prejudice his kingdom of Scotland, and so, good Melville, farewell."

Turning, she asked for her chaplain. He was not present. Her

ladies, who had attempted to follow her, had been kept back also. Missing them, she asked the reason of their absence, and said she wished them to see her die. Kent said he feared they might scream, or faint, or attempt to dip their handkerchiefs in her blood. She undertook that they should be quiet and obedient. "The queen," she said, "would never deny her so slight a request." It was impossible to refuse. She was allowed to take six of her own people with her. She chose her physician Burgoyne, Andrew Melville, the apothecary Gorion, and her surgeon, with two ladies, Elizabeth Kennedy and Curle's young wife, Barbara Mowbray, whose child she had baptized.

"*Allons donc*," she then said—"Let us go;" and, passing out, attended by the earls and leaning on the arm of an officer of the guard, she descended the great staircase to the hall. Thousands of people were collected outside the walls. About three hundred knights and gentlemen of the country had been admitted to witness the execution.

The tables and forms had been removed, and a great wood-fire was blazing in the chimney. At the upper end of the hall, above the fire-place, stood the scaffold, twelve feet square and two feet and a half high. It was covered with black cloth; a low rail ran round it covered with black cloth also, and the sheriff's guard of halberdiers were ranged on the floor below, on the four sides, to keep off the crowd. On the scaffold was the block, black like the rest; a square black cushion was placed behind it, and behind the cushion a black chair; on the right were two other chairs for the earls. The axe leant against the rail, and two masked figures stood like mutes on either side at the back. The Queen of Scots, as she swept in, seemed as if coming to take part in some solemn pageant. Not a muscle of her face could be seen to quiver; she ascended the scaffold with absolute composure, looked round her smiling, and sat down. Shrewsbury and Kent followed and took their places; the sheriff stood at her left hand, and Beale then mounted a platform and read the warrant aloud. In all the assembly Mary Stuart appeared the person least interested in the words which were consigning her to death.

"Madam," said Lord Shrewsbury to her, when the reading was ended, "you hear what we are commanded to do."

"You will do your duty," she answered, and rose as if to kneel and pray.

The dean of Peterborough, Dr. Fletcher, approached the rail. "Madam," he began, with a low obeisance, "the queen's most excellent majesty"—thrice he commenced his sentence, wanting words to pursue it. When he repeated the words a fourth time, she cut him short.

"Mr. Dean," she said, "it is useless to attempt to move me, and your prayers will avail me but little."

"Change your opinion, madam," he cried, his tongue being loosed at last; "repent of your sins, settle your faith in Christ, by Him to be saved."

"Trouble not yourself further, Mr. Dean," she answered. "I am settled in my own faith, for which I mean to shed my blood."

"That image of Christ you hold there," said Kent, "will not profit you if He be not engraved in your heart."

She did not reply, and turning her back on Fletcher, knelt. He commenced an extempore prayer in which the assembly joined. As his voice sounded out in the hall, she raised her own, reciting with powerful, deep-chested tones the penitential Psalms in Latin, introducing English sentences at intervals, that the audience might know what she was saying.

"Even as Thy arms, O Jesus," she cried, "were spread upon the cross, so receive me into Thy mercy and forgive my sins."

With these words she rose; the black mutes stepped forward, and in the usual form begged her forgiveness.

"I forgive you," she said, "for now I hope you shall end all my troubles."

They offered their help in arranging her dress.

"Truly, my lords," she said with a smile to the earls, "I never had such grooms waiting on me before."

Her ladies were allowed to come upon the scaffold to assist her; for the work to be done was considerable, and had been prepared with uncommon thought. She laid her crucifix on her chair.

The chief executioner took it as a perquisite, but was ordered instantly to lay it down. The lawn veil was lifted carefully off and hung upon the rail. The black robe was next removed. Below it was a petticoat of crimson velvet. The black jacket followed, and under the jacket was a body of crimson satin. One of her ladies handed her a pair of crimson sleeves, with which she hastily covered her arms; and thus she stood on the black scaffold, with black figures all around her, blood-red from head to foot. Her reasons for adopting so extraordinary a costume must be left to conjecture. It is only certain that it must have been carefully studied, and that the pictorial effect must have been appalling.

The women, whose firmness had hitherto borne the trial, began now to give way, spasmodic sobs bursting from them which they could not check.

"*Ne criez vous,*" she said; "*j'ai promis pour vous.*"

Struggling bravely, they crossed their breasts again and again, she crossing them in turn and bidding them pray for her. Then she knelt on the cushion. Barbara Mowbray bound her eyes with a handkerchief.

"Adieu," she said, smiling for the last time and waving her hand to them, "Adieu, au revoir."

They stepped back from off the scaffold and left her alone. On her knees she repeated the Psalm, "*In te Domine, confido,*"—"In Thee, O Lord, have I put my trust."

When the Psalm was finished, she felt for the block, and bowing her head muttered: "*In manus, Domine tuas, commendo animam meam.*"

The hard wood seemed to hurt her, for she placed her hands under her neck. The executioners gently removed them, lest they should deaden the blow, then one of them holding her slightly, the other raised the axe and struck. The scene had been too trying even for the practiced headsman of the Tower. His arm wandered. The blow fell on the knot of the handkerchief, and scarcely broke the skin. She neither spoke nor moved. He struck again, this time effectively. And at once a metamorphosis was witnessed, strange as was ever wrought of fabled enchanter. The lady who

knelt before the block was in the maturity of grace and loveliness. The executioner, when he raised the head to show it to the crowd, exposed the withered features of a wrinkled old woman.

"So perish all enemies of the queen," said the dean of Peterborough.

Orders had been given that everything which she had worn should be immediately destroyed, that no relics should be carried off. Sentinels stood at the doors, who allowed no one to pass out without permission; and after the first pause, the earls still keeping their places, her body was removed. It then appeared that a favorite lap-dog had followed its mistress unperceived, and was concealed under her clothing. When discovered, it gave a short cry, and seated itself between the head and neck, from which the blood was still flowing. Then beads, paternoster, handkerchief, each particle of dress which the blood had touched, with the cloth on the block and on the scaffold, was burnt in the hall-fire in the presence of the crowd.

The scaffold itself was next removed; a brief account of the execution was drawn up, with which Henry Talbot, Lord Shrewsbury's son, was sent to London, and every one was dismissed. Silence settled down on Fotheringay, and the last scene of the life of Mary Stuart, in which tragedy and melodrama were so strangely intermingled, was over.

THE OLD SLAVE'S LAMENT.

DAR was singin', dar was dancin', in de cabins long ago,
An' cotton growin' in de fields as white as northern snow.
In massa's house lights twinkled, an' de young folks danced, ho! ho!
Like ob dose times ole Pete will neber know.

Spec de birds do all de singin', an' de sunshine all de dancin', on de floor!
An' de lights go twinkle, twinkle, in ole massa's house no more.
Ole Pete is sometimes hungry, but he'll let de chilluns know
Dar was singin', dar was dancin', in de cabins long ago.

THE ARMADA.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise;
I sing of the thrice famous deeds she fought in ancient days;
When that great fleet, invincible, against her bore, in vain,
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts in Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer's day,
There came a gallant merchant ship full sail to Plymouth bay;
The crew had seen Castile's black fleet beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van by God's especial grace;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard, at every gun, was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecomb's lofty hall.
Many a light fishing-bark put out, to pry along the coast;
And with loose rein and bloody spur, rode inland many a post.

With his white hair, unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums.
The yeomen round the market cross, make clear and ample space,
For there behooves him to set up the banner of her grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gayly dance the bells,
As slow upon the laboring wind the royal blazon swells.
Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, sir knight! ho! scatter flowers, fair maids!
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute! ho, gallants! draw your blades!
Thou, sun, shine on her gloriously! ye breezes, waft her wide!
Our glorious semper eadem, the banner of our pride!
The fresh'ning breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold;
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold.
Night sunk upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea;
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor ne'er again shall be.

From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford bay,
That time of slumber was as bright, as busy as the day;
For swift to east, and swift to west, the warming radiance spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone, it shone on Beachy Head.
Far o'er the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those glittering points of fire.

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, that streak of blood-red light;
The bugle's note, the cannon's roar, the deathlike silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
At once, on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;
At once, the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires;
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad stream of flags and pikes dashed down each rousing street.
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As from each village round the horse came pouring in.
And eastward straight, for wild Blackheath the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent;
Southward, for Surrey's pleasant hills, flew these bright coursers forth;
High on black Hampstead's swarthy moor, they started for the north
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still;
All night from tower to tower they sprang, all night from hill to hill;
Till the proud peaks unfurled the flag o'er Derwent's rocky dales,
Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales;
Till twelve fair countries saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height;
Till streaked in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light.
Till, broad and fierce, the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And town and hamlet rose in arms, o'er all the boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly towers the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on, o'er the wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burnt on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

THE CHURCH OF BROU.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

DOWN the Savoy valleys sounding,
Echoing round this castle old,
'Mid the distant mountain-châlets
Hark! what bell for church is tolled?
In the bright October morning
Savoy's duke had left his bride.
From the castle, past the drawbridge
Flowed the hunter's merry tide.

Steeds are neighing, gallants glittering.
Gay, her smiling lord to greet,
From her mullioned chamber casement,
Smiles the Duchess Marguerite.
From Vienna, by the Danube,
Here she came, a bride in spring.
Now the autumn crisps the forest;
Hunters gather, bugles ring,

Hounds are pulling, prickers swearing,
Horses fret, and boar-spears glance.
Off! They sweep the marshy forests,
Westward on the side of France,
Hark! the game's on foot; they scatter!
Down the forest-ridings lone,
Furious, single horsemen gallop.
Hark! a shout, a crash, a groan!

Pale and breathless come the hunters,
On the turf dead lies the boar.
And the duke lies stretched beside him,
Senseless, weltering in his gore!
In the dull October evening,
Down the leaf-strewn forest road,

To the castle, past the drawbridge,
  Came the hunters with their load.

In the hall, with sconces blazing,
  Ladies waiting round her seat,
Clothed in smiles, beneath the daïs
  Sate the Duchess Marguerite.
Hark! below the gate's unbarring!
  Tramp of men and quick commands!
"'Tis my lord, come back from hunting."
  And the duchess claps her hands.

Slow and tired came the hunters;
  Stopped in darkness, in the court.
"Ho! this way, ye laggard hunters!
  To the hall! What sport, what sport?"
Slow they entered, with their master;
  In the hall they laid him down.
On his coat were leaves and blood-stains,
  On his brow an angry frown.

Dead, her princely, youthful husband
  Lay before his youthful wife,
Bloody 'neath the flaming sconces,
  And the sight froze all her life.
In Vienna, by the Danube,
  Kings hold revel, gallants meet.
Gay of old, amid the gayest
  Was the Duchess Marguerite.

In Vienna, by the Danube,
  Feast and dance her youth beguiled.
Till that hour she never sorrowed,
  But from then she never smiled.
'Mid the Savoy mountain-valleys,
  Far from town or haunt of man,
Stands a lonely church unfinished,
  Which the Duchess Maud began,

Old, that duchess stern began it,
  In gray age with palsied hands;
But she died while it was building,
  And the church unfinished stands—
Stands as erst the builders left it,
  When she sank into her grave;
Mountain greensward paves the chancel,
  Harebells flower in the nave.

"In my castle all is sorrow,"
  Said the Duchess Marguerite then;
"Guide me, some one, to the mountain,
  We will build the church again."
Sandalled palmers, faring homeward,
  Austrian knights from Syria came.
"Austrian wanderers bring, O warders!
  Homage to your Austrian dame."

From the gate the warders answered:
  "Gone, O knights, is she you knew!
Dead our duke and gone our duchess,
  Seek her at the church of Brou."
Austrian knights and much-worn palmers
  Climb the winding mountain-way;
Reach the valley where the fabric
  Rises higher, day by day.

Stones are sawing, hammers ringing,
  On the work the bright sun shines.
In the Savoy mountain meadows,
  By the stream below the pines,
On her palfrey white, the duchess
  Sat and watched her working train—
Flemish carvers, Lombard gilders,
  German masons, smiths from Spain.

Clad in black, on her white palfrey,
  Her old architect beside—
There they found her in the mountains,
  Morn and noon and eventide.
There she sate and watched the builders,
  Till the church was roofed and done;
Last of all, the builders reared her,
  In the nave, a tomb of stone.

On the tomb two forms they sculptured,
  Life-like in the marble pale:
One, the duke in helm and armor;
  One, the duchess in her veil.
Round the tomb the carved stone fret-work
  Was at Easter-tide put on;
Then the duchess closed her labors,
  And she died at the St. John.

* * * * *

Upon the glistening leaden roof
  Of the new pile, the sunlight shines;
The stream goes leaping by,
  The hills are clothed with pines sun-proof;
'Mid bright green fields, below the pine,
  Stands the church on high;
What church is this from men aloof?
  'Tis the church of Brou.

On Sundays, too, a priest doth come
  From the walled town beyond the pass,
      Down the mountain-way;
And then you hear the organ's hum,
  You hear the white-robed priest say mass,
      And the people pray.
But else the woods are dumb,
Round the church of Brou.

And after church, when mass is done,
  The people to the nave repair,
    Round the tomb to stray;
And marvel at the forms of stone,
  And praise the chiselled broideries rare.
    Then they drop away;
The princely pair are left alone
In the church of Brou.

So rest, forever rest, O princely pair,
In your high church 'mid the still mountain air,
Where thou, young prince, shalt not arise when bugle sounds,
And ride across the drawbridge with thy hounds
To hunt the boar in crisp woods until eve!
And thou, the princess, shalt no more receive,
Thou and thy ladies, in the hall of state,
The jaded hunters, with their precious freight.

So sleep, forever sleep, O marble pair!
Or, if ye wake, let it be when setting sun, fair,
On the pavement round the tomb there, glints
A flood of colors bright, glowing sapphire tints,
And amethyst, and ruby. Then unclose
Your eyelids on the stones where ye repose,
And from broidered pillows lift your heads,
And raise you on your cold white marble beds,

Say: "What is this? we are in bliss, forgiven;
Behold the pavements of the courts of heaven."
Or, when the moon through the window shines,
And the winds at intervals sigh through the mountain pines,
Then, gazing up through the dim pillars high,
"Hush," ye will say, "it is eternity!"
And in the sweeping of the wind, your ear
The passage of the angels' wings will hear;
And through the foliaged marble forest your heads above,
The rustle of the eternal reign of love.

SHAKESPEARE'S DREAM.

[*A lady in woodland habit, and a poet, Shakespeare, wandering through a wood.*]

LADY. What, ho, sir poet! Dost thou pace
Our wood about in ghostly chase
Of some fair dryad of old tales,
Who over sleep by song prevails?

POET. Fair lady, nay;
I came to see, slumber passed away,
Fair nymphs that seek the wood, instead
Of day-dreams in my head.

LADY. Sir poet, may I walk with thee
And find the nymphs that wander free
In thy mind's glorious verity?

POET. Thou mayst, my lady, share
My woodland ramble. See'st yon maiden fair?
It is the winsome, lovely Perdita,
In shepherd garb with step of air.

PERDITA. See our guests approach! Welcome to you all!
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.
[*Sings.*] For you there's rosemary and rue.
Grace and remembrance be to you
And welcome to our shearing!
Our sweet carnations and streaked gilliflowers,
Hot lavender, mints and savory;
The marigold, daffodils, violets dim,
Lilies of all kinds, the flower-de-luce being one.

POET. Yonder comes the stately Moor.
Truly Venice hath ne'er upbore
Than his a prouder tread.
Ah! to his side hath Desdemona glided.

OTHELLO. Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life
From year to year.
She loved me for the dangers I had passed;
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used:
Here is the lady; let her witness it.

DESDEMONA. I do perceive here a divided duty:
To my father, I'm bound for life and education;
I'm hitherto his daughter. But here's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother showed
My father, preferring him before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

POET. Isabella, Duke Angelo's fair suitor,
Pleads now her brother's life to spare.

ISABELLA. I am a woful suitor to your honor;
Please but your honor hear me.
I have a brother is condemned to die:
Spare him! spare him! he's not prepared for death.
Hark, how I'll bribe you;
Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor,
As fancy values them; but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there ere sunrise.
Heaven keep your honor.

LADY. Truth's majesty her form bespeaks,
While she pardon for the erring seeks.

POET. Wife to Brutus, law-giver of ancient Rome,
Portia, the wise, the true, now doth come,
With Portia of legal wit and great renown.

PORTIA [*wife of Brutus*]. Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.
Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbracèd in the dank morning?

To dare the vile contagion of the night,
To add unto his sickness?
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of; and, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
I pray you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy.

BRUTUS. You are my true and honorable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart. Oh, ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

PORTIA. But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this:
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

LADY. Woman's heart with woman's wit combined,
In the wives of Brutus and Bassanio we find.

POET. Cleopatra! great, glorious, lofty one,
Whom nature nursed 'neath Egypt's sun,
For whom Octavia alone was left to sigh,
And Antony bowed beneath love's potency.

CLEOPATRA. Give me my robe; put on my crown; I have
Immortal longing in me. Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.

Methinks I hear Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men,
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come.
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death although it hurts,
Is yet desired.

LADY. To Cleopatra Antony his pride bent low,
And the lovely Octavia wept alone,
Yet happier far than thou upon thy throne.

POET. The tender Juliet, child of love and song,
To whom all grace of mind and soul belong,
Next follows, through the winding wood,
The paths with violet and daisy strewed.

ROMEO. I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

JULIET. Oh, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

ROMEO. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

JULIET. Alas, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

ROMEO. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you;
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu!

LADY. Romeo and Juliet the gentle ones,
To whom life's young romance belongs.

POET. Cordelia, true in her filial love;
Yet not all other loves above;
O gentle, loving, faithful child,
A model daughter, tender, mild.

CORDELIA. Oh, my dear father! restoration hang

Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

LADY. Oh, rare Cordelia, faithful child!
Strong in thy filial love, gentle,
Amid the wrath of thy fond old sire,
Who, though a king, knew sorrow dire.

POET. The Katherines now advance:
The winsome dame of sunny France,
And she of shrewish tongue and mien,
And Portugal's bonny Kate, and England's queen.

HENRY V. Fair Katherine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

KATH. Your majesty shall mock at me;
I cannot speak your England.

HENRY V. Mine honor in true English,
I love thee, Kate; wilt thou have me?

KATH. Dat is as it sall please de *roi, mon père.*

HENRY V. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him.

KATH. Den it sall also content me.

HENRY V. Upon that I kiss your hand and call you my queen.

Q. KATH. Lord cardinal, to you I speak.

WOLSEY. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. KATH. Sir, I was about to weep;
But thinking that we are a queen,
Certain the daughter of a king,
My drops of tears I'll turn to sparks of fire.

WOLSEY. I do profess you speak not like yourself;
Who ever yet have stood to charity, and displayed
The effects of disposition gentle,
And of wisdom o'ertopping woman's power,

Q. KATH. Now, the Lord help me; they vex me past my patience!
Nor will I ever more upon this business
My appearance make in any of their courts.

KATHERINE, THE SHREW. What! did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars that come unto my father's door
Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity.
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,—
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep.
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under the name of perfect love;
As who should say if I should sleep or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness; or else, present death.

POET. Gentle Hermione and sweet Paulina,
With the shepherd's rustic maid are seen;
And again is brought to life
A loving, trusting, faithful wife.

PAULINA. Music, awake her; strike!
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Bequeath to death your numbness.
You perceive she stirs.

HERMIONE. Ye gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I—
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

POET. Here comes Joan of Arc, heroic maid,
In martial garb arrayed.

JOAN OF ARC. Dismay not, princess, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered.
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,

For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for awhile,
And like a peacock proudly sweep along;
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but ruled.

LADY. Youthful warrior of Domrèmy,
The maid of France and chivalry.

POET. In inky cloak, with madman stride,
Hamlet we see, Ophelia at his side;
Ah, true is she, though woe betide.

[*Sings.*]

OPHELIA. *There's fennel for you, and columbines;*
There's rue for you; and here's some for me;
We may call it herb of grace o' Sundays.
Oh, you may wear your rue with a difference.

[*Sings.*]

There's a daisy; I would give you some violets,
But they withered all, when my father died;
They say he made a good end.

HAMLET. Dost thou come here to whine,
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I;
And if thou prate with mountains,
Let them throw millions of acres on us,
Till our ground, singeing his path
Against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart.

LADY. Gentle Ophelia, one can but sigh
When thinking of thy sad destiny.

POET. Lo! from out a woodland cave
Or grotto where the waters lave,
Comes Imogen, the fair, with step of grace,
In garb of page with maiden's face.

IMOGEN. Two beggars told me

I could not miss my way: Will poor folk lie
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true.
My dear lord! Now I think on thee
My hunger's gone; but even, before, I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this?
A cave: here's a path to 't; 'tis some savage hold.
I were best not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Ho! No answer? Then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look
On't. Such a foe!

LADY. Gentle Imogen, faithful wife,
Though scandal's tongue was rife,
And thy virtues fain would prove
Alien to thy marriage-vow and love.

POET. Constance, in sable widow's weeds,
Words of tender consolation needs.
Her boy, the fair young Arthur, slain;
Her heart is full of woe and pain.
List! to her low, lamenting strains.

CONSTANCE. Grief fills the room of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Oh, my boy, my Arthur, my fair son,
My joy, my food, my life, my widow-comfort,
And my sorrow's cure.

LADY. Alas! how sadly she doth moan.

POET. And Hubert, with face of dark design,
To Arthur's plaint does his ear incline.

ARTHUR. Good morrow, Hubert.

HUBERT. Good morrow, little prince.

ARTHUR. Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale to-day;
In sooth I would you were a little sick, that
I might sit all night and watch with you.
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

HUBERT. His words do take possession of my bosom.

ARTHUR. Must you with hot irons put out both mine eyes?

HUBERT. Young boy, I must.

ARTHUR. Have you the heart?
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why, then, you must.
Will you put out mine eyes—
These eyes that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

HUBERT. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

POET. The fair Miranda, from the isle,
Beyond the sea many a mile,
And her sire Prospero hath come,
Through our woodland wild to roam.

MIRANDA. Father, I long to hear the story of your life.

PROSPERO. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear.
Obey, and be attentive.
Miranda, twelve years since, thy father was
The duke of Milan and a prince of power.

MIRANDA. What foul play had we that we came from thence?

PROSPERO. A treacherous army levied i' the dead of darkness,
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepared
A boat; not rigged, nor tackle, sail nor mast,
The very rats instinctively had quit; there they hoist us,
To cry to th' sea that roared to us; to sigh
To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

MIRANDA. How came we ashore?

PROSPERO. By Providence divine.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I long been thy schoolmaster.

LADY. Such a tale would deafness cure;
Ah! wronged Prospero and maiden pure.

POET. Ah, see! ah, see! in ghostly guise,
With open wide, yet sightless eyes,
A guilty soul unresting cries.

LADY MACBETH. Yet here's a spot.
Out, out, I say! One, two;
Why, then 'tis time to do 't. Fie,
My lord, fie! a soldier, and afeared?
What need we fear who knows it,
When none can call our power to account?
Yet who would have thought the old man
To have had so much blood in him?
The thane of Fife had a wife; where is
She now? What, will these hands ne'er be
Clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more
O' that: you mar all with this starting.
Here's the smell of the blood still: all the
Perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this
Little hand. Oh! oh! oh!
Wash your hands; look not so pale.
I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he
Cannot come out on's grave.
To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate;
Come, come, come, come, give me your hand:
What's done cannot be undone; to bed, to bed, to bed.

LADY. Ah! troubled soul, God give thee peace;
And of thy deep remorse, surcease.

POET. And the gamesome Rosalind
Her footsteps swift doth wind;
The last of all the fairy folk
We shall meet in woodland walk.

ROSALIND. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me; my way is to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the sake of your fair fame, to like as much of this play as please you; and I charge you, O men, for the chivalry you bear women, and I do believe none of you hates them, that between you and the women the play may please. If I were near you, I would kiss as many of you as had faces that pleased me and smiles that liked me; and I am sure, as many of you as have good faces and sweet smiles will, for my kind offer, when I make my curt'sy, bid me farewell.

OWD ROÄ.[1]

[*Time: Christmas Eve.*]

ALFRED TENNYSON.

NAÄY, noä mander[2] o' use to be callin' 'im Roä, Roä, Roä,
Fur the dog's stoän-deäf, an' 'e's blind; 'e can neither stan' nor goä.
But I meäns fur to maäke 'is owd aäge as 'appy as iver I can,
Fur I owäs owd Roäver moor nor I iver owäd mottal man.

Thou's rode of 'is back when a babby, afoor thou was gotten too owd,
Fur 'e'd fetch an' carry like owt, 'e was allus as good as gowd.
An' 'e sarved me sa well when 'e lived, that, Dick, when 'e cooms to be deäd,
I thinks as I'd like fur to hev soom soort of a sarvice reäd.

"Faäithful an' true," them words be i' scriptur; an' faäithful an' true
Ull be fun[3] upo' four short legs ten times fur one upo' two.
An' maäybe they'll walk upo' two, but I knaws they runs upo' four,[4]—
Bedtime, Dicky! but waäit till tha 'ears it be strikin' the hour.

Fur I wants to tell tha o' Roä when we lived i' Howlaby Daäle,
Ten year sin. Naäy, naäy! tha mun nobbut hev' one glass of aäle.
Straänge an' owd-farran'd[5] the 'ouse, an' belt[6] long afoor my daäy,
Wi' haäfe o' the chimleys a-twizzen'd[7] an' twined like a band o' haäy.

Theere, when the 'ouse wur a 'ouse, one night I wur sittin' aloän,
Wi' Roäver athurt my feeät, an' sleeäpin' still as a stoän.
Of a Christmas Eäve, an' as cowd as this, an' the midders[8] as white,
An' the fences all on 'em bolstered oop wi' the windle[9] that night;

An' the cat wur a-sleeäpin' alongside Roäver, but I wur awaäke,
An' smoäkin' an' thinkin' o' things—doän't maäke thysen sick wi' the caäke.
An' I looökt out wonst[10] at the night, an' the daäle was all of a thaw,
Fur I seed the beck coomin' down like a long black snaäke i' the snaw;

An' I heärd greät heäps o' the snaw slushin' down fro' the bank to the beck,
An' then as I stood i' the doorwaäy, I feeäld it drip o' my neck.
Sa I turned in ageän, an' I thowt o' the good owd times 'at was goän,
An' the munney they maäde by the war, an' the times 'at was coomin' on.

Thou slep i' the chaumber above us, we couldn't ha' 'eärd tha call,
Sa moother 'ed telled ma to bring tha down, an' thy craädle an' all;
Fur the gell o' the farm 'at slep wi' tha then 'ed gotten wer leäve,
Fur to goä that night to 'er foälk by cause o' the Christmas Eäve.

But I cleän forgot tha, my lad, when moother 'ed gotten to bed,
An' I slep' i' my chair hup on end; an' what was goän to be runn'd i' my 'ead,
Till I dreäm'd the staäte and the furriners would turn me out upo' Christmas Eäve.
"Tha'll niver," says I. Then I waäked an' fun it was Roäver tuggin my slieäve.

An' I thowt as 'e 'ed goän cleän-wud,[11] fur I noäwaeys knawed 'is intent;
An' I says, "Git awaäy, ya beäst," an' I fetcht 'im a kick an' 'e went,

Then 'e tummled up stairs, fur I 'eärd 'im, as if 'e 'd 'a brokken 'is neck,
An' I'd clear forgot, little Dicky, thy chaumber door wouldn't sneck.

An' I slep i' my chair ageän wi' my hairm hingin' down to the floor,
An' I thowt it was Roäver a-tuggin' an' tearin' me wuss nor afoor;
An' I thowt 'at I kicked 'im ageän, but I kicked thy moother istead.
"What arta snorin' theere fur? The house is afire," she said.

An' bein' haäfe awaäke I says, "I'd be good to tha, Bess, if tha'd let ma be good;"
But she skelpt ma haäfe ower i' the chair, an' screeäd like a howl gone wud—[12]
"Ya mun run fur the lether.[13] Git oop, if ya're onywaäys good fur owt."
An' I says: "If I beänt noäwaäys—not nowadaäys—good fur nowt,

"Yit I beänt sich a nowt[14] of all nowts as 'ull hallus do as 'e's bid."
"But the stairs is afire," she said; then I seed 'er a-cryin', I did.
An' she beäld "Ya mun saäve little Dick, an' be sharp about it an' all!"
Sa I runs to the yard fur a lether, an' sets 'im ageän the wall,

An' I claums an' I mashes the winder hin, when I gits to the top;
But the heät druv hout i' my heyes, till I feäld mysen ready to drop.
Thy moother was howdin' the lether, an' tellin' me not to be skeärd,
An' I wasn't afeärd, or I thinks leästwaäys as I wasn't afeärd;

But I couldn't see fur the smoäke wheere thou was a-liggin', my lad,
An' Roäver was theere i' the chaumber a-yowlin' an' yaupin' like mad;
An' thou was a-beälin' likewise, an' a-squeälin', as if tha was bit,
An' it wasn't a bite but a burn, fur the merk's[15] o' thy shou'der yit.

Then I called out "Roä, Roä, Roä," thaw I didn't haäfe think as 'e'd 'ear,
But 'e coomed thruf the fire wi' my bairn i' 'is mouth to the winder theere!
He coomed like a hangel o' marcy as soon as 'e 'eärd 'is naäme,
Or like tother hangel i' scriptur 'at summun seed i' the flaäme.

So I browt tha down, an' I says, "I mun gaw up ageän fur Roä."
"Gaw up ageän fur the varmint?" I telled 'er "Yeäs, I mun goä."
An' I claumbed up ageän to the winder, an' clemmed[16] owd Roä by the 'ead,
An' 'is 'air coomed off i' my 'ands, an' I taäked 'im at fust fur deäd.

But I browt 'im down, an' we got to the barn, fur the barn wouldn't burn
Wi' the wind blawin' hard tother waäy, an' the wind wasn't like to turn.
An' I kep' a-callin' o' Roä till 'e waggled 'is taäil fur a bit,
But the cocks kep' a-crawin' an' crawin' all night, an' I 'ears 'em yit.

An' the dogs was a-yowlin' all round, an' thou was a-squeälin' thysen,
An' moother was naggin' an' groanin' an' moanin' an' naggin' ageän;
An' I 'eärd the bricks an' the baulks[17] rummle down when the roof gev waäy,
For the fire was a-raägin' an' raävin' an' roarin' like judgment-daäy.

Warm enew theere sewer-ly, but the barn was as cowd as owt,
An' we cuddled an' huddled togither, an' happt wersens[18] oop as we mowt.
An' I browt Roä round, but moother 'ed beän sa soak'd wi' the thaw
'At she cotch'd 'er death o' cowd that night, poor soul, i' the straw.

Haäfe o' the parish runned oop when the rigtree[19] was tummlin' in—
Too laäte; but it's all ower now; all ower, an' ten year sin
Too laäte, tha mun git tha to bed; but I'll coom an' I'll squench the light,
Fur we moänt 'ev naw moor fires—and soä, little Dick, good-night.

NOTES TO "OWD ROÄ."

[1] Old Rover. [2] Manner. [3] Found. [4] "Ou as in house." [5] Old-fashioned. [6] Built. [7] Twisted. [8] Meadows. [9] Drifted snow. [10] Once. [11] Mad. [12] "She half over-turned me and shrieked like an owl gone mad." [13] Ladder. [14] A thoroughly insignificant or worthless person. [15] Mark. [16] Clutched. [17] Beams. [18] Wrapped ourselves. [19] The beam that runs along the roof of a house just beneath the ridge.

AN ADVENTURE.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

[Mr. Arbuthnot, a medical student of Paris, and his artist friend, Mr. Müller, were strolling one evening in the environs of Paris, where one of the hundred and one fêtes, that take place there every summer, was in progress. The following is one of their little escapades as related by Mr. Arbuthnot.]

BY dint of much elbowing, we made our way into a crowded booth where, for the modest consideration of two sous per head, might be seen a boneless youth and an Ashantee king. The performances were half over when we went in. The boneless youth had gone through his feats of agility, and was lying on a mat in a corner of the stage, the picture of limp incapability. The Ashantee monarch was just about to make his appearance. Meanwhile, a little man in fleshings and a cocked hat addressed the audience.

"Messieurs and mesdames, I have the honor to announce that Caraba Radokala, king of Ashantee, will next appear before you. This terrific native sovereign was taken captive by that famous Dutch navigator, the Mynheer Van Dunk, in his last voyage round the globe. Van Dunk, having brought his prisoner to Europe in an iron cage, sold him to the English government in 1840; who sold him again to Milord Barnum, the great American philanthropist, in 1842; who sold him again to Franconi of the Cirque Olympique; who finally sold him to me. At the time of his capture, Caraba Radokala was the most treacherous, barbarous, and sanguinary monster on record. He had 365 wives, a wife, you observe, for every day in the year. He lived exclusively upon human flesh, and consumed, when in good health, one baby per diem. His palace in Ashantee was built entirely of the skulls and leg-bones of his victims. He is now, however, much less ferocious; and, though he feeds on live pigeons, rabbits, dogs, mice, and the like, he has not tasted human flesh since his captivity. He is also heavily

ironed. The distinguished company need therefore entertain no apprehensions. Pierre—draw the bolt, and let his majesty loose!"

A savage roar was now heard, followed by a rattling of chains. Then the curtains were suddenly drawn back, and the Ashantee king—crowned with a feather head-dress, loaded with red and blue war-paint, and chained from ankle to ankle—bounded on the stage. Seeing the audience before him, he uttered a terrific howl. The front rows were visibly agitated. Several young women faintly screamed.

The little man in the cocked hat rushed to the front, protesting that the ladies had no reason to be alarmed. Caraba Radokala, if not wantonly provoked, was now quite harmless; a little irritable, perhaps, from being waked too suddenly—would be as gentle as a lamb, if given something to eat. "Pierre, quiet his majesty with a pigeon!" Pierre hereupon appeared with a live pigeon, which immediately escaped from his hands and perched upon the top of the proscenium. Caraba Radokala yelled; the little man in the cocked hat raved; and Pierre, in default of more pigeons, contritely reappeared with a lump of raw beef, into which his majesty ravenously dug his royal teeth.

"Having fed, Caraba Radokala will now be quite harmless and good-humored," said the showman. "If any lady desires to shake hands with him, she may do so with safety. Will any lady embrace the opportunity?"

A faint sound of tittering was heard in various parts of the booth; but no one came forward.

"Will no lady be persuaded? Well, then, is there any gentleman present who speaks Ashantee?"

Müller gave me a dig with his elbow, and started to his feet.

"Yes," he replied, loudly; "I do."

Every head was instantly turned in our direction. The showman collapsed with astonishment Even the captive, despite his ignorance of the French tongue, looked considerably startled.

"*Comment!*" stammered the cocked hat. "Monsieur speaks Ashantee?"

"Fluently."

"Is it permitted to inquire how and when monsieur acquired this very unusual accomplishment?"

"I have spoken Ashantee from my infancy," replied Müller, with admirable aplomb. "I was born at sea, brought up in an undiscovered island, twice kidnapped by hostile tribes before attaining the age of ten years, and have lived among savage nations all my life."

A murmur of admiration ran through the audience, and Müller became, for the time, an object of livelier interest than Caraba Radokala himself. Seeing this, the indignant monarch executed a warlike *pas*, and rattled his chains fiercely.

"In that case, monsieur, you had better come upon the stage, and speak to his majesty," said the showman reluctantly.

"With all the pleasure in life."

"But I warn you that his temper is uncertain."

"Bah!" said Müller, working his way round through the crowd; "I'm not afraid of his temper."

"As monsieur pleases; but, if monsieur offends him, I will not be answerable for the consequences."

"All right; give us a hand up, *mon vieux!*" And Müller, having clambered upon the stage, made a bow to the audience and a salaam to his majesty.

"Chickahominy chon dar bang," said he, by way of opening the conversation.

The ex-king of Ashantee scowled, folded his arms, and maintained a haughty silence.

"Hic hac horum, high cockalorum," continued Müller, with exceeding suavity.

The captive monarch stamped impatiently, ground his teeth, but still made no reply.

"Monsieur had better not aggravate him," said the showman.

"On the contrary, I am overwhelming him with civilities. Now observe: I condole with him upon his melancholy position; I inquire after his wives and children; and I remark how uncommonly well he is looking." And with this, he made another salaam, smiled persuasively, and said:

"Alpha, beta, gamma, delta—chin-chin-Potz tausend!—Erin-go-bragh!"

"Borrioboolooobah!" shrieked his majesty, apparently stung to desperation.

"Rocofoco!" retorted Müller promptly.

But, as if this last was more than any Ashantee temper could bear, Caraba Radokala clinched both his fists, set his teeth hard, and charged down upon Müller like a wild elephant. Being met, however, by a well-planted blow between the eyes, he went down like a ninepin; picked himself up, rushed in again, and, being forcibly seized and held back by the cocked hat man, Pierre of the pigeons, and a third man who came tumbling up precipitately from somewhere behind the stage, vented his fury, in a torrent of very highly civilized French oaths.

"Eh!" he cried, shaking his fist in Müller's face; "I've not done with you yet."

Whereupon there burst forth a general roar—a roar like the inextinguishable laughter of Olympus.

"*Tiens!*" said Müller; "his majesty speaks French almost as well as I speak Ashantee!"

"Brigand! assassin!" shrieked his ferocity, as his friends hustled him off the stage.

The curtains fell together again; and the audience, still laughing vociferously, dispersed with cries of, "Vive Caraba Radokala!"

"Kind remembrances to the queens of Ashantee!" "What's the latest news from home?" "Borrioboolooobah! aha—aha!"

"G-U-N," said Grace to Willie; "What does that spell?" "I don't know."
He is three and she is seven. "G-u-n! goose?" "Oh, dear, no!"
"Rooster? boy? stick?" Each time Gracie shook her curly head,
"'Tain't conundrums I am giving, but a lesson-word instead.

"When a little boy shoots at a rabbit, what goes off?"
Gracie said, her face a study, as she quelled a little cough,
Thinking he would surely guess it. "You're so stupid! I'm quite hoarse
Talking to you. What goes off?" "Why the rabbit does, of course!"

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

AN ancient story I'll tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was called King John;
And he ruled England with main and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintained little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merrye,
Concerning the abbot of Canterbury;
How for his house-keeping and high renown,
They rode poste for him to fair London town.

An hundred men, the king did hear say,
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the abbot about.

"How now, father abbot, I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a farre better house than me.
And for thy house-keeping, and high renown,
I feare thou work'st treason against my crown."

"My liege," quo' the abbot, "I would it were known,
I never spend nothing, but what is my own;
And I trust your grace will do me no dure,
For spending of my own true gotten gure."

"Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,
And now for the same thou need'st must dye;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodye.

"And first," quo' the king, "when I'm in this stead,
With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

"Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do thinke."

"Oh, these hard questions for my shallow witt,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet;
But if you will give me but three weeks' space,
I'll do my endeavor to answer your grace."

"Now three weeks' space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to me."

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could, with his learning, an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he met his shepherd a-going to fold.
"How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home;
What newes do you bring us from good King John?"

"Sad newes, sad newes, I must give;
That I have but three days more to live;
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodye.

"The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,
Among all his liege-men so noble of birthe,
To within one penny of what he is worthe.

"The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soone he may ride this whole world about;
And at the third question I must not shrinke,
But tell him there truly what does he thinke."

"Now cheare up, sire abbot, did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learne a wise man witt?
Lend me a horse, and serving-men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

"Nay, frowne not, if it hath been told unto me,
I am like your lordship, as ever may be;
And if you will but lend me your gowne,
There is none shall know us in faire London towne."

"Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave;
With crozier, and mitre, and crochet, and cope,
Fit to appear fore our father, the pope."

"Now welcome, sire abbot," the king he did say,
"'Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day;
For and if thou can'st answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both savèd shall be.

"And first, when thou see'st me here in this stead,
With my crowne of golde so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men, so noble of birthe,
Tell me to one penny what I am worthe."

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have been told;
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I thinke thou art one penny worser than he."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,
"I did not thinke I had been worthe so littel.
Now, secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride this whole world about."

"You must up with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning, he riseth again;
And then your grace need not make any doubt,
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
"I did not thinke it could be done so soone.
Now from the third question thou must not shrinke,
But tell me here truly what I do thinke."

"Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merrye,
You thinke I'm the abbot of Canterbury;
But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me."

The king he laughed, and swore by the masse,
"I'll make you lord abbot this day in his place!"
"Now naye, my liege, be not in such speede,
For, alacke, I can neither write nor reade."

"Four nobles a week, then, I will give thee,
For this merrye jest thou hast showne unto me;
And tell the old abbot when thou gettest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John."

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me, useless, though my soul were bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide.
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

—*Milton.*

COUNT ALBERT AND FAIR ROSALIE.

WALTER SCOTT.

BOLD knights and fair dames to my harp lend an ear,
Of love, and of war, and of wonder to hear;
And you haply may sigh, in the midst of your glee,
At the tale of Count Albert and fair Rosalie.

Oh, see you that castle so strong and so high?
And see you that lady, the tear in her eye?
And see you that palmer from Palestine's land,
The shell on his hat, and the staff in his hand?

"Now palmer, gray palmer, oh, tell unto me,
What news bring you home from the Holy Countrie?"
"Oh, well fare our nobles by Mount Lebanon,
For the heathen have lost, and the Christians have won."

A rich chain of gold 'mid her ringlets there hung;
O'er the palmer's gray locks the fair chain has she flung:
"O palmer, gray palmer, this chain be thy fee
For the news thou hast brought from the Holy Countrie.

"O palmer, good palmer, by Galilee's wave,
Oh, saw ye Count Albert, the gentle and brave?
When the Crescent went back, and the Red-cross rushed on,
Oh, saw ye him foremost on Mount Lebanon?"

"O lady, your castle stands strong, and on high
Your hopes soar, but, lady, all blossoms to die.
The pure stream runs muddy; the gay hope is gone,
Count Albert is prisoner on Mount Lebanon."

Oh, she's ta'en a horse, should be fleet at her speed;
And she's ta'en a sword, should be sharp at her need;
And she has ta'en shipping for Palestine's land,
To ransom Count Albert from Soldanrie's hand.

Small thought had Count Albert on fair Rosalie,
Small thought on his faith, on his knighthood had he;
A heathenish damsel his light heart had won,
The Soldan's fair daughter of Mount Lebanon.

"O Christian, brave Christian, my love wouldst thou be,
Three things must thou do ere I hearken to thee:
Our laws and our worship on thee shalt thou take,
And this shalt thou first do for Zulema's sake.

"And, next, in the cavern where burns evermore
The mystical flame which the Curdmans adore,
Alone, and in silence, three nights shalt thou wake,
And this shalt thou next do for Zulema's sake.

"And, last, thou shalt aid us with counsel and hand
To drive the Frank robber from Palestine's land;
For my lord and my love then Count Albert I'll take,
When all this is accomplished for Zulema's sake."

He has thrown by his helmet and cross-handled sword,
Renouncing his knighthood, denying his Lord;
He has ta'en the green caftan, and turban put on,
For the love of the maiden of far Lebanon.

And in the dread cavern, deep, deep underground,
Which fifty steel gates and steel portals surround,
He has watched until daybreak, but sight saw he none,
Save the flame burning bright on its altar of stone.

Amazed was the princess, the Soldan amazed,
Sore murmured the priests as on Albert they gazed;
They searched all his garments, and under his weeds
They found and took from him his rosary beads.

Again in the cavern deep, deep underground,
He watched the lone night, while the winds whistled round:
Far off was their murmur, it came not more nigh,
The flame burned unmoved, naught else did he spy.

Loud murmured the priests, and amazed was the king,
While many dark spells of their witchcraft they sing;
They search Albert's body, and lo! on his breast,
Was the sign of the cross, by his father impressed.

The priests they erase it with care and with pain,
And the recreant returned to the cavern again:
But, as he descended, a whisper there fell!
It was his good angel, who bade him farewell.

High bristled his hair, his heart fluttered and beat,
And he turned him five steps, half-resolved to retreat;
But his heart it was hardened, his purpose was gone,
When he thought on the maiden of fair Lebanon.

Scarce passed he the archway, the threshold scarce trod,
When the winds from the four points of heaven were abroad;
They made each steel portal to rattle and ring,
And, borne on the blast, came the dread fire-king.

In his hand a broad falchion blue glimmered through smoke,
And Mount Lebanon shook as the monarch he spoke:
"With this brand shalt thou conquer, thus long and no more,
Till thou bend to the cross and the Virgin adore."

The cloud-shrouded arm gives the weapon; and see!
The recreant receives the charmed gift on his knee;
The thunders grow distant, and faint gleam the fires,
As, borne on his whirlwind, the phantom retires.

Count Albert has armed him the Paynim among,
Though his heart it was false, yet his arm it was strong;
And the Red-cross waxed faint, and the Crescent came on,
From the day he commanded on Mount Lebanon.

The war-cymbals clattered, the trumpets replied,
The lances were couched, and they closed on each side;
And horses and horsemen Count Albert o'erthrew
Till he pierced the thick tumult, King Baldwin unto.

Against the charmed blade which Count Albert did wield,
The force had been vain of the king's Red-cross shield;
But a page thrust him forward, the monarch before,
And cleft the proud turban the renegade wore.

So fell was the dint, that Count Albert stooped low
Before the crossed shield, to his steel saddle-bow;
And scarce had he bent to the Red-cross his head,
"Bonne grace, Notre Dame," he unwittingly said.

Sore sighed the charmed sword, for its virtue was o'er,
It sprung from his grasp, and was never seen more;
But true men have said that the lightning's red wing
Did waft back the brand to the dread fire-king.

He clinched his set teeth, and with gauntleted hand
He stretched, with one buffet, that page on the strand;
As back from the stripling the broken casque rolled,
You might see the blue eyes and ringlets of gold.

Short time had Count Albert in horror to stare
On those death-swimming eyeballs and blood-clotted hair;
For down came the Templars like Cedmi in flood
And dyed their long lances in Saracen blood.

The battle is o'er on Bethsaida's plain,—
Oh, who is yon Paynim lies stretched 'mid the slain?
And who is yon page lying cold at his knee?
Oh, who but Count Albert and fair Rosalie?

The lady was buried in Salem's blessed bound,
The count he was left to the vulture and hound;
Her soul to high mercy our Lady did bring,
His went on the blast to the dread fire-king.

THE KING AND THE NIGHTINGALES.

CHARLES MACKAY.

KING Edward dwelt at Havering, at Bower,
Old and enfeebled by the weight of power;
Sick of the troublous majesty of kings,
Weary of duty and all mortal things,
Weary of day, weary of night, forlorn,
Cursing, like Job, the hour that he was born.
Thick woods environed him, and in their shade
He roamed all day, and told his beads and prayed.

Men's faces pained him, and he barred his door
That none might find him; even the sunshine bore
No warmth or comfort to his wretched sight;
And darkness pleased no better than the light.
He scorned himself for eating food like men,
And lived on roots and water from the fen;
And aye he groaned, and bowed his hoary head,
Did penance, and put nettles in his bed;

Long in these woods he dwelt—a wretched man,
Shut from all fellowship, self-placed in ban;
Laden with ceaseless prayer and boastful vows,
Which day and night he breathed beneath the boughs.
But sore distressed he was, and wretched quite,
For every evening with the waning light
A choir of nightingales, the brakes among,
Deluged the woods with overflowing song.

"Unholy birds," he said, "your throats be riven!
You mar my prayers, you take my thoughts from heaven!"
But still the song, magnificent and loud,
Poured from the trees like rain from thunder-cloud;

Now to his vexed and melancholy ear
Sounding like bridal music, pealing clear;
Anon it deepened on his throbbing brain
To full triumphal march or battle strain;

Then seemed to vary to a choral hymn,
Or *De Profundis* from cathedral dim,
Te Deum or *Hosanna to the Lord,*
Chanted by deep-voiced priests in full accord.
He shut his ears, he stamped upon the sod:
"Be ye accursed! ye take my thoughts from God!
And thou, beloved saint to whom I bend,
Lamp of my life, my guardian and my friend,

"Make intercession for me, sweet St. John!
And hear the anguish of thy suffering son!
May nevermore within these woods be heard
The song of morning or of evening bird!
For I am weary, old and full of woe,
And their songs vex me! This one boon bestow,
That I may pray and give my thoughts to thee,
Without distraction of their melody;
And that within these bowers my groans and sighs
And ceaseless prayer be all the sounds that rise.
Let God alone possess me, last and first;
And, for His sake, be all these birds accursed!"

This having said he started where he stood,
And saw a stranger walking in the wood;
A purple glory, pale as amethyst,
Clad him all o'er. He knew th' Evangelist,
And, kneeling on the earth with reverence meet,
He kissed his garment's hem, and clasped his feet.
"Rise," said the saint, "and know, unhappy king,
That true religion hates no living thing;

"It loves the sunlight, loves the face of man,
And takes all virtuous pleasure that it can;

Shares in each harmless joy that nature gives,
Bestows its sympathy on all that lives,
Sings with the bird, rejoices with the bee,
And, wise as manhood, sports with infancy.
Let not the nightingales disturb thy prayers,
But make thy thanksgiving as pure as theirs;
So shall it mount on wings of love to heaven,
And thou, forgiving, be thyself forgiven."

The calm voice ceased,—King Edward dared not look,
But bent to earth, and blushed at the rebuke.
And though he closed his eyes and hid his face;
He knew the saint had vanished from the place.
And when he rose, ever the wild woods rang
With the sweet song the birds of evening sang.
No more he cursed them; loitering on his way
He listened, pleased, and blessed them for their lay,
And on the morrow quitted Havering,
To mix with men and be again a king.
And fasting, moaning, scorning, praying less,
Increased in virtue and in happiness.

THE HUMAN SEASONS.

FOUR seasons fill the measure of the year;
There are four seasons in the mind of man.
He has his lusty spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span;
He has his summer, when, luxuriously,
Spring's honeyed cud of youthful thought he loves
To ruminate, and by such dreaming high
Is nearest unto heaven; quiet coves
His soul has in its autumn, when his wings
He furleth close; contented so to look
On mists in idleness—to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.
He has his winter, too, of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

—*Keats.*

THE GOLDEN SUPPER.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

[This poem is founded upon a story in Boccaccio: A young lover, Julian, whose cousin and foster-sister, Camilla, has been wedded to his friend and rival, Lionel, endeavors to narrate the story of his own love for her, and the strange sequel to it. He speaks of having been haunted by bells tolling for a funeral, or ringing for a marriage.]

WHETHER they *were* his lady's marriage bells,
Or prophets of them in his phantasy,
I never asked; but Lionel and the girl
Were wedded, and Julian came again
Back to his mother's home among the pines.
But there their gloom weighed him down;
He would go, would leave the land forever;
And had gone but for a whisper,
"Go not yet!"
And so he stayed, but would not look at her—
No, not for months; but, when the eleventh moon
After their marriage shone in the heavens,
Heard yet once more the tolling bell, and said,
"Would you could toll me out of life;" but found
All softly, as his mother broke it to him,
That low knell was tolling his lady dead;
All that looked on her had pronounced her dead.
And so they laid her in the vault of her own kin.

"This, this, I stayed for this," sighed Julian,
"Now, now will I go down into the grave
And kiss her on the lips; she is his no more."
He rose, and went down into the dim vault;
And, making there a sudden light, beheld
All round about him that which all will be.
And, kneeling there,
He placed his true hand upon her heart:
"Oh, you warm heart," he moaned, "not even death

Can chill you all at once! Do I wake or sleep?
It beats—the heart—it beats!
Faint, but it beats"—at which his own began
To pulse with such vehemence that it drowned
The feebler motion underneath his hand.
He raised her softly from the sepulchre,
And wrapping her all over with the cloak
He came in, and now striding fast, and now
Sitting awhile to rest, but evermore
Holding his golden burden in his arms,
So bore her through the solitary land,
Back to the mother's house where she was born.

There the good mother's kindly ministering,
With half a night's appliances, recalled
Her fluttering life. She raised an eye that asked
"Where?" till the things familiar to her youth
Had made a silent answer. Then she spoke:
"Here! and how came I here?" and learning it,
At once began to wander and to wail:
"Ay, but you know that you must give me back;
Send! bid him come." But Lionel was away,
Stung by his loss had vanished, none knew where.
"He casts me out," she wept, "and goes"—a wail
That haunted Julian, as her own reproof
At some precipitance in her burial.
Then when her own true spirit had returned,
"Oh, yes, and you," she said, "and none but you
Shall tell him of it;
And you shall give me back when he returns."
"Stay, then, a little," answered Julian, "here,
And I will do your will. I may not stay.
When he returns—then will I return,
And I will make a solemn offering of you
To him you love." Faintly she replied,
"And I will do your will and none shall know."

Talk of lost hopes and broken heart! his own
Sent such a flame into his face, I knew
Some sudden vivid pleasure hit him there.
But he was all the more resolved to go,
And sent to Lionel, praying him
By that great love they both had borne the dead,
To come and revel for one hour with him
Before he left the land forevermore;
And to friends—they were not many—he went
And bade them to a banquet of farewells.
I never
Sat at a costlier; and they, the guests,
Wondered at some strange light in Julian's eyes.
And when the feast was near an end, he said:
"There is a custom in the Orient, friends—
I read of it in Persia—when a man
Will honor those who feast with him, he brings
And shows them whatsoever he accounts
Of all his treasures the most beautiful;
Gold, jewels, arms, whatever it may be."
Then Julian made a secret sign to one
To bring Camilla down before them all.
"My guests," said he, "you are honored now
Even to the uttermost: in her behold
Of all my treasures the most beautiful;
Of all things upon earth the dearest to me."
Then led his dear lady to a chair of state.
Lionel faintly uttered: "So like, so like;
She never had a sister. I knew none.
Some cousin of his and hers—oh, so like!"
And then he suddenly asked her if she were.
She shook, and cast her eyes down, and was dumb;
And then some other questioned if she came
From foreign lands, and still she did not speak,
Which made the amazement more, till one of them
Said, shuddering, "Her spectre!" But his friend

Replied in a half whisper, "Not at least
The spectre that will speak if spoken to;
Terrible pity if one so beautiful
Prove, as I almost dread to find her, dumb."
But Julian, sitting by her, answered all:
"She is but dumb because in her you see
Obedience to her second master now,
Which will not last; I have here to-night a guest
So bound to me by common love and loss.
What! shall I bind him more? in his behalf
Shall I exceed the Persian, giving him
That which of all things is the dearest to me,
Not only showing? Now promise all of you
Not to break in on what I say by word
Or whisper, while I show you all my heart."

And then he began the story of his love,
Passed through his visions to the burial; thence
Down to this last strange hour in his own hall;
And then rose up, and with him all his guests, all but he,
Lionel, who fain had risen, but fell again,
And sat as if in chains—to whom he said:
"Take my free gift, my cousin, for your wife;
And though she seems so much like the one you lost,
Yet cast her not away so suddenly,
Lest there be none left here to bring her back."

Here he ceased;
Then taking his dear lady by the hand,
He slowly brought her forth to Lionel;
And there the widower-husband and dead wife
Rushed at each other with a cry that rather seemed
For some new death than for a life renewed.
But Lionel, when at last he freed himself
And lifted up a face, all over glowing with the sun of life,
And love, and boundless thanks—the sight of this
So frighted Julian, that, turning away from all,

And saying, "It is over, I will go!"
(His horse was ready at the door,)
He bade them no farewell, but, mounting quick,
He passed forever from his native land.

MRS. LEO HUNTER.

CHARLES DICKENS.

"'MRS. LEO HUNTER, The Den, Eatanswill';—person's a-waitin'," announced Sam Weller, one morning, presenting a card.

"Does the person want me, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"He wants you particklar; and no one else 'll do."

"*He?* Is it a gentleman?"

"A wery good imitation o' one if it ain't."

"But this is a lady's card."

"Given me by a gen'l'm'n, hows'ever," replied Sam, "and he's a-waitin' in the drawing-room; said he'd rather wait all day, than not see you."

Mr. Pickwick, on hearing this determination, descended to the drawing-room, where sat a grave man, who started up at his entrance, and said, with an air of profound respect:

"Mr. Pickwick, I presume?"

"The same."

"Allow me the honor of grasping your hand. Permit me, sir, to shake it."

"Certainly," said Mr. Pickwick.

"We have heard of your fame. The noise of your antiquarian discussion has reached the ears of my wife, sir; I am *Mr.* Leo Hunter. My wife, sir, Mrs. Leo Hunter, is proud to number among her acquaintances all those who have rendered themselves celebrated by their works and talents. Permit me, sir, to place in a

conspicuous part of the list the name of Mr. Pickwick and his brother members of the club that derives its name from him."

"I shall be extremely happy to make the acquaintance of such a lady."

"You *shall* make it. To-morrow, sir, we give a public breakfast—a *fête champetre*—to a great number of those who have rendered themselves celebrated by their works and talents. Permit Mrs. Leo Hunter to have the gratification of seeing you at the Den."

"With great pleasure," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Mrs. Leo Hunter has many of these breakfasts," resumed the new acquaintance, "'feasts of reason,' sir, 'and flows of soul,' as somebody who wrote a sonnet to Mrs. Leo Hunter feelingly observed."

"Was he celebrated for his works and talents?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"He was," replied the grave man; "all Mrs. Leo Hunter's acquaintances are. It is her ambition, sir, to have no other acquaintances."

"A very noble ambition," said Mr. Pickwick.

"When I inform Mrs. Leo Hunter that that remark fell from *your* lips, sir, she will indeed be proud. You have a gentleman in your train who has produced some beautiful little poems, I think, sir?"

"My friend Mr. Snodgrass has a great taste for poetry."

"So has Mrs. Leo Hunter. She dotes on poetry. She adores it. I may say that her whole soul and mind are wound up and entwined with it. She has produced some delightful pieces herself, sir. You may have met with her 'Ode to an Expiring Frog?'"

"I don't think I have," said Mr. Pickwick.

"You astonish me, sir. It created quite a sensation. It commenced:

"'Can I view you panting, sighing,
Can I unmoved see thee dying,
On a log,
Expiring frog?'"

"Beautiful!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Fine," said Mr. Leo Hunter, "so simple."

'Very!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"The next verse is still more touching; it runs thus:

"'Say, have fiends in shape of boys,
With wild halloo and brutal noise,
Hunted thee from marshy joys,
With a dog,
Expiring frog?'"

"But you shall hear Mrs. Leo Hunter repeat it. She can do justice to it. She will repeat it in character, sir, to-morrow morning."

"In character!"

"As Minerva. But I forgot—it's a fancy-dress breakfast."

"Dear me," said Mr. Pickwick, "I can't possibly—"

"Can't, sir! can't!" exclaimed Mr. Leo Hunter. "Solomon Lucas, in High Street, has thousands of fancy dresses. Consider, sir, how many appropriate characters are open for your selection—Plato, Zeno, Epicurus, Pythagoras,—all founders of clubs."

"I know that, but as I cannot put myself in competition with those great men, I cannot wear their dresses."

"On reflection, sir, I don't know whether it would not afford Mrs. Leo Hunter greater pleasure, if her guests saw a gentleman of your celebrity in his own costume. I may venture to promise an exception in your case, sir; yes, I am quite certain that on behalf of Mrs. Leo Hunter I may venture to do so."

"In that case," said Mr. Pickwick, "I shall have great pleasure in coming."

"But I waste your time. I know its value. I may tell Mrs. Leo Hunter that she may confidently expect you and your distinguished friends? Good-morning, sir." And, without giving Mr. Pickwick time to offer remonstrance or denial, Mr. Leo Hunter stalked gravely away.

Mr. Pickwick took up his hat, and repaired to The Peacock; but Mr. Winkle had conveyed the intelligence of the fancy ball before him.

"Mrs. Potts is going as Apollo. They'll hardly know what she's meant for, will they?" inquired Mr. Snodgrass.

"Of course they will," replied Mr. Winkle, indignantly. "They'll see her lyre, won't they?"

"True; I forgot that," said Mr. Snodgrass.

"I shall go as a bandit," interposed Mr. Tupman.

"You don't mean to say, Mr. Tupman, that it is your intention to put yourself into a green velvet jacket with a two-inch tail?"

"Such is my intention. And why not?"

"Because—because you are too old, sir, and too fat, sir."

"Sir, this is an insult." Tupman advanced a step or two and glared at Mr. Pickwick. "Sir, you have called me old."

"I have," said Mr. Pickwick.

"And fat."

"I remember the charge."

"Come on, sir;" and the heroic man actually threw himself into an attitude of defence.

"For shame, gentlemen; for shame," exclaimed Mr. Snodgrass.

"I have been hasty," said Mr. Pickwick. "Tupman, your hand."

"I have been hasty too," said he.

"No, no! the fault was mine. You will oblige me, and wear the green velvet jacket."

"Well, well, I will," said Mr. Tupman.

It was accordingly settled that Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle and Mr. Snodgrass should wear fancy dresses. Mr. Leo Hunter had not exaggerated the resources of Mr. Solomon Lucas; everything was spangled, and what can be prettier than spangles! A carriage was hired for the Pickwickians, and a chariot for the purpose of conveying Mr. Potts to Mrs. Leo Hunter's.

The morning came; it was a pleasant sight to behold. Mr. Tupman in full brigand's costume, with a very tight jacket, sitting like a pincushion over his back and shoulders. Equally humorous was the appearance of Mr. Snodgrass, in blue satin trunks and cloak and Grecian helmet, the regular and authentic costume of a troubadour. All this was pleasant, but was as nothing compared with Mr. Potts's chariot, which opened and displayed the great Potts accoutered as a Russian officer of justice, with a tremendous knout in his hand.

Then emerged from the house Mrs. Potts, conducted by Mr. Winkle, in his light red coat. Last of all came Mr. Pickwick.

Never were such shouts heard as when Mr. Pickwick, with the brigand on one arm and the troubadour on the other, and Mr. Tupman making frantic efforts to fix the sugar-loaf hat on his head, by way of entering the garden in style. There was Mrs. Leo Hunter, in the character of Minerva, receiving the company and overflowing with pride and gratification at having called such distinguished individuals together.

"Mr. Pickwick, ma'am," said a servant as that gentleman approached, hat in hand, and the brigand and troubadour on either arm.

"What! where!" exclaimed Mrs. Leo Hunter, starting up in an affected rapture of surprise.

"Here," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Is it possible that I have really the gratification of beholding Mr. Pickwick himself?" ejaculated Mrs. Leo Hunter.

"No other, ma'am," replied Mr. Pickwick, bowing very low. "Permit me to introduce my friends—Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, Mr. Snodgrass—to the authoress of the 'Expiring Frog.'"

"Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Leo Hunter, "I must make you promise not to stir from my side the whole day. There are hundreds of people here that I must positively introduce you to. In the first place, here are my little girls; I had almost forgotten them," said Minerva, carelessly pointing toward a couple of full-grown young ladies, one of whom might be about twenty, and the other a year or two older.

"They are very beautiful," said Mr. Pickwick, as the juveniles turned away after being presented.

"They are very like their mamma, sir," said Mr. Potts majestically.

"Oh, you naughty man," exclaimed Mrs. Leo Hunter, playfully tapping his arm with her fan. "Count! count!" she screamed to a whiskered individual in a foreign uniform, "I want to introduce two very clever people to each other. Mr. Pickwick, I have great pleasure in introducing you to Count Smorltork."

"What you say, Mrs. Hunt? Pig Vig or Big Pig—what you call a—lawyer, eh?" and the count was proceeding to enter Mr. Pickwick in his tablets as a gentleman of the long robe, who derived his name from the profession to which he belonged.

"No, no, count," said the lady, "Pick-wick."

"Ah, ah, I see; Peek, Christian name; Weeks, surname; good, ver good, Peek Weeks. How you do, Weeks?"

"Quite well, I thank you," replied Mr. Pickwick with his usual affability.

"Count," said Mrs. Leo Hunter, "this is Mr. Snodgrass, a friend of Mr. Pickwick's, and a poet."

"Stop," exclaimed the count, bringing out the tablets once more. "Introduce to Snowgrass—great poet, friend of Peek Weeks—by Mrs. Hunt, which wrote other sweet poem—what is that name?—Fog, Perspiring Fog; ver good, ver good, indeed."

"Wonderful man, Count Smorltork," said Mrs. Leo Hunter.

Just then the voice of Mr. Potts was heard to chirp faintly forth something which courtesy interpreted as a song. This was succeeded by Mrs. Leo Hunter's recitation of her far-famed "Ode to an Expiring Frog," which was encored once, and would have been encored twice if the guests, who thought it was time to get something to eat, had not said it was shameful to take advantage of good nature. So the refreshment room being thrown open, all the people who had ever been there before scrambled in with all possible dispatch, as Mrs. Leo Hunter's course was to feed only the very particular lions, and let the smaller animals take care of themselves.

"Where is Mr. Potts?" called Mrs. Leo Hunter.

"Here I am," said Mr. Potts from the remotest end of the room; far beyond all hope of food unless something was done for him.

"Won't you come up here, Mr. Potts?"

"Oh, pray don't mind him," said Mrs. Potts. "You give yourself a great deal of unnecessary trouble, Mrs. Hunter. You'll do very well there, won't you, dear?"

"Certainly, love."

Mrs. Leo Hunter looked round her in triumph. Count Smorltork was busily engaged in taking notes of the contents of the dishes; Mr. Tupman was doing the honors of the lobster salad to several lionesses; Mr. Snodgrass was engaged in an impassioned argument with the young lady who did the poetry for the *Eatansville Gazette;* and Mr. Pickwick was making himself universally agreeable. Nothing seemed wanting to render Mrs. Leo Hunter's circle complete, surrounded by brigands, troubadours, and a Russian officer, together with the fair Apollo and her lyre—all doing honor to the gifted author of the "Expiring Frog,"

"Lying, sighing, dying
On a log.

A PLAIN DIRECTION.

IN London once I lost my way in faring to and fro,
And asked a little ragged boy the way that I should go;
He gave a nod, and then a wink, and told me to get there,
"Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the Square."

I boxed his little saucy ears, and then away I strode;
But since I've found that weary path is quite a common road.
Utopia is a pleasant place, but how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the Square."

I've read about a famous town that drove a famous trade,
Where Whittington walked up and found a fortune ready made.
The very streets are paved with gold; but how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the Square."

I've read about a fairy land, in some romantic tale,
Where dwarfs, if good, are sure to thrive and wicked giants fail.
My wish is great, my shoes are strong, but how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the Square."

I've dreamt about some blessed spot, be eath the blessed sky,
Where bread and justice never rise, too dear for folks to buy.
It's cheaper than the Ward of Cheap, but how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the Square."

They say there is an ancient House, as pure as it is old,
Where members always speak their minds, and votes are never sold.
I'm fond of all antiquities, but how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the Square."

They say there is a royal court maintained in noble state,
Where every able man, and good, is certain to be great!
I'm very fond of seeing sights, but how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the Square."

They say there is a temple, too, where Christians come to pray;
But canting knaves, and hypocrites, and bigots keep away.
Oh! that's the parish church for me! but how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the Square."

They say there is a garden fair, that's haunted by the dove,
Where love of gold doth ne'er eclipse the golden light of love-
The place must be a paradise, but how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the Square."

I've heard there is a famous land for public spirit known—
Whose patriots love its interests much better than their own.
The land of promise sure it is! but how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the Square."

I've heard there is a company all formal and enrolled,
Will take your smallest silver coin and give it back in gold.
Of course, the office door is mobbed, but how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the Square."

I've heard about a pleasant land, where omelettes grow on trees,
And roasted pigs run crying out, "Come eat me, if you please."
My appetite is rather keen, but how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the Square."

THE HEART OF BRUCE.

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

IT was upon an April morn,
While yet the frost lay hoar,
We heard Lord James's bugle-horn
Sound by the rocky shore.

Then down we went, a hundred knights,
All in our dark array,
And flung our armor in the ships
That rode within the bay.

And aye the purple hues decayed
Upon the fading hill;
And but one heart in all that ship
Was tranquil, cold, and still.

The good Lord Douglas paced the deck,
And oh, his face was wan!
Unlike the flush it use to wear
When in the battle van.

"Come hither, come hither, my trusty knight,
Sir Simon of the Lee;
There is a freit lies near my soul
I fain would tell to thee.

"Thou know'st the words King Robert spoke
Upon his dying day:
How he bade take his noble heart
And carry it far away;

"And lay it in the holy soil
Where once the Saviour trod,
Since he might not bear the blessed cross,
Nor strike one blow for God.

"Last night as in my bed I lay
  I dreamed a dreary dream:
Methought I saw a pilgrim stand
  In the moonlight's quivering beam.

"His robe was of the azure dye,
  Snow-white his scattered hairs,
And even such a cross he bore
  As good St. Andrew bears.

"'Why go ye forth, Lord James,' he said,
  'With spear and belted brand?
Why do you take its dearest pledge
  From this our Scottish land?

"'The sultry breeze of Galilee
  Creeps through its groves of palm.
The olives on the Holy Mount
  Stand glittering in the calm.

"'But 'tis not there that Scotland's heart
  Shall rest by God's decree,
Till the great angel calls the dead
  To rise from earth and sea.

"'Lord James of Douglas, mark my rede!
  That heart shall pass once more
In fiery fight against the foe,
  As it was wont of yore.

"'And it shall pass beneath the cross,
  And save King Robert's vow,
But other hands shall bear it back—
  Not, James of Douglas, thou!'

"Now, by thy knightly faith, I pray,
  Sir Simon of the Lee—
For truer friend had never man
  Than thou hast been to me,—

"If ne'er upon the Holy Land
'Tis mine in life to tread,
Bear thou to Scotland's kindly earth
The relics of her dead."

The tear was in Sir Simon's eye
As he wrung the warrior's hand:
"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
I'll hold by thy command."

And aye we sailed, and aye we sailed
Across the weary sea,
Until one morn the coast of Spain
Rose grimly on our lee.

And as we rounded to the port
Beneath the watch-tower's wall,
We heard the crash of the atabals,
And the trumpet's warning call.

"The Moors have come from Africa
To spoil and waste and slay,
And King Alonzo of Castile
Must fight with them to-day."

"Now shame it were," cried good Lord James,
"It shall ne'er be said of me
That I and mine have turned aside
From the cross in jeopardy!

"Have down, have down, my merry men all
Have down unto the plain;
We'll let the Scottish lion loose
Within the fields of Spain."

"Now, is't for bond or faith you come,
Or yet for golden fee?
Or to bring France's lilies here,
Or the flower of Burgundie?"

"God grant thee well, thou gallant king,
Thee and thy belted peers.
Sir James of Douglas am I called,
And these are Scottish spears.

"We do not fight for bond or plight,
Nor yet for golden fee;
But for the sake of our blessed Lord,
Who died upon the tree.

"We bring our great King Robert's heart
Across the waltering wave,
To lay it in the holy soil
Hard by the Saviour's grave."

The king has bent his stately head,
And the tears were in his eyne.
"God's blessing on thee, noble knight,
For this brave thought of thine!

"I know thy name full well, Lord James;
And honored may I be,
That those who fought beside the Bruce
Should fight this day for me!"

The trumpets blew, the cross-bolts flew,
The arrows flashed like flame,
As spur in side, and spear in rest,
Against the foe we came.

And many a bearded Saracen
Went down, both horse and man;
For through their ranks we rode like corn,
So furiously we ran!

We might not see a lance's length,
So dense was their array,
But the long fell sweep of the Scottish blade
Still held them hard at bay.

"Make in! make in!" Lord Douglas cried,
"Make in, my brethren dear!
Sir William of St. Clair is down;
We may not leave him here!"

"Now Jésu help thee," said Lord James,
"Thou kind and true St. Clair!
An' if I may not bring thee off,
I'll die beside thee there!"

Then in his stirrups up he stood,
So lion-like and bold,
And held the precious heart aloft
All in its case of gold.

He flung it from him far ahead,
And never spake he more
But: "Pass thou first, thou dauntless heart,
As thou wert wont of yore!"

The roar of fight rose fiercer yet,
And heavier still the stour,
Till the spears of Spain came shivering in,
And swept away the Moor.

"Now praised be God, the day is won!
They fly o'er flood and fell;
Why dost thou draw the rein so hard,
Good knight that fought so well?"

"Oh, ride ye on, lord king!" he said,
"And leave the dead to me,
For I must keep the dreariest watch
That ever I shall dree!

"There lies above his master's heart,
The Douglas, stark and grim;
And woe is me I should be here,
Not side by side with him!

"The world grows cold, my arm is old,
And thin my lyart hair,
And all that I loved best on earth
Is stretched before me there.

The king he lighted from his horse,
He flung his brand away,
And took the Douglas by the hand,
So stately as he lay.

"God give thee rest, thou valiant soul!
That fought so well for Spain;
I'd rather half my land were gone,
So thou wert here again!"

We bore the good Lord James away,
And the priceless heart we bore,
And heavily we steered our ship
Toward the Scottish shore.

We laid our chief in Douglas Kirk,
The heart in fair Melrose;
And woful men were we that day,—
God grant their souls repose!

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of men!
Whether the all-cheering sun be free to shed
His beams around thee, or thou rest thy head
Pillowed in some dark dungeon's noisome den.
O miserable chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee: air, earth, and skies.
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.—*Wordsworth.*

THE PARROT AND THE CUCKOO.

[SCENE: The vicinity of the cuckoo clock. Cuckoo discovered in the act of telling three o'clock. Parrot watching from a perch near by.]

CUCKOO: Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!
PARROT: Hark, there she goes!
To hear her any parrot would suppose
She owned the earth, conceited little thing,
She really seems to fancy she can sing.
And, though you'll scarce believe, that little bird
Rules the whole blessed household with a word.
She only has to call "cuckoo!" and lo!
The family at once to luncheon go.
When she screams "cuckoo!" twice it is the rule
For all the little ones to march to school;
Then when she screams six times, that is a sign
That cuckoo thinks it's time for them to dine.
And so it goes through all the livelong day,
She tells them what to do and they obey.
And as for me, they treat me like a doll
And mimic me and call me "pretty poll,"
And ask me several million times a day,
"Does Polly want a cracker?" By the way,
I've yet to see that cracker. Oh! sometimes
I gnash my beak, or mutter nursery rhymes
Or anything! for fear I should let slip
The wicked words they taught me on the ship.
Next time the cuckoo squalls will be her last.
Next times she tries—Cuckoo [*striking four o'clock*]:
"Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! cuc——"

PARROT [*smashes the cuckoo to bits, causing the machinery to run down*]:
Come, now, have done! we've heard enough from you!
Prepare to die! your little reign is o'er.
Over this house you'll tyrannize no more!

What! won't you come? Then I'll soon show you how!
There! stop that whirring; heavens, what a row!
Help! stop it some one! [*stops.*]
Well, upon my word,
You're tough for such a very little bird,
I thought you'd never die! and now, my dear,
The family will very soon be here;
And when they see how little's left of you
They'll be so glad they won't know what to do,
To think the cuckoo's killed and they are free
To work or play or sleep or take their tea
Just when they please; and, most of all, how jolly
To feel they owe it all to "pretty Polly!"

THE PEDLER AND HIS TRUMPET.

THOMAS HOOD.

OF all old women hard of hearing,
The deafest sure was Dame Eleanor Spearing!
Except the mere ghost of a sound,
She sat in a silence most profound—
But she saw the shadow that crept on her gown,
And turned its skirt of a darker brown.
And lo! a man! a pedler? ay, marry,
With a little back-shop that such tradesmen carry.
Well, in the stranger came,
And the moment he met the eyes of the dame,
Threw her as knowing a nod as though
He had known her fifty long years ago;
And then from among his portable gear,
With even more than a pedler's tact,
Before she had time to be deaf, in fact,
Popped a trumpet into her ear.

"There, ma'am! try it!
You needn't buy it—
The last new patent—and nothing comes nigh it
For affording the deaf, at little expense,
The sense of hearing, and hearing of sense!
A real blessing—and no mistake,
Invented for poor humanity's sake;
For what can be a greater privation
Than playing dummy to all creation,
And always to answer quite by guess
Yes for no, and no for yes."
("That's very true," says Dame Eleanor S.)
"Try it again! No harm in trying—
I'm sure you'll find it worth your buying,
A little practice—that is all—
And you'll hear a whisper, however small,
Every syllable clear as day,
And even what people are going to say—
Only a guinea—and can't take less."
("That's very dear," says Dame Eleanor S.)

"Dear! Oh dear, to call it dear!
Why, it isn't a horn you buy, but an ear;
Only think, and you'll find on reflection
You're bargaining, ma'am, for the voice of affection;
Come—suppose we call it a pound!
Come," said the talkative man of the pack,
"Before I put my box on my back,
Come, you can spare it, I'll be bound,
Only a pound! it's only the price
Of hearing a concert once or twice.
Why! what's a pound to the blessing of hearing!"
("A pound's a pound," said Dame Eleanor Spearing.)

"Try it again! no harm in trying!
A pound's a pound, there's no denying;
But think what thousands and thousands of pounds
We pay for nothing but hearing sounds.

It's not the thing for me—I know it—
To crack my own trumpet up and blow it;
But it is the best, and time will show it.
There was Mrs. F.
So very deaf,
That she might have worn a percussion-cap,
And been knocked on the head without hearing it snap.
Well, I sold her a horn, and the very next day
She heard from her husband at Botany Bay!
Come—eighteen shillings—that's very low,
You'll save the money as shillings go.
Eighteen shillings! it's worth the price.
Supposing you're delicate-minded and nice,
And a tradesman come—as tradesmen will—
Short and crusty about his bill,
Of patience, indeed, a perfect scorner,
And because you're deaf and unable to pay,
Shouts whatever he has to say,
In a vulgar voice that goes over the way,
Down the street and round the corner!
Come—speak your mind—it's 'no' or 'yes.'"
("I've half a mind," said Dame Eleanor S.)

"Try it again, dear madam, try it!
Many would sell their beds to buy it.
I warrant you often wake up in the night,
Ready to shake to a jelly with fright,
And up you must get to strike a light,
And down you go, whether it's chilly or not,
To see if you heard a noise or what!
Or just suppose in a public place,
You see a great fellow a-pulling his face,
With his staring eyes and his mouth like an O—
And how is a poor deaf lady to know
If he's calling 'Green Peas,' or calling her names?"
("They're tenpence a peck!" said the deafest of dames.)

"Try it again, ma'am, only try!"
Was still the voluble pedler's cry;
"Try it—buy it—say ten and six,
The lowest price a miser could fix;
For supposing by chance
You wish to dance,
Why, it's putting a *hornpipe* into your ear!
Try it—buy it!
Buy it—try it!
The last new patent, and nothing comes nigh it,
For guiding sounds to proper tunnel:
Only try till the end of June,
Then if you and the trumpet are out of tune,
I'll turn it gratis into a funnel!"

In short, the pedler so beset her,
Lord Bacon couldn't have gammoned her better
With flatteries plump and indirect,
And plied his tongue with such effect,
A tongue that could almost have buttered a crumpet.
The deaf old woman bought the trumpet!

LITTLE BLUE RIBBONS.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

"LITTLE Blue Ribbons!" We call her that
From the ribbons she wears in her favorite hat;
For may not a person be only five,
And yet have the neatest of taste alive?
As a matter of fact, this one has views
Of the strictest sort as to frocks and shoes;
And we never object to a sash or bow,
When "Little Blue Ribbons" prefers it so.

"Little Blue Ribbons" has eyes of blue,
And an arch little mouth, when the teeth peep through;
And her primitive look is wise and grave,
With a sense of the weight of the word "behave;"
Though now and again she may condescend
To a radiant smile for a private friend;
But to smile forever is weak, you know,
And "Little Blue Ribbons" regards it so.

She's a staid little woman! And so as well
Is her ladyship's doll, "Miss Bonnibelle;"
But I think what at present the most takes up
The thoughts of her heart is her last new cup;
For the object thereon—be it understood,—
Is the "Robin that buried the 'Babes in the Wood.'"
It is not in the least like a robin, though,
But "Little Blue Ribbons" declares it so.

"Little Blue Ribbons" believes, I think,
That the rain comes down for the birds to drink;
Moreover, she holds, in a cab you'd get
To the spot where the suns of yesterday set;
And I know that she fully expects to meet
With a lion or wolf in Regent Street!
We may smile, and deny as we like—but, no;
For "Little Blue Ribbons" still dreams it so.

Dear "Little Blue Ribbons!" She tells us all
That she never intends to be "great" and "tall;"
For how could she ever contrive to sit
In her "own, own chair," if she grew one bit!
And, further, she says she intends to stay
In her "darling home" till she gets "quite gray;"
Alas! and alas! yet we doubt, you know,
But "Little Blue Ribbons" will have it so!

IN SWANAGE BAY.

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

"'TWAS five and forty years ago,
Just such another morn,
The fishermen were on the beach,
The reapers in the corn.
My tale is true, young gentlemen,
As true as you were born.

"My tale's all true, young gentlemen,"
The good old boatman cried,
Unto the sullen, angry lads,
Who vain obedience tried;
"Mind what your father says to you,
And don't go out this tide.

"Just such a shiny sea as this,
Smooth as a pond, you'd say,
And the white gulls flying and the crafts
Down channel making way.
The Isle of Wight all glistening lay
Seen clear from Swanage Bay.

"The battery point, the race beyond,
Just as to-day, you see;
This was, I think, the very stone
Where sat Fred, Dolly, and me.
She was our little sister, sirs,
A small child, just turned three.

"We sat and watched a little boat,
Her name, the Tricksy Jane,

A queer old tub, laid up ashore,
But we could not see her plain.
To see her and not haul her up,
Cost us a deal of pain.

"Said Fred to me, 'Let's have a sail;
Father will never know;
He's busy in his wheat up there,
And cannot see us go;
These landsmen are such cowards
If a puff of wind does blow.

"'I have been to France and back three times.
Who knows best, dad or me,
Whether a craft's seaworthy or not?
Dolly, wilt go to sea?'
And Dolly laughed and hugged him tight
As pleased as she could be.

"I don't mean, sirs, to blame poor Fred,
What he did, sure I'd do;
And many a sail in Tricksy Jane
We'd had when she was new.
Father was always sharp, and what
He said, he meant it, too.

"But now the sky had not a cloud,
The bay looked smooth as glass,
Our Fred could manage any boat,
As neat as ever was;
And Dolly crowed 'Me go to sea!'
The jolly little lass!

"Well, sirs, we went, a pair of oars,
My jacket for a sail,
Just round 'old Harry and his wife,'
Those rocks, there, within hail.

And we came back—d'ye want to hear
The end o' the old man's tale?

"Ay, ay, we came back past that point;
But then a breeze up-sprung.
Fred shouted, 'Hoy! down sail!' and rowed
With all his might among
The white sea-horses that upreared
So terrible and strong.

"I pulled too; I was blind with fear,
But I could hear Fred's breath
Coming and going as he told
Dolly to creep beneath
His jacket, and not hold him so.
We rowed for life and death.

"We'd almost reached the sheltered bay,
We could see father stand
Upon the little jetty, here,
His sickle in his hand;
The horses white, the yellow fields,
The safe and pleasant land.

"And Fred, though pale as any ghost,
Had only said to me:
'We're all right now, old lad!' when up
A wave rolled, drenched us three;
One lurch, and then I felt the chill
And roar of blinding sea.

"I don't remember much but that,—
You see I'm safe and sound.
I have been wrecked four times since then,
Seen queer sights, I'll be bound;
I think folks sleep beneath the deep
As calm as under ground.

"But Fred and Dolly? Well, poor Fred,
I saw him rise and cling
Unto the gunwale of our boat,
Floating, keel up, and sing
Out loud, 'Where's Doll?' I hear him yet,
As clear as anything.

"'Where's Dolly?' I no answer made,
For she dropped like a stone,
Down through the deep sea, and it closed;
The little thing was gone.
'Where's Doll?' three times, then Fred loosed hold
And left me there alone.

"'Tis five and forty years since then,"
Muttered the boatman gray,
And drew his rough hand o'er his eyes
And stared across the bay;
"Just five and forty years," and not
Another word did say.

"But Dolly?" ask the children all,
As they about him stand.
"Poor Doll! she floated back next tide,
With seaweed in her hand;
She's buried o'er that hill you see,
In a churchyard on the land.

"But where Fred lies, God knows; he'll find
Our Fred at judgment day."
The boatmen fell to mending nets,
The boys ran off to play,
And the sun shone and the waves danced
In quiet Swanage Bay.

Alice.

A DEED AND A WORD.

CHARLES MACKAY.

A LITTLE stream had lost its way
  Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
  Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
  A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
  But judged that all might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
  By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
  And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
  That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
  Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
  A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
  It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
  O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
  But mighty at the last.

ter ground.

THE MAY-POLE.

[May be recited to musical accompaniment.]

COME, lassies and lads, take leave of your dads,
And away to the may-pole hie;
For every lad has got him a lass,
And the minstrel's standing by;
For Willie has gotten his Jill,
And Johnny has got his Joan,
To jig it, jig it, jig it,
Jig it, up and down.

"Strike up," says Wat. "Agreed," says Kate,
"And I prithee, fiddler, play."
"Content," says Hodge, and so says Madge,
For this is a holiday.
Then every man did put
His hat off to his lass,
And every girl did curchy,
And jig it, jig it, up and down.

"Begin," says Hal. "Ay, ay," says Mall,
"We'll lead up *Packington's Pound.*"
"No, no," says Noll, and so says Doll,
"We'll first have *Sellenger's Round.*"
Then every man began
To foot it round about;
And every girl did jig it,
Jig it, jig it, in and out.

"You're out," says Dick. "I'm not," says Nick;
"The fiddler played it false."
"'Tis true," says Hugh, and so says Sue,
And so says nimble Alice.

The fiddler then began
  To play the tune again;
And every girl did trip it, trip it,
  Trip it to the men.

So they tripped away until it was late,
  And tired the fiddler quite,
With singing and playing without any paying,
  From morning unto night.
They told the fiddler, then,
  They'd pay him for his play;
And each a twopence, twopence
  Gave him, and went away.

"Good-night," says Harry; "Good-night," says Mary;
  "Good-night," says Dolly to John;
"Good-night," says Sue; "Good-night," says Hugh;
  "Good-night," says every one.
Some walked, and some did run,
  Some loitered on the way;
And bound themselves with love-knots, love-knots,
  To meet the next holiday.

THE OLD SEDAN-CHAIR.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

IT stands in the stable-yard, under the eaves,
  Propped up by a broomstick and covered with leaves;
It once was the pride of the gay and the fair,
But now 'tis a ruin, that old sedan-chair!

It is battered and tattered,—it little avails
That once it was lacquered, and glistened with nails,

For its leather is cracked into lozenge and square,
Like a canvas by Wilkie,—that old sedan-chair!

"Where's Troy?" says the poet! Look,—under the seat
Is a nest with four eggs! 'tis the favored retreat
Of the Muscovy hen, who has hatched, I dare swear,
Quite an army of chicks in that old sedan-chair!

And yet—can't you fancy a face in the frame
Of the window, some high-headed damsel or dame,
Be-patched and be-powdered, just set by the stair,
While they raise up the lid of that old sedan-chair?

Can't you fancy Sir Plume, as beside her he stands,
With his ruffles a-droop on his delicate hands,
With his cinnamon coat, with his laced solitaire,
As he lifts her out light from that old sedan-chair?

Then it swings away slowly. Ah, many a league
It thas trotted 'twixt sturdy-legged Terence and Teague;
Stout fellows,—but prone, on a question of fare,
To brandish the poles of that old sedan-chair!

It has waited by portals where Garrick has played;
It has waited by Heidegger's "Grand Masquerade;"
For my Lady Codille, for my Lady Bellair,
It has waited—and waited, that old sedan-chair!

Oh, the scandals it knows! Oh, the tales it could tell
Of Drum and Ridotto, of Beau and of Belle,—
Of Cock-fight and Levee, and (scarcely more rare!)
Of Fête-days at Tyburn, that old sedan-chair.

"*Heu! quantum mutata,*" I say as I go.
It deserves better fate than a stable-yard, though!
We must furbish it up, and dispatch it "With Care,"
To a fine-art museum—that old sedan-chair!

BON JOUR, BON SOIR.

"Je peindrai sans détour."

I'LL tell, in simple way,
How I employ my life·
Alternately, *Good-day!*
And then, *Good-eve!* I say.
Good-day! to buxom wife,
When she doth me receive;
To one with boredom rife,—
Good-eve!

Frank troubadour, *Good-day!*
Right joyously prepare
Of peace, and seasons gay,
And joy, and love, thy lay:
But if mad rhymester dare
With long romance to cleave
My ear,—to him declare
Good-eve!

If my verse pleasure bring,
Sweet guerdon I receive;
And, happy as a king,
Good-day! for me shall ring.
If my muse, wandering,
Betray my hopes, I grieve;
And then, can only sing,—
Good-eve!

NOTES ON AUTHORS.

Arnold, Edwin (1831—).—An English poet, Sanscrit scholar, and journalist. He pursued his studies at King's College, London, whence, obtaining a scholarship, he went to Oxford, where he was awarded the Newdegate prize for English verse for a poem entitled "The Feast of Belshazzar." In 1854 he was sent to India as principal of the Sanscrit College at Poonah, in the presidency of Bombay. Mr. Arnold has been a constant and earnest writer, his personal experience enabling him to speak with authority on Eastern questions. He has published a volume of "Indian Poetry" containing translations from the "Mahâbhârata," and "Pearls of the Faith." He has received special honors from the king of Siam and the sultan of Turkey, and was appointed by Queen Victoria in 1877 a Companion of the Star of India.

Arnold, Matthew (1822–1887).—An eminent critic, essayist, and poet. He was educated at Winchester and Rugby, and in 1840 won the Newdegate prize for a poem on Cromwell. He was elected professor of poetry at Oxford in 1857. The duke of Genoa, while studying in England, lived with the family of Matthew Arnold. Arnold's friendship toward the duke pleased the king of Italy, and he appointed him Commander of the Crown of Italy. As a writer of prose and verse, Arnold has been industrious and prolific. His published works are numerous and of most versatile character; perhaps a more equally balanced writer on widely divergent subjects is hardly found. As a poet, Mr. Arnold occupies a foremost place in the second rank, say the critics; he has beyond doubt had neither model nor imitator. His early studies so charmed him with the Greek poetic art that his verse is essentially Greek in form. His feeling reveals the influence of Shelley and Wordsworth.

Aytoun, William Edmondstoune (1813–1865).—Author of the "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," and "Bothwell," a tale of the days of Mary, Queen of Scots, adopted a style of ballad poetry similar to that employed by Lord Macaulay and with distinguished success. In satirical and humorous composition Prof. Aytoun also, both in poetry and prose, attained celebrity. He was selected by Queen Victoria to write the life of the Prince Consort, which was completed in 1880, and which is highly creditable to the taste and judgment of the author. Afterward, he was made a Knight Commander of the Bath. In 1851 he was married to Miss Helen Faucit, an accomplished and popular actress.

Barham, Richard Harris (1788–1845).—A celebrated humorist, better known by his nom de plume of Thomas Ingoldsby. In 1807 he entered Brasenose College, Oxford, intending to study law. Circum-

stances, however, induced him to enter the church. This seems surprising, for he had from childhood displayed that propensity to fun in the form of parody and punning which afterward made him a reputation. In 1837 he began to write the series of grostesque metrical tales known as "The Ingoldsby Legends." His life was grave, dignified, and highly honored.

Blackmore, Richard Doddridge (1825—).—Educated at Tiverton school and Exeter College, Oxford. He is widely known as a novelist, although still practising as a conveyancer at the English bar. Several of his novels have attained great popularity. He belongs to the realistic school. His style is marked by quaint humor and by effectively simple and natural touches of sentiment and description. "Lorna Doone" is, perhaps, Mr. Blackmore's most popular work of fiction.

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett (1809-1861).—The most distinguished poet of her sex that England or, indeed, any country has produced. Her physical constitution was exceedingly fragile; but this seemed to be atoned for by her sensitive mental and spiritual organization. Her figure was slight, and she had a profusion of dark curls framing a most expressive face, large, tender eyes fringed by dark lashes, and a smile like a sunbeam. Her studies were early directed to the poets of antiquity, under the guidance of her blind tutor Boyd, of whom she was extremely fond. The sublime Grecian possessed for her a charm equalled only by the fascination held over her wondering spirit by Shakespeare. Miss Barrett had the misfortune, in 1837, to burst a blood-vessel in her lungs, but by extreme care her life was preserved. Two years later she experienced the keenest anguish on witnessing the death of her favorite brother, who was drowned at Torquay. As might have been expected from one of her clinging and affectionate disposition, she was confined to her couch. During the seven years of her seclusion she eagerly devoured all the books within her reach. She also diligently cultivated the art which was to insure for her immortality. In her thirty-seventh year she was married to Mr. Browning, and the union was singularly felicitous. Mr. Browning took his wife to Italy, and for some years the sunny skies were instrumental in giving her that health which was denied her in her native land. She died at Florence.

Browning, Robert (1812-1890).—When eight years old he made humorous translations in verse from Horace, and four years later was trying in vain to find a publisher for poems remarkable only for their Byronic fervor. In 1832 he wrote "Pauline," a strained and immature poem that described the progress of a philosophical life. It was published anonymously in 1833 and was not included among the authorized works till 1868. In 1867 Mr. Browning was created an honorary M.A. of Oxford, and elected to an honorary fellowship at Balliol College. In 1868-69 "The Ring and the Book" came out in two successive volumes, and was by many critics accepted as a masterpiece. Mr. Browning's earlier poems, "Paracelsus" and "Sordello," show that he belongs to the romantic period. He is the successor of Shelley and Byron in continuing "the battle of the will against the social forces of a dozen

centuries," for this was the meaning of the whole romantic movement and not merely of the French. Mr. Browning must be classed among the poets of the so-called "spasmodic school." What distinguishes his work from that of other poets is its intellectual quality. His emotions and imagination are dominated by a subtle, nimble, analyzing intelligence. No poet since Dryden has reasoned so well in verse. He has shown a most wonderful faculty of perceiving at once, and usually without emotion, all the possible motives that lead to action. It is also said he is the most reverent of all poets, and divine influences permeate what he has written. Rarely to a poet comes the crowning joy of congenial marriage; but this was pre-eminently Mr. Browning's privilege in the union of his life with that of Elizabeth Barrett. They had one child, a son.

Buchanan, Robert (1841—).—A native of Scotland, and educated at the High School and University of Glasgow. In 1860 he produced a volume of poems entitled "Undertones." He has since written several novels, and contributed largely to periodicals. This poet has visited and described the picturesque islands of and scenes in the Hebrides with true poetic taste and enthusiasm. His "London Poems" and "Ballads of Life" have portrayed the sorrows of the poor and unfortunate, and are tender and sympathetic. His prose description is poetry in all respects but rhyme and form.

Carlyle, Thomas (1795–1881).—May be characterized as historian, biographer, translator, moralist, and satirist. His greatest successes have been won in the departments of biography and history. The chief interest of his works consists in the individual portraits and their appropriate setting that constantly occur in his pages, awakening the strong personal sympathy of the reader. In many of his descriptions he may be regarded as a landscape painter; in this respect he has rarely been surpassed. He studied at the University of Edinburgh for the church; but before he had completed his academic course his views changed. For four years he was a teacher of mathematics. He had the range of the university library, where, in 1818, he wrote a number of short biographies and other articles for the "Edinburgh Cyclopædia." "Sartor Resartus" is pre-eminently Carlylean in spirit and diction. In 1837 appeared "The French Revolution, a History." This is the ablest of all the author's works and is one of the most remarkable books of the age. His collection of "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidation," is a work well done. In 1858 appeared the first portion of Carlyle's long-expected "History of Frederick the Great." Shortly after the completion of this laborious compilation, he was elected lord rector of Edinburgh University. His triumph on this occasion was followed by a heavy calamity—the loss of his wife, who died before his return to England.

Dickens, Charles (1812–1870).—The most popular novelist of his day. While he has drawn pictures of the tenderest sympathy, he has also sketched to the life eccentricities and drolleries of character. One hardly knows to which tendency to give greatest favor; and the feeling seems to be an uncertainty whether tears or smiles are most fitting when his name is mentioned. Possibly as humorist and satirist he

has but one rival, scarcely a master. His characters have a vital quality, and troop before the imagination without aid of magician's wand when Mr. Dickens's name is spoken. As reporter to one of the London newspapers he had abundant opportunities for observing the lives and habits of the poorer classes. He espoused their cause, and struck boldly at evils bearing heavily upon them. For all shams, social or political, he had keen perceptive powers, and a resolute will to attack them. Among this class may be placed prominently the "Pickwick Papers," possibly Mr. Dickens's most individual and distinguishing work.

Dobson, Austin (1840—).—Poet, scholar, and gentleman, is as modest and unassuming a person as one often meets, says Edmund C. Stedman in a brief biography of Mr. Dobson. He did not write poetry till he was twenty-five years of age. From the outset his poems, ballads, and lyrics took the public taste, no less with their finish and ideality than by their delicate sense and humor. Mr. Aldrich has suggested that Mr. Dobson's English may well be compared in its purity, simplicity, and lack of blemishes with the French of such an artist as Théophile Gautier—the lesson of whose "L'Arts" Mr. Dobson long ago took to heart, as will be seen from his own crystalline poem in imitation. His lyrical studies and dialogues upon French themes of the eighteenth century are full of poetic realism. "Une Marquise" and the "Story of Rosina" show the higher range of this author's genius.

Edwards, Amelia Blandford (1831—).—She began her literary career at the age of four. She was also a precocious artist, illustrating a novel of her own, executed entirely in capital letters, with vignettes in blue, red, and yellow. At seven she was a full-fledged author, her mother having sent to a weekly journal a poem called "The Knights of Old" which had been duly accepted and published. At twelve she appeared in print again with a long historical novel of the time of Edward III. She was a devourer of books, and, in her greatest literary effort, "A Thousand Miles up the Nile," she tells how strong was the hold upon her of Wilkinson's "Ancient Egyptian," Layard's "Nineveh," and Stephens's "Central America." The sketches "The Revels of the Cæsars" and "An Italian Spring" are pleasant bits from her pen. The first is a graphic showing of the times and people of ancient Rome; the second is a delicate phrasing of the sensuous beauty of the season and of the country described.

Eliot, George (1820–1880).—This is the pen name of Marian Evans. A series of novels by her began to appear in 1857; these were remarkable for fresh original power and faithful delineation of English country life. "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," and "Romola," the last-named a historical novel, were among her most striking books. In "Romola" Miss Evans has portrayed a faithful picture of Italian life in the days of Savonarola. The work is artistic, highly finished and eloquent, and by a select class is considered the greatest intellectual effort of the author. It was, however, not so popular as its predecessors, and the author returned to familiar English scenes.

Fletcher, Mary (— —).—A writer of legendary poems, sometimes translations, occasionally the classic or church legend itself converted

into verse. "St. Christopher" is a poem of touching interest and of sacred import.

Froude, James Anthony (1818—).—Educated at Westminster and Oriel College. His fame in literature rests on his "History of England," so picturesque and dramatic in detail, wherein he vindicates the character of Henry VIII., and depicts the actual condition of the people during his reign. In many passages of his history—as the account of the death of Rizzio and the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots—critics affirm that Mr. Froude has sacrificed strict accuracy in order to produce more complete dramatic effect and arrest the attention of the reader. His work is one of enchaining interest.

Hood, Thomas (1798–1845).—He appeared before the public chiefly as a comic poet and humorist; but several of his compositions excel in the pathetic and sentimental. He was educated for the counting-house, but his health was unequal to close confinement and he was sent to reside in Dundee, of which town his father was a native. While there, Mr. Hood evinced his taste for literature, and about 1821 he adopted the profession of letters. His life was one of incessant exertion, embittered by all the disquiets and uncertainties incident to authorship. Some of his poems were of the deepest possible tenderness, but his forte was unmistakably to write facetiously. Epigram and paranomasia characterize a large portion of his writings.

Ingelow, Jean (1830—).—In childhood she was very reserved in disposition. Her father being of superior intellectual culture, she received a good education. Her first publication was "Tales of Orris" (1860); but her reputation was established by a volume of poems published in 1863. Among the poems which gave her fame are "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," and "Songs of Seven," the latter exhibiting seven epochs in woman's life. Other volumes of poems followed in 1867 and 1871. Her prose works include "Studies for Stories," "Stories Told to a Child," "Mopsa, the Fairy," "Off the Skelligs," "Fated to be Free," "Sarah de Berenger," and "Don John." Miss Ingelow's extreme reticence as to personal facts has prevented any general knowledge of her life, her mode of work or, indeed, any incidents in her biography. That she is of a gentle, sympathetic nature, of most kindly and benevolent impulses, is as yet all that has been learned. When she is willing to be known outside of her literary life and to show how akin she is in the homely tendernesses of human life with those who know her through her written words, we are sure a beautiful life will be opened for the appreciation of her readers.

Kingsley, Charles (1819–1875).—Rector of Eversley, Hampshire, and Canon of Westminster. He was one of the most remarkable and meritorious men of his age. In 1848 he appeared as a dramatic poet, author of "The Saint's Tragedy," or the story of Elizabeth of Hungary, landgravine of Thuringia, and a saint of the Romish calendar. This poem is a sort of protest against superstitious homage and false miracles, but it gives also a vivid picture of life in the middle ages, and is animated by a poetical imagination. The poetry of Mr. Kingsley, like that of Lord Lytton, is rather a graceful foil to his other works than

the basis of a reputation; but the pathos of some of his lyrics set to music has drawn tears from many eyes, as well as prompted to acts of charity.

Lamb, Charles (1775–1834).—An original and delightful essayist and critic. His father obtained for him a presentation at Christ's Hospital, where he was fortunate enough to have as school-fellow Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The two became firm friends, and the friendship thus formed greatly influenced Lamb's career. Lamb was for some time a clerk in the India House, and only gave up his position when his success as a writer was assured. In the very morning of his life a dreadful calamity befell him, which seemed to blight his prospects. There was insanity in his family, and his sister fell a victim to this inherited misfortune. The calm self-mastery and loving self-renunciation which Charles Lamb, by constitution excitable, nervous, and timid, displayed at this crisis of his own history and that of those nearest to him will ever give him an imperishable claim to the reverence and affection of all who are capable of appreciating the heroism of common life. How deeply the whole course of his domestic life must have been affected by his singular loyalty as a brother need not be pointed out; for one thing, it prevented his union with Alice Winterton, whom he truly loved, and to whom such touching reference was made in "Dream Children, a Reverie." Lamb's first appearance as an author was made in the year of the great tragedy of his life, when he published in the volume of "Poems on Various Subjects," by Coleridge, four sonnets. Soon afterward he issued a prose tale entitled "Rosamund Grey" and a short religious poem, the latter being subjected to much adverse criticism. The richly quaint humor underlying what Lamb has written really turns to pathos, if it be considered that in the depths of melancholy most of the delicate play of his fine fancy found expression.

Macaulay, Thomas Babington (1800–1859).—At the age of twelve he was placed at school; even at this early period he was an insatiable reader. In his nineteenth year he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he gained two prizes for English verse. As a poet his style is heroic, vivid, and almost epic in its wonderful action. Events follow in rapid succession, and a battle when narrated by him is a veritable tableau vivant. The martial movement of his metre is in complete unison with the narrative. Lord Macaulay's memory and conversational powers were the wonder of all his contemporaries. He was constantly heaping up stores of knowledge; yet those stores could not overload his capacious memory, and he was never perplexed by its incalculable possessions.

Mackay, Charles (1812–1890).—He is known as the Scotch songwriter. His early life has not been an open book, and few facts concerning him have as yet reached the reading world. He did not begin his literary work till near thirty years of age. Some of his works are "Salamandrine;" "Voices from the Crowd;" "Voices from the Mountains;" "Lump of Gold;" "Under Green Leaves;" "Egeria." Mr. Mackay touched the popular heart in his song "The Good Time Coming," and there is a durable quality in other things he has written. "The Building of the House," in the present collection, has a meaning within the lines beyond the mere rhythmic form and metrical cadence,

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